THE EARLY YEARS OF THE SATURDAY CLUB

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WITHDRAWN

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE SATURDAY CLUB 1855–1870

THE EARLY YEARS
of the
SATURDAY CLUB
1855–1870

By EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

WITHDRAWN

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PREFACE

ON the title-page of this book I appear as the author; the duty of preparing it was assigned to me by the Club, and I have worked for several years searching for and gathering material for this chronicle and building with it as best I might. But because of the eminence of the men who formed this happy company, and of those whom they chose to join them; also because, in those awakening and stirring times, they laboured, each in his own way, but sometimes combining, to serve, to free, and to elevate their Country,— the story of the Club took on larger dimensions. Hence, to hasten the appearance of the book, I asked our associate Professor Bliss Perry to give his help. It has been most valuable. At his suggestion, four other members have written sketches for the book; Mr. Perry contributed nine, Mr. Storey two, Governor McCall one, Mr. DeWolfe Howe one, Mr. Edward W. Forbes one. Each is signed with the initials of the writer. To all of these my thanks are due for excellent help.

The original plan of the Club was to preserve a record of its first half-century of existence. By sanction of the Club only sixteen years of its history are here presented, but they tell of its Golden Age.

To the families or representatives of deceased members whose biographies, journals, or poems are quoted, the thanks of the Saturday Club are here rendered. If, by inadvertence, there has been failure to ask leave of these, the entire good-will of those whom I have approached makes us sure of their approval.

The publishing houses have all shown us courtesy and generosity. First should be gratefully acknowledged the debt owed to Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company for their furtherance of this work by freest permission to quote largely from books published by them, memoirs or poems, or those containing anecdotes of our members. Messrs. Little, Brown and Company kindly let us freely quote from "The Art Life of William Morris Hunt," by Miss Knowlton, and the "Memoir of Henry Lee," by Mr. John Torrey Morse, and to both of these authors we owe thanks. To Messrs. D. Appleton and Company

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we owe free quotation from Miss Hale's "Memoir of Thomas Gold Appleton," and leave to reproduce the best portrait of him; to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, use of much matter from Dr. James K. Hosmer's "Last Leaf"; to The Macmillan Company, the use of passages from the "Life of Edwin L. Godkin"; to Messrs. Harper and Brothers, quotations from Horatio Bridge's "Recollections of Hawthorne," and passages from some others of their older publications. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have most courteously given permission for many extracts from Henry James, Jr.'s, "Memories of a Son and Brother." We are grateful to Mr. John Jay Chapman for much charming material taken from his "Memories and Milestones."

This wide quotation was essential in the production of this work and we hope that the younger generation may, perhaps, by these extracts, be drawn to the original sources.

To Mr. Herbert R. Gibbs we owe the careful Index to this volume, and great pains have been taken by the Art Department of The Riverside Press in securing and reproducing the portraits in our gallery.

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

Concord, November, 1918

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INTRODUCTORY

TWELVE years ago the Saturday Club sent to me, absent, its mandate to do it a service, honourable but difficult. Mr. Norton, our President at that time, last survivor, revered and loved, of the fellowship of the earlier years, wrote: "The Club is about fifty years old, and it occurred to me that it would be well if a history of it were written before its story became faint, and before more legends of dubious validity gathered around it. . . . I spoke of this, a day or two since, to President Eliot, and found that he was quite of my mind. When he asked me who could do the work, I told him that I hoped you might be willing to undertake it, and this suggestion he received. . . . I hope you will entertain it readily, and even that it may allure you. The subject seems to have many attractions, for it admits of studies of the character of many of the most remarkable men in our community during the last half-century."

I wrote at once to Mr. Norton that I was much honoured by being deemed fit by the Club for so interesting a work, but saying that I could not feel that I was so, not having been chosen a member until it had existed a third of a century when most of the first glorious company of friends were gone, and urged that he, who knew them so well, would write his memories. He answered that he was too old to do so, but would gladly receive me at his home and help me with his recollections. So it seemed that I must do, as best I might, the will of the Club. I had to ask its patience, being already pledged to a task only lately brought to an end. I gladly availed myself of the invitation of this hereditary friend, and in his delightful study passed three or four mornings asking questions and taking notes of his memories, but I had no right to weary him. It is sad to think how much more I might have learned that no one now can tell, and soon he was taken away. Others, too, have gone, or their memories become dim. But still I have had the privilege of hearing from persons of an older generation — some of them ladies — reminiscences of our great

members. I have sought in books written by or about them, or, in letters, journals, poems, anything that might carry us into their presence or their meetings. But how little remains of what was so much to them!

One trouble, embarrassing to deal with, confronts the chronicler at the outset. At the present time there are more than seventy names of departed members; of these Appleton, Dana (and his biographer Adams), Emerson, Fields (through his wife's records of his home conversation), Forbes, the two senior Hoars, Holmes, Henry James, Sr., Longfellow, Lowell, Norton, Whipple, Whittier, have left, in their books, journals, letters, or poems, passages about the Club such as it would be natural to introduce about the members or the events in which they bore a part, but these are the only ones I find affording such help. Even should a few more be found to have left records, that would still leave more than half a hundred men of eminence or charm from whom no words about this goodly fellowship remain. I search for first-hand memories of the early days and find that our two oldest surviving members did not enter the Club until the fifteenth and nineteenth years respectively of its existence, and took no notes — any more than we do. However fortunate it was for members at the time that "The Club had no Boswell," as Dr. Holmes said, who might have been one's next neighbour at table, yet, for the present purpose, we may add his word "unfortunately." For several years there was not even a secretary. When such an office was created, its successive holders held that the records must be confined to business, and, being gifted souls who walked on higher planes, often let weeks — once almost a twelvemonth — pass without an entry.

Happily there were at least eight poets in this friendly group, and as many more to whom affection or some occasion gave the impulse to verse. Thus, if the story drags, it can be helped on its way by the poems called forth by occasions of joy or sorrow.

THE SATURDAY CLUB

Members Elected Since 1857

*William H. Prescott	1858	*Edward N. Perkins	1873
*John G. Whittier	1858	*Asa Gray	1874
*Nathaniel Hawthorne	1859	William D. Howells	1874
*Thomas G. Appleton	1859	*Edmund Quincy	1875
*John M. Forbes	1859	*Edwin L. Godkin	1875
*Charles E. Norton	1860	*William B. Rogers	1877
*J. Elliot Cabot	1861	*William Amory	1877
*Samuel G. Howe	1861	*James Freeman Clarke	1877
*Frederic H. Hedge	1861	*Phillips Brooks	1877
*Estes Howe	1861	*William W. Story	1877
*Charles Sumner	1862	*George F. Hoar	1877
*Henry James	1863	*John Lowell	1880
*Martin Brimmer	1864	O. Wendell Holmes, Jr.	1880
*James T. Fields	1864	*Theodore Lyman	1881
*S. W. Rowse	1864	*William James	1881
*John A. Andrew	1864	*Francis A. Walker	1882
*Jeffries Wyman	1866	*Charles F. Adams, Jr.	1882
*E. Whitman Gurney	1867	*Frederick L. Olmsted	1883
*William M. Hunt	1869	Raphael Pumpelly	1883
*Charles F. Adams	1870	*Henry H. Richardson	1883
Charles W. Eliot	1870	*William Endicott, Jr.	1883
*Charles C. Perkins	1871	*William C. Endicott	1885
*Francis Parkman	1873	*William W. Goodwin	1885
*Alexander Agassiz	1873	*John C. Gray	1887
*Richard H. Dana, Sen.	1873	*Edward C. Pickering	1887
*Wolcott Gibbs	1873	*Thomas B. Aldrich	1888
*Horace Gray	1873	Edward W. Emerson	1889

*Deceased

The Saturday Club

*Walbridge A. Field	1891	A. Lawrence Lowell	1903
Henry L. Higginson	1893	Bliss Perry	1903
*Edward W. Hooper	1893	Samuel W. McCall	1904
Henry P. Walcott	1893	James Ford Rhodes	1904
W. Sturgis Bigelow	1894	*Henry P. Bowditch	1904
Moorfield Storey	1894	George F. Moore	1905
*John Fiske	1896	Samuel M. Crothers	1906
*Samuel Hoar	1896	*William Everett	1906
Charles S. Sargent	1896	Edward W. Forbes	1908
Joseph B. Warner	1896	*Robert S. Peabody	1909
Charles F. Adams, 2d	1898	Richard C. Maclaurin	1910
*Charles R. Codman	1898	Ellery Sedgwick	1911
*James M. Crafts	1898	George A. Gordon	1911
William G. Farlow	1898	*Henry James	1911
*Roger Wolcott	1898	Charles H. Haskins	1911
*William T. Sampson	1900	William R. Thayer	1912
William T. Councilman	1900	Theodore W. Richards	1912
Robert Grant	1900	*Gardiner M. Lane	1912
William Lawrence	1900	Harvey Cushing	1914
William C. Loring	1900	M. A. DeWolfe Howe	1914
*Francis C. Lowell	1900	W. Cameron Forbes	1914
Henry S. Pritchett	1902		

*Deceased

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE SATURDAY CLUB 1855–1870

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat,
Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.

VIRGIL, ÆNEID. BOOK VI

Here the heroes abide, war-mangled in cause of their country,
Here men holy, spotless in life till its pilgrimage ended,
Loyal bards anigh them sang true to the song of Apollo,
Wise men also, helpers by wit of man in his toiling,
They who, faithful in life, made others mindful of duty;
Lo! the fillet gleams snow-white on each forehead immortal.

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE SATURDAY CLUB

Chapter I
THE ATTRACTION

Redeunt saturnia regna.
Virgil, *Eclogues*

In the middle of the last century a constellation, which — as separate stars of differing magnitude, but all bright — had for twenty years been visible, at first dimly, in the New England heavens, ascending, was seen as a group, gave increasing light and cheer here and to the westward-journeying sons and daughters; reached our zenith; even began to be reported by star-gazers beyond the ocean.

These brave illuminators, — poets, scholars, statesmen, workers in science, art, law, medicine, large business, and good citizenship, — by the fortune of the small area of New England and its few centres of ripening culture, were more easily drawn together.

In the summer of 1855, eleven of these agreed to meet for monthly dinners in Boston. They soon drew friends with genius or wit into their circle.

When the often asked question comes up, — Why did so many men suddenly appear in that generation, eminent in their various callings, using their gifts nobly for the public good, simple livers withal; and why, with another half century's immense advantages and opportunities, nothing like it has appeared in this country? — an answer might be hazarded something like this: The struggle for existence, in the new country, with untamed nature and man in the seventeenth century; in the eighteenth, the first only lessened and the second increased by the French and Indian neighbours, and later, by the oppression of the mother country; then, early in the nineteenth, a modified repetition of the latter, and the

general poverty resulting from both. Over and above all this struggle for life and scant comfort, leaving no time for literature, science, and art, not only did the prolonged danger and the expense of crossing the ocean forbid enlightening travel to all except a few merchants and statesmen, but villages and smaller towns were practically shut off from the larger centres, now cities.

But at the time when most of these gifted men of the Eastern States were growing boys, the years of danger, famine, and extreme struggle had gone by, a moderate prosperity had come, stage-lines were established on the roads, ships were better, schools and colleges were improved and the latter not regarded mainly as training places for ministers and teachers; religion was assuming a milder and more human form, which softened life in the homes. Some good libraries, beside those in the colleges, were established, — the fame of new books, and then the books, crossed the sea, there was time to read, also eager appetite, only sharpened by indulgence and by the references to other authors in Great Britain and on the European continent. Through Coleridge, attention was turned to German philosophy, and Schiller's and Lessing's verse, and, through Carlyle, to Goethe.

Aspiring young scholars — George Ticknor, the Everetts, Bancroft, Cogswell, Frederick H. Hedge, Charles T. Brooks of Newport — went to pursue their studies in Germany, while students of medicine and natural science — as Holmes, Bigelow, Charles T. Jackson — went to Paris, as also did art students like William Morris Hunt, — and others, like Crawford, Powers, and Story, to Rome — visiting England on the way. Others went for general culture, like Prescott, Sumner, Longfellow, Cabot, and Parkman. Their horizon and their field of literature were broadened. They had seen art and culture; also oppression, and brave men struggling towards liberty. Full of new emotions, they returned home, now aware of America's deficiencies, but exulting in her opportunities. They became teachers in various fields, and their influence, reinforced by many patriot refugees from Germany, like Dr. Follen and Francis Lieber, was inspiring to the young generation.

A general spiritual and intellectual awakening which seemed in

the air, gained force from this enlightening influence. Eager study, more valiant and original writing, combinations for discussion began; communities gathered in brave hope to make life more sensible, many-sided, higher in its plane; reforms of every sort were urged and tried, the fruitful one of which was that against Slavery.

But concerning the New Englanders born in the first third of the nineteenth century, it is essential to keep in mind this fact, that, to these more cheerful and independent descendants of Pilgrims or Puritans, life was still serious, amusement occasional and secondary; they still lived in the presence of the unseen; they worshipped, and went apart for solitary thought; many of them came in contact with life's stern conditions, largely served themselves and practised self-denial and were familiar with economic shifts; they were hardier than we, and the few rich ones would be now deemed only in very moderate circumstances. Duty walked beside them from childhood. The struggle against the then aggressive and advancing institution of Slavery, and the vast war in which this culminated, sobered and yet inspired, in its later days, that generation.

On that crisis followed the growth of the country, its prosperity, the miracles wrought by Science in every occupation, and in the house, — also wider relations. We all know too well the resulting hurried and complicated life, the high pressure in work and in play, favourable to quick wits and athletic bodies and great national achievement, — unfriendly to the higher promptings of the Spirit in solitude, and the finer perceptions guiding life and colouring production. The later generation does its task bravely, but it is of a different kind, and does not meet the same wants. The old ground now lies fallow. In time its better crop should spring up.

But, to go back a little, in "the thirties" and "the forties," as part of the general awakening, revolution began to appear here and there in education, religion, social and political institutions, for new questions and impulses came to the consciences of the wise, and also of the unwise, and these had to be considered and perhaps tried. Such times are uncomfortable, but had to be gone through, for insistent propagandists thronged the roads of New England, and John Baptist voices would be heard.

But in the early "fifties" times were pleasanter to live in. The reforms had been sifted. Questions like Fourierite community-life, extreme vegetarianism and avoidance of slave-labour products, abolition of domestic service, — even of money, and of marriage, — had been considered and dismissed. Temperance had met with a gratifying degree of success. Conscience had won away from the old Whigs a large and strong party, Anti-slavery people were no longer despised, and imperious Southern rule was now realized and increasingly opposed. All this made for peace and more genial social relations here when the new ideas had passed the crude stage. And yet to have been born and to have come into active thought and deed in those years of strong and conflicting tides of intellect and conscience, surely moved and strengthened the characters of many of the men of whom this story treats.

THE DESIRE AND THE FORESHADOWING

Certain foreshadowings of our Club appear by 1836. Mr. Emerson's and Mr. Alcott's journals during this period record frequent gatherings at private houses in Boston, Concord, or Medford for interchange of thought, apparently without regular organization, — friends meeting and inducing other friends to come, — yet the name "Symposium" seems to have been used for such a gathering. The meetings were by day to suit country members, but such an hour naturally limited the attendance to scholars, clergymen, writers, and men of leisure, and no refreshments were served. Among the men whose names I find, more than one half were or had been clergymen — Rev. Ephraim Peabody, Rev. Frederick H. Hedge, Rev. Convers Francis, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Rev. William Henry Channing, Rev. Theodore Parker, Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, Rev. Caleb Stetson, and, then unfrocked, George Ripley, John Sullivan Dwight, George Partridge Bradford, Orestes Brownson, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the laymen were Amos Bronson Alcott, James Elliot Cabot, Jones Very, sometimes Henry James, Thoreau once at least. Six of these were, later, members of the Saturday Club. Here then were sublime speculation, theology, metaphysics, scholarship, poetical aspirations, and philanthropy. But though music also was represented by

Dwight, and Cabot, beside his philosophy, was interested in art and in natural history, one feels that the metaphysical fencing was sometimes tedious to all but the swordsmen, and that Alcott's lofty and long flights out of sight from the plane of the understanding, and ignoring its questions, might have vexed these; that the aggressive Parker's blows at beliefs as they were must have troubled the more delicate Ephraim Peabody and George Bradford, and Emerson too, in spite of his respect for him. In short, that such a group needed lightening, dilution, lubrication by wit, humour, *belles-lettres*, art, the advance of science, and to be more in touch with the active life of the world.

At about the time when the Symposia languished, perhaps about 1844, Emerson wrote in his journal, "Would it not be a good cipher for the seal of the lonely Society which forms so fast in these days, — two porcupines meeting with all their spines erect, and the motto, 'We converse at the quills' end'?"

From perhaps too constant association with philosophers and reformers, Emerson, about the time when the Symposia ceased, was finding great refreshment and pleasure in a friendship with Samuel Gray Ward, a young man of high aspirations, careful breeding, much natural gift for and knowledge of art, and entirely at home in society and literature. A series of letters, given below, show the foreshadowing and the gradual evolution of the Saturday Club. Six years before its existence Emerson was talking over with his friend a scheme of a more genial nature than the Symposia for a Town-and-Country Club, where lonely scholars, poets, and naturalists, like those of Concord, might find a welcome resting-place when they came to the city, and meet there, not only other scholars and idealists, but also men of affairs, and others with the ease and refinement and cultivated tastes that society and travel had given them.

Emerson was in England in 1847 and 1848, and in the latter year writes to Ward thence of the literary and society men he had met: "They have all carried the art of agreeable sensations to a wonderful pitch; they know everything, have everything; they are rich, plain, polite, proud, and admirable, but, though good for them, it ends in the using. I shall, or should soon, have enough of

this play for my occasion. The seed-corn is oftener found in quite other districts. But I am very much struck with the profusion of talent."

The above letter was one of many written to him by Emerson, which Mr. Ward, a year or two before his death, sent to Mr. Norton to help on the history of the Club, introduced as follows. Mr. Ward wrote: —

WASHINGTON, March 27, 1906.

MY DEAR NORTON: —

As soon as I found by your letter that you and Edward Emerson are in search of material for the History of the Saturday Club, it occurred to me that, some years ago, in reading over Emerson's letters, I found more than one reference to its beginning, and, on sending for the letters to look the matter up, the first thing I laid my hand upon are the enclosed letters which go back to the very beginnings.

I find by the letter (Emerson's), 5th of October in that year [1849], what I had entirely forgotten, that the first suggestion came from me, and you will see how warmly Emerson took it up and made it his own.

But a letter, written three months before the one which Mr. Ward alludes to, shows that the Town-and-Country Club was not altogether a failure in his friend's mind; also that it included five future members of the Saturday Club besides himself: —

CONCORD, 12 July, 1849.

MY DEAR WARD: —

The Club is not so out at elbows as your friend fancied, for besides other good men whom I do not remember, Cabot was there, who is always bright, erect, military, courteous, and knowing, a man to make a club.

Then Edward Bangs, Edward Tuckerman, Hawthorne, a good Atkinson whom Cabot brings, Hillard, Lowell, Longfellow, and other men of this world, have all shown themselves once, and, with a little tenderness and reminding, will all learn to come. There

is a whole Lili's Park also with tusks and snakes of the finest descriptions.[1] Belief is the principal thing with clubs, as well as in trade and politics, and already we have such good elements nominally in this, that the good luck of a spirited conversation or one or two happy *rencontres*, could now save it. Henry James of New York is a member, and I had the happiest half-hour with that man lately at his house, so fresh and expansive he is. My view now is to accept the broadest democratic basis and we can elect twenty people every month, for years to come, and yet show black balls and proper spirit at each meeting. So, pray you to shine with all your beams on our young spirit. . . .

Yours affectionately,
R. W. E.

From the next three letters it would seem that Ward had proposed the formation of a smaller, perhaps a dining club, including certain members of the former one, who would be comfortable and genial as well as wise *convives*. Emerson gladly falls in with the plan, but, loyal to Alcott, proposes him as one. The Channing he desires is not the whimsical Concord poet, but his good and enthusiastic cousin, Rev. William Henry Channing.

Concord, September 12, 1849.

My dear Ward: —

. . . You will be in town in the winter, — it is a great happiness, — and will know how to extract the club of the club. Cabot, Channing, Alcott, Hillard, Longfellow, Edward Bangs, there are many bright men whom the slightest arrangement would assemble, — perhaps to the comfort of all, — can they not bring their cigars to the Club Room, or to the next room on a given evening? In these days, when Natural History is so easily paramount, I should put most trust, as I myself should certainly prefer, that the nucleus of the company should be *savants*. But Tuckerman,[2] I believe, is

[1] Lili's Park is a half-humorous, poetic, autobiographic allegory of Goethe's, in which he represents himself as a bear in subjection to Lili's charm.

[2] Edward Tuckerman, Professor of Botany at Amherst College. Dr. Asa Gray called him the most profound and trustworthy American lichenologist of his day.

in Europe, and Desor [1] is gone exploring. These people are a very clear, disinfecting basis. But I wish to see you and Cabot.

Ever yours,

R. W. Emerson.

Very probably Mr. Ward had answered Mr. Emerson's letter of September 12 and suggested that some of the men mentioned by him, especially Alcott, would not help in general good fellowship, and suggested in his letter a more congenial company.

Here follows the letter which Mr. Ward spoke of in his letter to Norton: —

5th October, 1849.

I should be delighted with your plan of a circle, if it can be brought about; but I fear I am the worst person that could be named, except Hawthorne, to attempt it. If Tom Appleton were here, and had not lost all his appetites, he is a king of clubs — but I suppose he is full. Cabot, Bangs,[2] and William [Henry] Channing are the men I should seek, and Henry James of New York, if he were here, as he used to talk of coming. . . . He is an expansive, expanding companion and would remove to Boston to attend a good club a single night.

Again he writes: —

Concord, 26 December. [1849.]

I was in town an hour or two yesterday, thoughtless of Christmas, when I left home, and was punished for my paganism by not finding you, and not finding any one with whom I had to do, at their posts. But for your Club news, it is the best that can be. I saw Bangs two or three days ago, and Bradford [3] on Sunday. Both heard gladly, but both made the same doubt — they had

[1] Edward Desor, a young Swiss naturalist and geologist, met Agassiz at Neufchâtel in 1837 and became his collaborator in his Alpine studies. Ten years later, he came with Agassiz to the United States and was Agassiz's assistant in his researches at Lake Superior. He returned to Switzerland in 1852.

[2] Edward Bangs, a lawyer and man of agreeable presence and literary tastes.

[3] George Partridge Bradford, a scholar and teacher, genial and refined but excessively modest. He was the brother of Mrs. Samuel Ripley, Mr. Emerson's aunt by marriage, and great friend.

nothing to bring. Yet they will doubtless both be counted in. Bradford did not know but he was *borné* on some points; thought the Club had better give the supper, and not the members. Then there is always the same supper, and tender persons will not offer you wine, but the guilty, broad-shouldered Club only. Certainly it is better to have the Club the perpetual host, and not each bashful member. The persons named by Longfellow are doubtless desirable, Appleton in the superlative degree, but I suppose him all preoccupied. Yet Longfellow should know. Billings I do not know; nor Perkins; yet have no objections. Agassiz again I suppose quite too full already of society. What night is best? Monday is freest. For me, I think Tuesday and Wednesday are inconvenient for [attending] the Club; Tuesday chiefly because our village Club of twenty-five farmers, &c., meets on that night and I do not wish to resign. But we must ballot for every night in the week, and for which has the most marks.

Ever yours,
R. W. E.

Saturday, 29 December. [1849.]

My dear Sam: —

I shall be in town Monday and will go to your office at 3 o'clock. Bradford named George Russell, and thought he would like to join. Rockwood Hoar, the new judge, is a very able man, and social; do you know him? Eustis,[1] the new professor at Cambridge, is said to be valuable, and I have always hoped to know Tuckerman, the botanist; who, I believe, is just now in Europe. I am not sure that I feel the need of pressing none but householders. Minors and cadets make better clubs, and I am usually willing to run the risk of being the oldest of the party. . . .

Yours,
R. W. E.

The dream now seems nearing realization, for Longfellow wrote in his journal, February 22, 1850: "Dined with Emerson at Lowell's. We planned a new club to dine together once a month."

[1] Henry Lawrence Eustis, Professor of Engineering in the Lawrence Scientific School.

Emerson now felt encouraged, and wrote two days later to Ward: —

24 February, 1850.

I saw Longfellow at Lowell's two days ago, and he declared that his faith in clubs was firm. "I will very gladly," he said, "meet with Ward and you and Lowell and three or four others, and dine together." Lowell remarked, "Well, if he agrees to the dinner, though he refuses the supper, we will continue the dinner till next morning!" Meantime, as measles, the influenza, and the magazine appear to be periodic distempers, so, just now, Lowell has been seized with aggravated symptoms of the magazine, — as badly as Parker or Cabot heretofore, or as the chronic case of Alcott and me. He wishes me to see something else and better than the *Knickerbocker*. He came up to see me. He has now been with Parker, who professed even joy at the prospect offered him of taking off his heavy saddle,[1] and Longfellow fosters his project. Then Parker urges the forming of a kind of Anthology Club:[2] so out of all these resembling incongruities I do not know but we shall yet get a dinner or a "Noctes."

Ever yours,

R. W. E.

[1] The short-lived *New England Magazine*, of which Parker was editor.

[2] The Anthology Club was of men of letters which had existed in Boston in the early years of the century. Emerson's father was one of its members, and editor for a time of the journal, *The Monthly Anthology*, from which that club took its name.

Chapter II

1855–1856

THE SATURDAY CLUB IS BORN

ALSO THE MAGAZINE OR ATLANTIC CLUB

> The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
> Unless the deed go with it.
>
> Shakspeare

THOUGH the haze of remoteness and of failing memories had, even before the end of the last century, begun to obscure the origin of the Saturday Club, and also because of a misapprehension by outsiders very natural because of its *personnel*, it is still possible to discover through the dimness two threads between which this group of remarkable men oscillated for a time as a centre of crystallization. One was friendship and good-fellowship pure and simple. The other was literary, and involved responsibilities, namely, a new magazine. In each, as moving spirit, there was an active, well-bred, sociable man, eager for this notable companionship and with executive skill ready to manage the details of the festive meetings.

Two clubs actually resulted, and nearly at the same time. Of this, conclusive documentary evidence exists, some of which will be here given and some referred to. The membership of these clubs was, at first, largely identical. The merely friendly group soon became elective; somewhat later took the name the Saturday Club, increased much in size, in time was incorporated, and still flourishes, a pleasant, utterly informal company of men more or less eminent, dining, or rather having a long lunch, together on the last Saturday of each month, except July, August, and September. The other club, designed to interest the best authors in launching a really good magazine, might have been at first properly called the Magazine Club, but not until 1857 did it give birth, as will be told in detail, to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, after that, the frequent

simple meetings of the Atlantic Club were not long continued. At increasing intervals, however, the publishers gave notable banquets to the growing company of the magazine's contributors.

The men who brought the Saturday and the Magazine Club,— later, Atlantic Club,— respectively, into actual existence, but with quite differing purposes, must now receive their due credit.

Of Horatio Woodman, who really brought the Saturday Club into being, Mr. F. B. Sanborn tells that he came to Boston from New Hampshire,[1] was a friend of the Littlehale family of whom Mrs. Ednah Cheney was one, and was introduced by her to Mr. Alcott. Very likely also Mrs. Cheney introduced him to Emerson. Mr. Woodman was a member of the Suffolk Bar; he was a bachelor, and had rooms probably first at the Albion Hotel on Tremont Street, where Houghton and Dutton's great store now stands; certainly, later, at Parker's hotel.

Mr. Woodman loved the society of men of letters, and was in the position and had the skill to bring them together now and then for a cheerful, leisurely dinner at a public house. From the testimony of Mr. Dana's journal, confirmed in almost every respect by Mr. Samuel G. Ward in conversation with Mr. Charles F. Adams, Jr., when he was writing Dana's life, the substance of the following account of the beginnings of the Saturday Club is drawn. Mr. Emerson very often left his study in Concord on a Saturday to go to the Athenæum Library, call on friends, or see his publishers on business. He was likely to drop in at the original "Corner Bookstore" of Ticknor and Fields on the corner of Washington and School Streets, and Woodman would find him there, ask him where he was going to lunch, and suggest one of the good inns near by. Presently finding that Emerson, with the aid of his intimate but much younger friend, Sam G. Ward, had in mind the formation of a social dining club of friends, men of various gifts and attractions, Woodman worked gradually toward the realization of this hope, naturally in such a way as would include himself. He had an undoubted gift to manage the details of such a club.

[1] Mr. Woodman was born and brought up in Buxton, Maine, but may perhaps have taught school in New Hampshire.

Very probably other extempore dinners, arranged by Woodman, may have taken place earlier, but this letter is the first record which I have found. About a year before the Saturday Club was really born, Dana wrote in his diary for 1854: —

"December 16. Dined at the Albion in a select company of Emerson, Lowell, Alcott, Goddard (of Cincinnati, lecturer), an English gentleman named Cholmondeley (Oxford graduate), a clever and promising Cambridge student named Sanborn, and Woodman. It was very agreeable. Emerson is an excellent dinner-table man, always a gentleman, never bores, or preaches, or dictates, but drops and takes up topics very agreeably, and has even skill and tact in managing his conversation. So, indeed, has Alcott; and it is quite surprising to see these transcendentalists appearing as men of the world."

In a later entry, in his diary, Mr. Dana gives further evidence of these loose gatherings for Saturday dinners which Woodman made and managed pleasantly.

Another of these informal premonitions appears in the following letter from Woodman to Emerson: —

Boston, June 5, 1855.

Dear Mr. Emerson: —

At the Revere House on the evening when the surges from our end of the table broke in foam over you, Mr. Agassiz and Mr. Peirce agreed to join you, Mr. Whipple, and me over a beefsteak at Mrs. Meyer's [1] at half past 2, on Saturday next, when you said you would be there. Unless I hear from you, I shall surely expect you, because otherwise it would be getting them by false pretences.

They have such genuine and undogmatizing value, — Mr. Agassiz, especially, dips [*sic*] so naturally and swallow-like from what is profound to the highest trifle, that we ought to be thankful to meet them.

Really, I thought, as I talked with each in turn the other night,

[1] This was a good restaurant on Court Street nearly opposite Hanover Street. Mrs. Meyer was said to have been the sister of the elder Papanti, who taught three generations of Bostonians to dance.

of imagination, how few literary men among us had so much of it and could talk so closely and instructively of it.

Perhaps Richard H. Dana, Jr., may join, and of course any one else you think of, except that the stock of provisions may be short without previous notice, if many more are invited.

Always truly yours,

HORATIO WOODMAN.

But now comes on the scene Woodman's competitor, with a more serious end in view, which handicapped his desired club from the first; a man bright and genial and loyal, but who had a rather disappointing ending of his life, though not, like the other, sad and sudden. Our member, and my associate, Mr. Bliss Perry, thus pleasantly speaks of Francis H. Underwood: "A graceful writer, and a warm-hearted, enthusiastic associate of men more brilliant than himself, Underwood's name is already shadowed by . . . forgetfulness. . . . But he played the literary game devotedly, honestly, and always against better men. . . . In 1853, when he was but twenty-eight, he conceived the notion of a new magazine. Some such project had long been in the air, as is evident from the letters of Emerson, Alcott, and Lowell, but Underwood was the first to crystallize it. It was to be anti-slavery in politics, but was to draw for general contributions upon the best writers of the country. . . ." The contributors, Mr. Perry says, had already promised, and Underwood should have enjoyed the full credit of the enterprise. "Then came, alas, the hour of bitter disappointment. J. P. Jewett and Co. failed, and the magazine plans were abandoned. . . ."

Mr. Underwood then became associated with the firm of Phillips & Sampson and made himself valuable as their literary adviser and reader. Never letting drop from his mind his dream of a magazine in Boston superior to any that the country had yet seen, he lost no opportunities of meeting with the New England authors, and it was he who organized, somewhat loosely, a dining club meeting at Parker's on Saturday afternoons. This jovial letter from Professor Felton of Harvard College shows how early these dinners began:—

CAMBRIDGE, Friday, Feb. 13, 1856.
In bed.

MY DEAR UNDERWOOD: —

I am much obliged to you for taking the trouble of informing me of to-morrow's dinner — but it is like holding a Tantalus' cup to my lips. I returned ill ten days ago from Washington, having taken the epidemic that is raging there at the present moment and have been bed-ridden ever since, living on a pleasant variety of porridge and paregoric. Yesterday I was allowed to nibble a small mutton-chop, but it proved too much for me and — here I am worse than ever. I have no definite prospect of dining at Parker's within the present century. My porridge is to be reduced to gruel, and paregoric increased to laudanum. I am likely to be brought to the condition of the student in Canning's play;

> "Here doomed to starve on water gru-
> El never shall I see the U-
> Niversity of Gottingen."

And never dine at Parker's again! I hope you will have a jovial time; may the mutton be tender and the goose not tough; may the Moët sparkle like Holmes' wit; May the carving knives be as sharp as Whipple's criticism; May the fruits be as rich as Emerson's philosophy; May good digestion wait on appetite and Health on both — and I pray you think of me as the glass goes round.

Horizontally, but ever cordially,
Your friend,
C. C. FELTON.

In the above letter appear the names of four early members of the Saturday Club.

In August of that year, Emerson writes to Underwood, saying: —

I am well contented that the Club should be solidly organized, and grow. I am so irregularly in town, that I dare not promise myself as a constant member, yet I live so much alone that I set a high value on my social privileges, and I wish by all means to retain the right of an occasional seat.

So with thanks and best wishes,
Yours,
R. W. EMERSON.

This letter, while showing good-will to an authors' club, seems a little evasive, and the reason would not be far to seek, for the long-hoped-for freer gathering, of friends, with no spectral obligations to furnish poems, essays, contributions serious or gay, haunting the banquet-room, was now either already provided or close at hand. The awkwardness of much the same group of friends coming to meet, and on Saturdays, at the same place, under different auspices, was apparent. Naturally the friends preferred to withhold fixed allegiance while they yet might.

Mr. Underwood, as a man, they liked, but he was also an eager agent for a publishing house, and possessed with a design. Yet they were willing to come occasionally to a dinner, where the new magazine, which many of them had desired as much as he, was to be made possible.

Less than three weeks after the letter to Underwood given above, Emerson writes to Ward of their long-wished-for club as though already existing: —

September 12, 1856.

By all means do not forget 't is the last Saturday of each month. For the scot — I always pay through Woodman.

Dr. Holmes, in his later years, writing of the Saturday Club, says that because of its being composed of literary men and coming into being at about the same time with the establishment of the *Atlantic*, "The magazine and the Club have often been thought to have some organic connection, and the 'Atlantic Club' has been spoken of as if there was or had been such an institution, but it never existed." [1] Mr. Underwood wrote to the Doctor protesting against this statement. "You remember," he writes, "that the contributors met for dinner regularly. It was a voluntary informal association. The invitations and reminders were from my hand, as I conducted the correspondence of the magazine. I have hundreds of letters in reply, and it is my belief that the association was always spoken of either as the Atlantic Club or the Atlantic Dinner." The Doctor stuck to his assertion, but Mr.

[1] Holmes's *Life of Emerson*, p. 221.

Underwood was right. It must be remembered that Dr. Holmes's memory naturally was not surely to be trusted at his age, and that he was not among those who planned the Club, nor a member until its second year, when the *Atlantic* scheme had passed from the state of an enterprise to that of a certainty.

Mr. Underwood, who had become literary adviser of the firm of Phillips & Sampson when, after the death of Mr. Sampson, Mr. Lee had been taken into the firm, had inoculated this gentleman thoroughly with his magazine yearning. Then, Mr. Bliss Perry says, in his generous paper on "The Editor who never was Editor" in the Fiftieth Anniversary number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that it was Underwood who pleaded with the reluctant head of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co. As "our literary man," in Mr. Phillips's comfortable proprietary phrase, "Underwood sat at the foot of the table among the guests at that well-known dinner where the project of the magazine was first made public." In Mr. Scudder's *Life* of Lowell is given the interesting letter of Mr. Phillips to his niece, in which he tells of this festival which resulted in the *Atlantic Monthly*. His invited guests were, in the order in which he names them, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, James Elliot Cabot, and Mr. Underwood. They sat five hours; Mr. Lowell accepted the editorship, making it a condition that Holmes should contribute; he (Holmes) promised, and, withal, named the newborn infant. Underwood, eager in the enterprise, soon visited England to secure the services of the first British contributors. Recognizing that Lowell's name was of the highest importance to the success of the new venture, Underwood loyally accepted the position of his "office editor," as assistant to a more gifted chief. Mr. Underwood was so useful and active as assistant, until about 1860, that many of the contributors supposed him to be the editor.[1] It is probable, and the inference may be drawn from what Lowell said in the first number of the *Atlantic*,

[1] Whatever may have been the reason of the severing of Mr. Underwood's connection with the *Atlantic*, it is certain that his steady purpose, through discouragement, was a prime factor in its coming to birth. His modest loyalty and his courtesy must have made him in its infancy an important help to his sterner chief in dealing with contributors. He won lasting esteem from them. Here is one of several kind letters that came to him, in his later days, as Consul in Glasgow and in Edinburgh, and as author: —

that there were a few more dinners that might have been called "of the Atlantic Club," but the Saturday Club displaced these, and the later Atlantic banquets were given by the publishers. Of these an interesting account was given by Mr. Arthur Gilman in the Fiftieth Anniversary number of the magazine,[1] and one given to Whittier will be mentioned later in this book.

Mr. Emerson's journal bears amusing witness to the existence of this second and temporary club. He wrote, "We had a story one day of a meeting of the Atlantic Club when, the copies of the new number of the *Atlantic* being brought in, every one rose eagerly to get a copy, and then each sat down *and read his own article*."

This perhaps too long trial of the case of the Atlantic Club *vs.* the Saturday Club may be properly closed by the following decision by a man of law, Mr. John Torrey Morse, in his excellent memoir of Dr. Holmes: "The discussion is of little moment unless perchance this Club shall become picturesque and interesting for posterity as did the Club of Johnson and Garrick and the rest, — which I fear will hardly come to pass. Certain it is that nearly all the frequent (male) contributors to the magazine, who lived within convenient reach of the Parker House, were members of the Club, or doubtless might have been so had they desired; and that for a long while a multiplicity of nerves and filaments tied the magazine and the Club closely together. Equally certain it is that, from the outset, a few members of the Club were never contributors to the magazine, and that all these nerves and filaments have long ere the present day been entirely severed."

50 Chestnut St., Boston.
April 15, 1875.

My dear Mr. Underwood, —

. . . I wish that your connection with the *Atlantic* could have been continued long enough to give your literary powers and accomplishments a fair chance of just recognition. It is for the interest of us all that men like you should be rated for what they are worth. Harvard College and its social allies answer a very good purpose in defending us — to some extent — against the literary clap-trap and charlatanry which prosper so well throughout the country; but those who are neither Harvard men nor humbugs may be said to be the victims of their own merit, having neither the prestige of the one nor the arts of the other. . . .

With cordial regards,

Very truly yours,

F. Parkman.

[1] *Atlantic Dinners and Diners.*

The intending and the formative period of the Saturday Club comes to a close late in 1855, or early in 1856, when these friends, drawn together by affinity, yet their wish made fact by the activity of an admirer outside their circle whose friendly skill in arranging for their dinners had obliged them, — some of them, too, bringing in a special friend by common consent, — began to call themselves a club, as yet without a name. Those who may be called undoubted original members, as so considered in the year 1856, given in alphabetical order, were Louis Agassiz, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., John Sullivan Dwight, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, James Russell Lowell, John Lothrop Motley, Benjamin Peirce, Samuel Gray Ward, Edwin Percy Whipple, Horatio Woodman, eleven in all. Longfellow's name does not appear in this list because of the entry in his journal next year as follows: "March 28th, 1857. Dined with Agassiz at his club which he wishes me to join, and I think I shall." That he joined next month is evident from his letter to "Tom" Appleton, then in Europe, written May 14: "We have formed a Dinner Club, once a month, at Parker's. Agassiz, Motley, Emerson, Peirce, Lowell, Whipple, Sam Ward, Holmes, Dwight (J. S. *Journal of Music*), Woodman (Horatio, a member of the Suffolk Bar), myself, and yourself. We sit from three o'clock till nine, generally, which proves it to be pleasant."

In writing the letter he forgot Dana and Judge Hoar, mentioned Dr. Holmes who had been included as a member at the last meeting, and tells his brother-in-law that he too is a member. All this shows the truth of Mr. Norton's recollection that formal elections were not held nor records kept in the first year or two of this aggregation of friends through mutual suggestion and consent. As for Appleton, it has already been shown that Emerson wrote of him to Ward in 1849 that he was "desirable in the superlative degree," but that then he supposed him preoccupied. So it is evident that only his absence in Paris at this time, and not having consented, prevented Appleton's assured membership. On his return he was enrolled. Agassiz and Peirce soon had the satisfaction of bringing in their neighbour and friend, Professor Cornelius Conway Felton.

Adding Holmes and Felton, and counting out Appleton, until his return and acceptance, we may say that the Club, agreed upon as such by the friends, in the informal stage, 1855, 1856, and 1857, numbered fourteen.[1] Dana wrote in his journal that the last two mentioned members were chosen on the first vote taken in the Club, making the number "fourteen, as many as we wish to have." Mr. Adams, in his *Life* of Dana, expresses his belief, fortified by some tradition from older members, that the matter lay thus in Dana's mind because he thought so, but doubts whether the others did. At any rate, the Club in a few years doubled its members, showing that Dana did not avail himself uncharitably of his blackball.

[1] Emerson, in a notebook in which he wrote of his friends, sets down J. Elliot Cabot's name among those chosen in 1857. Emerson had his friend's election much at heart. Very possibly he was chosen then, but did not accept. Neither Dana nor Longfellow mentions Cabot in their list of early members in their journals, and in our record-book his membership dates from 1861.

Chapter III

1856

Quotque aderant vates rebar adesse deos.

Ovid

And each inspired one here I'll count a god.

IT seems well in this chapter to tell, first, in what classes of men the original fourteen belonged; then, of the hostelry where they always met; and last, to try to describe them one by one.

Giving the men of letters, as most numerous, the first mention, there were four poets, one historian, one essayist, one biologist and geologist, one mathematician and astronomer, one classical scholar, one musical critic, one judge, two lawyers, and one banker. This classification is rude. Three of the poets were essayists; among the men of letters the professions were represented, for Holmes had been a practising physician, Emerson and Dwight had been clergymen. Lowell and Motley, later, represented their country in European Courts, and Dana refused such an opportunity; Judge Hoar became Attorney-General of the United States, and Felton became President of Harvard University, in which Agassiz, Longfellow, Lowell, and Peirce were professors. Peirce was the Superintendent of the Coast Survey. Ward, although the representative of a great English banking house, had marked artistic and literary gifts. Dana, nominated by Grant for the English mission, did not refuse, but, through the machinations of General Butler, was rejected by the Senate.

Very early, after the experimental gatherings at the Albion, the meeting-place where dinners were held was either the small front room on the second floor of "Parker's," or, when the Club grew larger, the large front room just west of it. The long windows looked out on the statue of Franklin, — what a valuable member he would have made, had Time allowed it! — in the open grounds of the City Hall.

The older members will recall the two notable adornments of the original dining-room. These were, first, an oil portrait of the *genius loci*, Harvey D. Parker himself, looking on with masterly but kindly face to see that all went smoothly and creditably. The picture shows no trace of a grief that rankled in his mind. "It is written of him by Captain John Codman that he once said: 'I wish they'd pull down that old King's Chapel opposite. Such kind of buildings are n't no use these times.' If he ever did make that philistinic remark, he amply atoned for it in his will."[1] For the first large bequest which the Museum of Fine Arts received was $100,000 from Mr. Parker. Behind the portrait in merit, far surpassing it in ambitious design, was a painting, an apotheosis (if such is possible on horseback) of Charles L. Flint, President of the State Agricultural Society, surrounded by its (also mounted) officers. The picture is a symphony in pink. Mr. Flint, flushed with pleasure, gracefully takes off his hat to banks of fair pink-faced ladies in pink bonnets, on the long grand-stand. Perhaps the pictures symbolized the roseate future of the farmer's life in Massachusetts as it must have seemed after the "Cattle Show" dinner and oration on a perfect day in late September in the fifties.

Here gathered, then, with more regularity of attendance than now, the friends, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the last Saturday of the month, very possibly through the summer heats, for summer migrations to the farther North Atlantic shores, or to England, Scotland, or Switzerland, were then less common and easily made than now. Mr. Woodman very kindly assumed the burden of the business arrangements and managed the feast. He knew well how to do this acceptably, and seemed to have a singularly intimate acquaintance with the best possibilities of Parker's larder. The charge was divided among the members present, who paid for their guests, and bills were sent from the office. If few members came, and absentees forgot to send notice, the charge was sometimes large. I remember an occasion in my early membership when three only came, and our bills were nearly seven dollars apiece. But the dinner was excellent and much more elaborate than the lunch of the present day; seven courses at least, with

[1] *Boston Transcript*, March 11, 1911.

sherry, sauterne, and claret. Any one who wished to pledge his neighbour or his guest in champagne, or who desired Apollinaris for his digestion, had personally to pay for such courtesy or indulgence. The cocktail did not in those days forerun the banquet, nor yet at this writing has it appeared. The various good wines were offered at suitable times "to cheer the heart of man." But the immortals of that goodly company, like their more abstemious successors of the day, held with old Panard, —

"Quand on boit trop, on s'assoupit
Et on tombe en délire;
Buvons pour avoir de l'esprit,
Et non pour le détruire."

The company was so well chosen and of such varied gifts that no one, on those more peaceful Saturday afternoons of sixty years ago, was restlessly thinking of other engagements. All but the Concord men lived within five miles of the State House, and reluctant early departure of these for their last home train was soon made needless by the kind action of one of them, as later told.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., had from Mr. Sam G. Ward these memories from the early days of the Club:—

"Agassiz always sat at the head of the table by native right of his huge good-fellowship and intense enjoyment of the scene, his plasticity of mind and sympathy. . . . I well remember amongst other things how the Club would settle itself to listen when Dana had a story to tell. Not a word was missed, and those who were absent were told at the next Club what they had lost. Emerson smoked his cigar and was supremely happy, and laughed under protest when the point of the story was reached."

Referring to this same early and golden period, Dr. Holmes wrote: —

"At that time you would have seen Longfellow invariably at one end — the east end — of the long table, and Agassiz at the other. Emerson was commonly near the Longfellow end, on his left. There was no regularity, however, in the place of the members. I myself commonly sat on the right-hand side of Longfellow, so as to have my back to the windows; I think Dana was more apt to be on the other side. The members present might vary from a

dozen to twenty or more. . . . Conversation was rarely general. There were two principal groups at the ends of the table. The most jovial man at table was Agassiz; his laugh was that of a big giant. There was no speechifying, no fuss of any kind with constitution and by-laws and other such encumbrances. I do not remember more than two infractions of the general rule of quiet and decorum, — these were when Longfellow read a short poem on one of Agassiz's birthdays, and the other when I read a poem in honor of Motley, who was just leaving for Europe."

Dana, though he had been a member from the early gathering, omitted to record that fact at the time. He writes in his diary on August 6, 1857: "I believe I have nowhere mentioned the Club. It has become an important and much valued thing to us."

Dana's social gift, especially as a *raconteur*, was an important asset for the Club, the more because of the difficulties of general talk at so large a table. But, in the summer of 1856, soon after the Club crystallized, he made his first visit to Europe, a short one, which, however, accounts for his late mentioning of the monthly festival, which he valued. But the Club reaped the harvest of this on his return.

In his youth, Dana had known the sea as a place of constant toil and danger — and loved it. Now, twenty years later, after brave and effective work, as a lawyer and as a good citizen, he sailed for England, a calm passenger on a Cunard steamer. His reactions when the time came, shown in his diary, are interesting. He writes: "Actually bound to Europe, — the Europe of my dreams, that I hardly dared believe I should ever see. But now that the time has come, I am so intensely interested in my own country, in the impending struggle between the free classes and the slave power, that I cannot conjure up a thought of England. Her history, her cathedrals, her castles, her nooks and corners, all lose their significance, and have no hold on my feelings or fancy." He did not realize how soon and strongly these would awaken.

And first the sea rejoiced his heart. His journal fairly shouts:—

"What is like the sea for healthfulness, vigour, and joy! And to me, beyond all this, the infinite delight of freedom from all labour, the certainty of nothing to do, the certainty that there is

nothing I can do. No matter how many strings you have left flying, no matter what occur to you as things you might do or ought to do, you banish and forget them all in the knowledge that miles of blue water, — a *mare dissociabile* — makes them impossible. To me, this is an unspeakable delight."

But a greater was to follow; after rest, most restful recreation. For if ever an American was born to enjoy England it was Dana. In his humanities and in his professional contests and political course he had shown himself, and always did, democratic in the fine sense, a loyal American. But in his tastes, his social predilections, his choice of form of worship, he seemed more akin to Englishmen than to his own people. Indeed, it might seem to him that, after a long American dream, the ancestral blood in him had awakened at last in its own country. It is a pleasure to read how England, with Stratford as its crowning delight, satisfied his soul, daily, and at each new turn.

In this connection it is pleasant to recall that Longfellow, at this period, was, like Dana, in the acute joy of freedom from routine duties, — for in 1854 he had resigned his professorship, — and this was heightened a few months later by the selection of Lowell as his successor, though many desired the place. It might seem that Lowell's course on Poetry, just then delivered at the Lowell Institute, which, in its quality, was a surprise and a triumph, won him this appointment. His friends gave him a dinner at the Revere House just before he started on his year of study abroad. The company included most, if not all, of the members of the Club, just then about to take form. Norton thus describes this dinner in a letter: —

"Longfellow was at the head of the table and Felton sat opposite to him. Lowell was at Longfellow's right hand and Emerson at his left — and the rest of the party was made up of Holmes, and Tom Appleton, and Parsons, and Agassiz and Peirce, and eight or ten others, all clever men. Longfellow proposed Lowell's health in such a happy and appropriate way as to strike the true keynote of the feeling of the time. Then Holmes read a little poem of farewell that he had written, and then, after an interval filled up with conversation, he produced two letters addressed to Lowell,

one from the Reverend Homer Wilbur and the other from Hosea Biglow. They were very cleverly done, full of humour and fun, and made great shouts of laughter, which continued all through the evening to roll up in great waves from the end of the table where Felton and the best laughers generally were seated. It was really a delightful, genial, youthful time, and had Lowell only just come home, instead of being just about to go off, nothing would have been wanting."

The reference made, here and earlier, to the usual nearness of Longfellow and Emerson at table, is interesting, for one wonders that this seldom happened elsewhere. Their homes were but thirteen miles apart by the turnpike. But at first the two poets faced east and west. Longfellow, born on the edge of the great pine forest, in his eager youth sailed for the Old World. Her beauty and her story won his love, held most of his allegiance for life. Her ancient culture, her ripeness and smoothness even in her ruins, her veiling and colouring atmosphere still haunted him. His constant studies through his professorship, always continued, sustained this influence. But Emerson had hastened home from his first visit to Europe to live close to the pine trees, and daily listen and record their song

> Of tendency through endless ages,
> Of star-dust and star-pilgrimages.

At that period he felt the need of a Bardic improvisation of the instant thought, —

> The undersong,
> The ever old, the ever young.

Later, with more sensitive ear, he kept the verses by him till they mellowed. So the two poets worshipping the goddess, but from different sides, were not quite drawn, one to another. Yet each valued the other as a man standing for beauty, but also for right in troublous times. Longfellow's mention of Emerson is always kindly. In the autumn of 1845, returning from the introductory lecture in Emerson's course on "Great Men," he wrote, "Not so much as usual of the 'sweet rhetoricke' which usually falls from his lips, and many things to shock the sensitive ear and heart." He

spoke well of the lecture on "Goethe," adding, "There is a great charm about him — the Chrysostom and Sir Thomas Browne of the day." In 1849, delighted with the lecture "Inspiration," he likened Emerson to a temple portico: "We stand expectant, waiting for the High Priest to come forth." A gentle wind coming from it moves the blossoms, then down the green fields the grasses bend, "and we ask, 'When will the High Priest come forth and reveal to us the truth?' and the disciples say, 'He has already gone forth and is yonder in the meadows.' 'And the truth he was to reveal?' 'It is Nature, nothing more.'"

In May of the same year, Emerson thanked Longfellow for the gift of his "Kavanagh," saying: "It had, with all its gifts and graces, the property of persuasion, and of inducing the severe mood it required. . . . I think it the best sketch we have seen in the direction of the American novel. . . . One thing struck me as I read, — that you win our gratitude too easily; for after our much experience of the squalor of New Hampshire and the pallor of Unitarianism, we are so charmed with elegance in an American book that we could forgive more vices than are possible to you." Hawthorne wrote at the same time: —

"It is a most precious and rare book, as fragrant as a bunch of flowers, and as simple as one flower. A true picture of life, moreover." Emerson, in the later days of the wishing for the Club, before its birth, writing to Longfellow, to thank him for the gift of his "Poems," adds: "I hope much in these days from Ward's cherished project of a club that shall be a club. It seems to offer me the only chance I dare trust of coming near enough to you to talk, one of these days, of poetry, of which, when I read your verses, I think I have something to say to you. So you must befriend his good plan. And here is a token: I send you my new book; and will not have any sign that you have received it until the first club-meeting."

In the letters from Emerson it is interesting to note that they relate to Longfellow's American, not Old-World themes. Thus he welcomes the gift of "Hiawatha": "I have always one foremost satisfaction in reading your books, — that I am safe. I am, in variously skilful hands, but first of all they are safe hands. However,

I find this Indian poem . . . sweet and wholesome as maize; very proper and pertinent for us to read, and showing a kind of manly sense of duty in the poet to write. . . . I found in the last cantos a pure gleam or two of blue sky, and learned thence to tax the rest of the poem as being too abstemious."

All through Longfellow's journal, from his first coming to Cambridge, his love and honour for Charles Sumner appear, and endured to the end. Longfellow received him at his home like a brother before his entry into political life. After he went to Washington, long and affectionate letters constantly passed between them. Longfellow was happy and proud of his friend's broad statesmanship, and high courage in a cause, even in the North but slowly gaining strength, disregarding constant danger. Had Sumner lived in Boston, he would almost surely have been included among the early members of the Club.

And now, in the May following its gathering, a dastard's assault on Sumner, writing at his desk in the Senate Chamber, — well nigh a murder, — stirred the members, most of whom were, then, his new friends, very deeply. Longfellow, in his journal, fairly moans in his distress and anxiety. But he thankfully tells of the reaction which this deed had instantly stirred in New England, and tells with great comfort of one instance. In the early days of their gathering in Cambridge, Felton, as well as he, had been a close and admiring friend of Sumner. But the slavery issue had divided them. Felton, in the pro-slavery Whig camp, blamed his old friend's frontal attacks with uncompromising eloquence on the defenders of slavery, North and South, and their relations were broken. But this outrage turned the tide. Longfellow gladly writes in his journal, May 24: "Great excitement in town on this affair; and to-night a great meeting in Faneuil Hall. At dinner, — let me record it to his honour, — Felton, who has had a long quarrel with Sumner, proposed as a toast, 'The reëlection of Charles Sumner.'" Next day, writing to Sumner of the shock and sorrow at what had befallen him, he says, "A brave and noble speech, you made; never to die out of the memories of men! . . . Ever, and never so much as now, yours."

And now to attempt some picturing of the Founders. Their kind faces, strong, quietly serious, or humorous or gay, some fortunate few of us can call up before the inward eye, and hear for a moment their far-off voices. Others, as youths, have known or seen some of them, and may retain dim pictures of them in their last days. Happily, good sun-pictures remain of all, and more or less successful paintings of some of them.

The sketches of the gifts and characteristics of the first eleven who gathered, with important points in their history, are now given in alphabetical order, followed soon after by those of the three friends who joined them in 1857.

Those chosen in 1858 and thereafter will be noticed in due order in the course of the narrative.

LOUIS AGASSIZ

Among the names by which the Club was referred to by outsiders when its fame began to spread was "Agassiz's Club." It might well have borne the name, for his beaming face, his expansive nature, many-sided knowledge, charmingly conveyed, his Swiss democracy and sincerity, and French *aplomb*, commanded the love and admiration of all the company, however differing in temperament or gifts.

Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz, born at Mortier in French Switzerland east of Lake Neufchâtel, with the sure instincts and impelling spirit of a great naturalist from boyhood, shunning all bypaths, neglecting all obstacles, even poverty, had, when all possible resources were exhausted, received, through Humboldt's kindly influence, a subsidy from the Prussian Government to explore in America in 1846. Not long after his arrival, Sir Charles Lyell secured him the opportunity to give a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute.

His own enthusiasm and charming taking for granted the interest in his remote subject of an audience all but absolutely ignorant of advancing modern science, — his genial face, his interesting foreign accent, and his facile blackboard drawing, — won the game completely. Mollusks, radiates, and articulates hitherto unknown by fashionable ladies and gentlemen (except by a few presentable representatives, like oysters, starfish, and lobsters), his hearers, bewitched for an hour, found as interesting as historic characters. It was the same with country Lyceum audiences, and in mansion or cottage he won the hearts of his entertainers. Harvard College capitulated the next year. Agassiz was appointed Professor. It was a fateful moment, for in the presence of his broad views and compelling influence it could not long continue as the humble and limited college which it had been for two hundred years. It used to be said that the government of the College rather regarded the Scientific and Medical Schools as an impertinence. Agassiz presented the idea that the Undergraduate Department was prepara-

tory, and the Schools, professional and scientific, the real thing. Within twenty years the College, under a young and fearless President, well seconded by the more eager spirits in the Faculty, began its new vigorous growth, to become indeed a University.

In Mr. Emerson's journal in the late autumn of 1852 is recorded: —

"I saw in the cars a broad-featured, unctuous man, fat and plenteous as some successful politician, and pretty soon divined it must be the foreign professor who has had so marked a success in all our scientific and social circles, having established unquestionable leadership in them all; and it was Agassiz."

Longfellow records having felt Agassiz's genial charm at one of their first meetings: —

"February 3rd, 1847. Dinner-party (at Mr. Nathan Appleton's) for Agassiz. . . . The recollection of the pleasant dinner is charming. Agassiz lounging in his chair or pricking up his ears, eagerly listening to what was said. . . . From our end of the table I heard Agassiz extolling my description of the glacier of the Rhone in *Hyperion*, which is pleasant in the mouth of a Swiss who has a glacier theory of his own."

Dr. James Kendall Hosmer, for many years Professor in Washington University of St. Louis, a classmate and friend of the younger Agassiz (H.U. 1855), in an admirable book of reminiscences [1] thus describes the father: —

"He had come a few years before from Europe, a man in his prime, of great fame. He was strikingly handsome, with a dome-like head under flowing black locks, large, dark, mobile eyes set in features strong and comely, and with a well-proportioned stalwart frame. At the moment his prestige was greater, perhaps, than that of any other Harvard professor. His knowledge seemed almost boundless. His glacial theory had put him among the geological chiefs, and, as to animated nature, he had ordered and systematized, from the lowest plant forms up to the crown and creation, the human being. Abroad we knew he was held to be an adept in the most difficult fields, and now in his new environment he was pushing his investigations with passionate zeal. But the

[1] *The Last Leaf*, by James K. Hosmer, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

boys found in him points on which a laugh could be hung. As he strode homeward from his walks in the outer fields or marshes, we eyed him gingerly, for who could tell what he might have in his pockets? . . .

"He was on friendliest terms with things ill-reputed, even abhorrent, and could not understand the qualms of the delicate. He was said to have held up once, in all innocence, before a class of school-girls a wriggling snake. The shrieks and confusion brought him to a sense of what he had done. He apologized elaborately, the foreign peculiarity he never lost running through his confusion. 'Poor girls, I vill not do it again. Next time I vill bring in a nice, clean leetle feesh.' Agassiz took no pleasure in shocking his class; on the contrary, he was most anxious to engage and hold them. . . . He sought no title but that of teacher. To do anything else was only to misuse his gift. In his desk he was an inspirer, but hardly more so than in private talk. . . . He was charmingly affable, encouraging our questions, and unwearied in his demonstrations. When his audience was made up from people of the simplest, . . . he exerted his powers as generously as when addressing a company of *savants*. He always kindled as he spoke, and with a marvellous magnetism communicated his glow to those who listened.

"I have seen him stand before his class holding in his hand the claw of a crustacean. In his earnestness it seemed to be for him the centre of the creation, and he made us all share his belief. Indeed, he convinced us. Running back from it in an almost infinite series was the many-ordered life adhering, at last scarcely distinguishable from the inorganic matter to which it clung. Forward from it again ran the series not less long and complicated, which fulfilled itself at last in the brain and soul of man. What he held in his hand was a central link. His colour came and went, his eyes danced and his tones grew deep and tremulous, as he dwelt on the illimitable chain of being. With a few strokes on the blackboard, he presented graphically the most intricate variations. He felt the sublimity of what he was contemplating, and we glowed with him from the contagion of his fervour."

John T. Morse writes, "Dr. Holmes had a great admiration for

Professor Agassiz, and used to called him 'Liebig's Extract' of the wisdom of ages"; and added, "I cannot help thinking what a feast the cannibals would have, if they boiled such an extract." A gentleman once commented very unfavourably upon this little jest, explaining with more than British gravity, that it was a poor one, because cannibals don't care for wisdom, and would only have relished Agassiz because he was plump!

Francis H. Underwood wrote: "A warm friendship sprang up between Agassiz and Longfellow. They were attracted by similar tastes and by common cosmopolitan culture. There was in the Swiss-Frenchman a breezier manner and more effervescence of humour: in the American more attention to the minor amenities and social forms; but they agreed heartily, and they loved each other like David and Jonathan. Their diverse occupations established a pleasing and restful counterpoise. Longfellow would often take a look through the microscope in Agassiz's laboratory when at Nahant, where they were neighbours. Agassiz, in his turn, enjoyed no recreation so much as an hour in Longfellow's study where the talk was of poetry and other literary topics." Mr. Underwood goes on with a statement, remarkable but true, as to the change in the College from Puritan tradition and usage brought by the leaven of Agassiz. "He affected the Faculty as well as the students, and the people as well as the *savants*. It is difficult to show the full significance of the change before mentioned. One feature was the gradual secularization of the University. A century ago, a college professor was invariably 'the Reverend' So-and-So. A clergyman, to be sure, may be also a chemist, astronomer, or philologist, but the knowledge of theology is not a prerequisite for the work of the laboratory or lecture-stand. And the most devout reader will probably admit that a faculty like that at Harvard, numbering near a hundred, composed of men absolutely first in their respective studies, is able to exert an influence upon the large body of undergraduates which no purely clerical circle could hope to equal. Truth, as well as light, has been polarized in our times." . . .

A year or more before the formation of the Club, Mr. Agassiz had established a private school for girls in Cambridge, to help

him in funds for his collections for the Museum. His son and daughter were his admirable helpers in the school. A lady who was one of the scholars says: "Mr. Agassiz gave us lectures on geology and zoölogy. All the girls liked to hear him. Whether or no we had special interest in his subjects, we found his lectures delightful. He was so poetical, so grand, so reverent. To all of us he was always friendly and cordial." As Emerson said of him, "He made anatomy popular *by the aid of an idea.*"

Rev. Edward Chipman Guild, the Unitarian Minister of Waltham, said in his later years: "I have always wanted to see some record of the actual effect of the influence of Agassiz upon his pupils. I believe it would be found that it extended into walks of life where it would be very little expected. Habits of accuracy, of enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice in the pursuit of knowledge, systematic ways of arranging things in the mind . . . are of value in any position or career. I believe that Agassiz's men might be traced by definite signs — in the war, in politics, in the ministry, the law, medicine, manufacture; and I am prepared to believe that, if I were to return to Waltham ten years hence, I should find a difference in those households where the wife and mother had been in the botany class, easily distinguishing them from any others."

For Agassiz's method was new; often disconcerting to his students. They came expecting information; that he would tell them facts, and illustrate them on the specimens in the Museum, and these they were to commit to memory. But Agassiz gave the youth a specimen; he was to observe it. First, and mainly, he must learn a new art, — *to see*, and then to *see more*, then to compare, and then think why.

Agassiz enjoyed the Club and was the life of his end of the table, where he presided. Highly vitalized, quick-witted, full of interesting matter, affectionate and kindly, he was in the best, and proper, sense convivial, good to live with.

Emerson, always on the alert for facts and laws in Nature, which for him were guiding symbols, delighted in this new friend. Agassiz loved to impart them, perhaps the more to Emerson for this very trait, for this Swiss student of Natural History had,

at the University of Munich, attended for four years Schelling's lectures on the relation of the Real and the Ideal. Emerson wrote in his journal: "Agassiz is a man to be thankful for; always cordial, full of facts, with unsleeping observation, and perfectly communicative. . . . What a harness of buckram, city life and wealth puts on our poets and literary men. . . . Agassiz is perfectly accessible; has a brave manliness which can meet a peasant, a mechanic, or a fine gentleman with equal fitness."

By these qualities this foreigner performed what in those days, might almost have been deemed a miracle; his personality and earnest eloquence persuaded the farmers, manufacturers, shopkeepers, and lawyers of the General Court of Massachusetts to appropriate the hundred thousand dollars for his Museum of Natural History. Yet there were brave opponents. The utilitarian Puritan was there. To quote from memory the *Daily Advertiser's* report of a debate, — one legislator defiantly asked why should such things be,—"What has Agassiz with his pickled periwinkles and polypuses done that is really useful?" Instantly a liberal member arose and said, "The religious world owes him a debt of gratitude for triumphantly combating that new-fangled and monstrous teaching that we are descended from monkeys," — but here the first speaker countered by crying out, "I thank God that I have only to go to His word, — not to any French professor of Atheism, — for that!"

But Agassiz was religious. He had found in the Alps, in the Appalachians, and in the Florida reef God's writing, telling to whosoever could read it the age of the world, and the record through æons, of progressive life on its surface and in its depths, so authentically that he could afford to neglect the recent poem of Genesis. But the marks of design, as he read them throughout Nature, stirred him to an enthusiasm which was worship, and to his hearers he bore witness of a degree of living faith that would be a comfort to many ministers, could they but feel it.

And Agassiz was no foreigner. He was by his expansive nature a citizen of the world, like Humboldt, who recognized his young genius and sent him to us in 1846.

When as a boy-student at the University of Munich, Agassiz,

with his friend Dinkel, a young artist, watched groups of their fellows start on "empty pleasure trips," Agassiz said: "There they go — their motto is — 'Ich gehe mit den andern'; — I will go my own way, Mr. Dinkel, and not alone. I will be a leader of others."

To quote the words of the *London Quarterly Review:* "Unexpected events rendered it possible for him to promote that emancipation of 'that splendid adolescent,' a nation passing from childhood to maturity with the faults of spoiled children, and yet with the nobility of character and the enthusiasm of youth. The wild year of 1848 broke the ties which bound the Canton of Neufchâtel to the Prussian monarchy, and consequently the Neufchâtelois Agassiz found himself honourably set free from the service of the Prussian king." The Chair of Natural History in the Lawrence Scientific School with a salary of $1500 was offered him, with much liberty. This seasonable offer was accepted. As soon as the term was over he went with his students to the Lake Superior region, and in succeeding vacation time from the Lakes to the Gulf on scientific tours, lecturing to the people and becoming acquainted with them by the way, everywhere arousing interest in science, and regard for himself. Early in his stay here, his wife, a refined and serious person, but long an invalid, died in Switzerland. He had brought Alexander with him to America.

In 1850, Agassiz married Elizabeth Cary, a woman of great charm and a fitting mate for him. She made a happy home for him and Alexander, and the two daughters, who were at once brought from Switzerland. Mrs. Agassiz, moreover, helped on her husband's project for a school, that he might earn money for his Museum, and she took an interest in all his work, doing a great part of his writing, and gallantly accompanying him, even on his deep-sea dredging expeditions. At first they lived on Oxford Street in Cambridge, but later on Quincy Street. Here he had for neighbours his intimate friends Felton and Peirce, associates in the College as in the Club.

Mr. Howells, in his *Literary Friends*, wrote: —

"Agassiz, of course, was Swiss and Latin, and not Teutonic, but he was of the Continental European civilization, and was widely

different from the other Cambridge men in everything but love of the place. 'He is always an Europaer,' said Lowell one day, in distinguishing concerning him; and for any one who had tasted the flavour of the life beyond the ocean and the channel, this had its charm. Yet he was extremely fond of his adopted compatriots, and no alien born had a truer or tenderer sense of New England character. I have an idea that no one else of his day could have got so much money for science out of the General Court of Massachusetts; and I have heard him speak with the wisest and warmest appreciation of the hard material from which he was able to extract this treasure. The legislators who voted appropriations for his Museum and his other scientific objects were not usually lawyers or professional men, with the perspectives of a liberal education, but were hard-fisted farmers who had a grip of the State's money as if it were their own, and yet gave it with intelligent munificence. They understood that he did not want it for himself, and had no interested aim in getting it; they knew that, as he once said, he had no time to make money, and wished to use it solely for the advancement of learning; and with this understanding they were ready to help him generously.

". . . Longfellow told me how, after the doctors had condemned Agassiz to inaction, on account of his failing health, he had broken down in his friend's study, and wept like an Europaer, and lamented, 'I shall never finish my work' . . ."

Howells continues: "Mrs. Agassiz has put into her interesting *Life* of him, a delightful story which she told me about him. He came to her beaming one day, and demanded, 'You know I have always held such and such an opinion about a certain group of fossil fishes?' 'Yes, yes!' 'Well, I have just been reading ——'s new book, and he has shown me that there is n't the least truth in my theory'; and he burst into a laugh of unalloyed pleasure in relinquishing his error. . . ."

Howells recalls "a dinner at his house to Mr. Bret Harte, when the poet came on from California, and Agassiz approached him over the coffee through their mutual scientific interest in the last meeting of the geological 'Society upon the Stanislow.' He quoted to the author some passages from the poem recording the

final proceedings of this body, which had particularly pleased him, and I think Mr. Harte was as much amused at finding himself thus in touch with the *savant*, as Agassiz could ever have been with that delicious poem."

To show the joy of this free Swiss mountaineer in life in our Republic and — as a great master in science — its vast field, we only need to record his action when the French Emperor sent him the offer of the chair of Palæontology in the Museum of Natural History at Paris. Agassiz wrote to his friend M. Martens: "The work I have undertaken here, and the confidence shown in me . . . make my return to Europe impossible for the present. . . . Were I offered absolute power for the reorganization of the *Jardin des Plantes*, with a revenue of fifty thousand francs, I would not accept it. I like my independence better."

And so, though the world was Agassiz's home, and he made long and fruitful excursions from his base here, his hearthstone was in Cambridge. There he died, — his Museum his monument.

E. W. E.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

PROCEEDING in alphabetical order, next comes a born gentleman, eminently so in the old sense of the word; happily so in the full sense.

Richard H. Dana, Jr., born in Cambridge in 1815, came, as he always remembered, sixth in a line of American Danas there, active and true men, especially in law and public service, in fair or in stormy times. Dana's father, however, was devoted to letters, yet a good citizen, and later than his son he was chosen into the Club.

The elder Dana wrote of Richard when but ten years old: "He is a boy of excellent principles even now. I'm afraid he is too sensitive for his own happiness; yet he is generally cheerful and ready for play, and is a boy of true spirit." He might well say so, for no young Spartan could have shown more courage under the cruel beatings in one school, and the ascetic discipline of the next, both tolerated by parents in those days as according to barbarous English tradition. At the age of eleven Richard was one of twenty boys taught for less than a year, in Cambridge, by his future clubmate Emerson. Of this school, Dana wrote: "A very pleasant instructor we had in Mr. E., although he had not system or discipline enough to ensure regular and vigorous study. I have always considered it fortunate for us that we fell into the hands of more systematic and strict teachers, though not so popular with us, nor perhaps so elevated in their habits of thought as Mr. E." After this the boy was more fortunate than in his earlier experiences, in the school where he was prepared for college.

As every one knows, the failure of young Dana's eyes in his junior year at Harvard led him to hazard the rude remedy of a common seaman's life, "round the Horn," on a trading vessel to the seldom visited northern Pacific coast. It was an inspiration. Not only did it cure his eyes, but it opened them to the lot, which he shared, and to the point of view, of men humble, toiling, exposed, and often abused; it softened him to human beings, and

hardened to danger. Born brave, he was also born unusually aristocratic, and the full dose of his two years' life as a sailor was needed as a corrective, and gave noble results through his after life. His book, a "by-product," quickly made him friends among high and low in both hemispheres. Its style was simple and strong. President Eliot, in whose five-foot book-shelf it holds a place, tells us that some one who bought that far-famed collection wrote to him, "That one book is worth the price of the whole."

After graduating at Harvard in 1837, and at the Law School in 1839, he began the practice of law. He wrote a book, *The Seaman's Friend*, a manual of sea laws and usages. As a result of his youthful adventure, admiralty cases came to him with increasing frequency, and soon sailors in trouble found in Dana a valuable friend. But soon a yet more helpless and abused class moved his indignant pity in their cause. Scorning the truckling to the South of the "Cotton Whigs," Dana, a "Conscience Whig," became an active Free-Soiler in 1852. Two years later, when most of Boston's aristocracy, at their idol Webster's word, joined with her lowest elements, approved and aided the enforcement of the law which made them "the jackals of the slave-holder," the high-spirited Dana did his best intelligently and valiantly to save poor refugees from being sent back to slavery, but in vain. Going home from the Court-House he was struck down with a club by a hired ruffian. A politician wrote to Dana, surprised that he, a conservative, should join the Free-Soilers. In his answer he said: "There is a compound of selfishness and cowardice which often takes to itself the honored name of Conservatism . . . making material *prosperity and ease* its pole-star, will do nothing and risk nothing for a moral principle. But not so conservatism. Conservatism sometimes requires a risking or sacrificing of material advantages. . . . In a case for liberal, comprehensive justice to others, with only a remote and chiefly moral advantage to ourselves, to be done at the peril of our immediate personal advantages, conservatism is more reliable than radicalism."

Again: "I am a Free-Soiler, because I am (who should not say so) of the stock of the old Northern gentry, and have a particular dislike to any subserviency or even appearance of subserviency

Richd H. Dana Jr

on the part of our people to the slave-holding oligarchy. I was disgusted with it in College, at the Law School, and have been, since, in society and politics. The spindles and day-books are against us just now, for Free-Soilism goes to the wrong side of the ledger. The blood, the letters, and the plough are our chief reliance. . . . I am a 'Free-Soiler' and nothing else. A technical Abolitionist I am not."

Such fearless Free-Soilers, among persons who had the entry of the fashionable drawing-rooms of Boston, as Dana and Sumner, were soon made to feel the contempt there felt for the cause they championed, and they presently ceased to visit the homes of former friends, now cool. The Kansas outrages soon began to turn the tide, however, (later reënforced by the overwhelming war-wave) but, though Dana had held himself superior to social neglect, his invitation in 1856 to join the men who were forming the Saturday Club was highly gratifying. About this time young Adams came to study law in Dana's office. It is interesting to see how Dana's unhesitating choice of the brave part, with no heed to the sacrifice, moved in remembrance and warmed the style of an author usually cool and even blunt. After forty years, Adams wrote of Dana in his defence of the fugitives: — "His connection with those cases was the one great professional and political act of his life. It was simply superb. There is nothing fairer or nobler in the long, rich archives of the law; and the man who holds that record in his hand may stand with head erect at the bar of that final judgment itself."

Dana's head and heart were too high to consider for a moment social slights, actual or possible, in running his course, but it cost him much professionally. Adams says: "Nearly all the wealth and moneyed institutions of Boston were controlled by the conservatives. . . . The ship-owners and merchants were Whigs almost to a man. . . . Dana's political course between 1848 and 1860 not only retarded his professional advancement, but seriously impaired his income. It kept the rich clients from his office. He was the counsel of the sailor and the slave, — persistent, courageous, hard-fighting, skilful, but still the advocate of the poor and the unpopular. In the mind of wealthy and respectable Boston

almost any one was to be preferred to him, — The Free-Soil lawyer, the counsel for the fugitive slave, alert, indomitable, always on hand."

"The spirit of liberty and also of equal rights of men before the law were so wrought into the fabric of his character," says Bishop Lawrence, "that his soul was afire at any invasion of this principle. When, therefore, a despised black man was about to be carried into bondage, Mr. Dana stood by his side in his defence as naturally as if he had sprung to the defence of his own brother. Again, in his law practice the question of the amount involved or the fee to be received had no interest for him; his sense of duty was such that he never failed to serve the humblest with the best of his time and thought." Dana desired and foresaw the coming of that system of international comity and justice that now, it seems, must surely come.

The entry already quoted from Mr. Dana's diary of 1855 shows that he had been, by invitation, one of the Saturday diners in the formative period of the Club. Of his membership Mr. Adams wrote with characteristic plain speech: "Through what affiliation Dana became one of the company does not appear. There was certainly no particular sympathy, intellectual or otherwise, between himself and his ancient instructor at Cambridge, now become, to quote Dana's own words, 'a writer and lecturer upon what is called the transcendental philosophy,' — a philosophy Dana unquestionably never took the trouble even to try to understand . . ." Adams continues: "Judge Hoar and Mr. Dana were, with the exception of Woodman, the only lawyers in the company, and Judge Hoar was a fellow townsman and neighbour of Emerson's; the probabilities are, therefore, that it was through Hoar and Woodman that Dana, with whose literary and social qualities they were well acquainted, became one of the little Emerson coterie." But it must be remembered that Lowell spoke of Dana as one of his earliest friends.

Adams says: "Dana did not express himself too strongly when he wrote in his diary that the Saturday Club had 'become an important and much valued thing' to him. In fact, it supplied a need in his life, for it not only gratified to a certain extent his social

cravings, which found little enough to gratify them elsewhere in the routine of his working life, but it also brought him in regular contact with men whom he otherwise would have rarely met,— men like Agassiz, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes, who gave to the Club dinners that intellectual and literary flavour which Dana appreciated so much, and in professional life seldom enjoyed."

Long afterwards, in referring to Dana in this connection, Judge Hoar wrote: "He was a pretty constant attendant at the dinners, and evidently had a profound respect for them as an institution. He always struck me 'as made for state occasions and great ceremonials.' He did not usually take a leading part in the conversation, unless some matter of politics or history, English or American, was under consideration; and in the rapid flow of wit and wisdom which Lowell and Holmes and Whipple and Agassiz and Felton would keep up, he was not often a contributor. He told a story very well, when he chose; but was a little formal about it, though he had some powers of mimicry; and in personal discussions he had a keen perception of salient points of character, with a hearty detestation of meanness or baseness — and about as much for vulgarity, as rated by his standard. He was not given to repartee, and seemed to prefer more methodical and elaborate discourse. There was a certain Episcopal flavour about his manners and speech, and way of regarding other people, that matched oddly with his thorough democracy concerning human rights. He had an imagination kindred to Burke's in splendour, but regarded facts, where they presumed to stand in the way of theories, with suspicion, if not with disapproval."

Mr. Norton, like the Judge, spoke of Mr. Dana as "a capital narrator with a vast store of anecdotes. He had a story he liked to tell when there were New Yorkers present as guests. Dana used occasionally to slip in to hear the services at a negro church on Bowdoin Street. The sexton knew him well and one morning when he appeared, said: 'Good mornin', Mr. Dana, I would n't advise yer to go inter de church to-day.' 'But why not?' 'Well, yer see, sah, there's a New York preacher, not a man of talents, — New York man, you see, sah.'"

Dana cared for the ancient classics and appreciated their

influence in the education of modern youth. Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Bacon, he enjoyed in his father's library and always reverted to. Keble's *Christian Year* was his *vade mecum*, and, in his English trip, his visit to Keble's home and church was his happiest experience. For contemporary writers, especially Americans, he seems to have cared less. He especially abhorred Darwinism, and the godlessness that he found in the scientific theories of later investigators. Agassiz's religious feeling and struggle against Darwin must have been a comfort to him.

Dana's idea of a gentleman is quoted by Adams as a reason why he enjoyed the Club: "Plain in their dress, simple in their manners, the question whether they are doing the right thing — *comme il faut*, whether this or that is genteel or not — never seems to occur to them, or to have any place in their minds. There is a freedom of true gentility, as well as of true Christianity, while many men aim at the mark by striving to do the deeds of the law, not having the guide within, and are all their lifetime suffering bondage."

Mr. Dana's integrity, courage, culture, knowledge of affairs, and his patriotism might seem to have fitted him for high places, and to these he aspired. Unhappily, he apparently had unconsciously a native disqualification — incurable. This was a certain repellent mannerism, behind which lay want of tact. With his love for England there seems to have remained in him, with all the virtues, through six generations, a certain want of perception sometimes noticed in her sons. "His proper place," says his biographer, "was at the bar. . . . Had he adhered to his profession, he not improbably would at last have attained, had he so desired, that foremost place in the judiciary of Massachusetts once held by his grandfather. But, with a pronounced taste for political life, Dana had, unfortunately, no political faculty. . . . Under certain circumstances he might have been an eminent statesman, but under no circumstances could he ever have been a successful politician." And yet, during the Civil War and Reconstruction periods, he gave clear opinions on important subjects to the President, and to his friends and club-mates, Adams, the Minister to Great Britain, and Senator Sumner.

Dana's humanity recoiled from the cruel doctrines of the Orthodox Church of New England into which he was born — "born," he could not believe, "under Thy wrath," though this phrase was in the Book of Common Prayer which he later used. Also his temperament, as Bishop Lawrence puts it, "liked background" in his church, as in his family history. He found rest and comfort in the arms of the Episcopal Church.

President Eliot pays this compliment to the memory of Mr. Dana, "He was interested in everything pertaining to the well-being of the human race."

Mr. Perry calls attention to the allurements that new countries in their maiden beauty, and old lands in their purple atmosphere of historic charm, held out to Mr. Dana. In middle life, and again, years later, he expressed in letters how great was this temptation. As Mr. Perry says, "of an essentially romantic temperament, he was forced by external circumstances to compete with persons who (as he said) 'never walk but in one line from their cradle to their grave.'" Dana steadily walked the line of duty, but happily had fullest happiness in one or two journeys afar, and, shortly before his death, described his sojourn at Castellamare as "a dream" of life.

E. W. E.

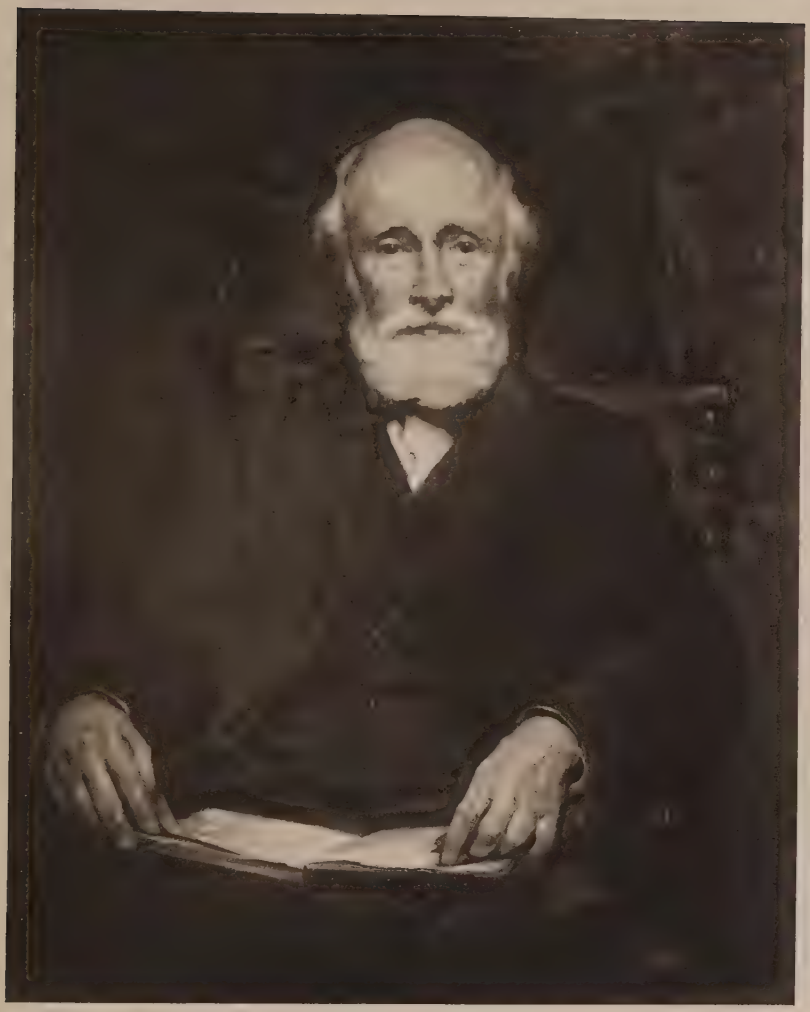
JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT

When Lowell wrote "A Fable for Critics" in 1848, he coupled in the happiest fashion the names of Nathaniel Hawthorne and John Sullivan Dwight. Nature, according to Lowell, had used some woman-stuff in shaping Hawthorne: —

> "The success of her scheme gave her so much delight
> That she tried it again, shortly after, in Dwight:
> Only, while she was kneading and shaping the clay,
> She sang to her work in her sweet, childish way,
> And found, when she'd put the last touch to his soul,
> That the music had somehow got mixed with the whole."

Dwight was only thirty-five when these lines were written, but they indicate, with delicate grace, the characteristics that dominated his long life. A born lover of music, he gave himself instinctively to the task of serving this art in the community. As critic, journalist, and organizer of musical associations he performed a matchless service to his native city and to the interests of music throughout America. Without technical training or adequate professional knowledge, without financial resources or much practical worldly wisdom, Dwight succeeded in his high aim by the sole force of a pure unworldly enthusiasm for the beautiful. An original member of the Saturday Club, and surviving, together with Holmes, Lowell and Judge Hoar of the original members, to become one of its incorporators in 1886, Dwight has the unique and rather odd distinction of being the only man in the Club who has ever represented primarily the art of music, — as Rowse and Hunt have been our only painters and Story our single sculptor. There are many testimonies to Dwight's fidelity to the Saturday Club and to his unfailing attendance upon its dinners. Our associate, Mr. Howells, in writing of his early recollections of the Club, notes that "John Dwight, the musical critic, and a nature most musically sweet, was always smilingly present."

He was the son of Dr. John Dwight of Boston. The father had studied first for the ministry and then turned to medicine, and



is remembered as a radical free-thinker. The son was born in Court Street, in May, 1813, went to the Latin School, and carried to Harvard more Latin and Greek, he thought, than he brought away. His chief interests lay already in music and poetry. He was chosen poet by his class of 1832, a class that had among its members Dwight's lifelong friends Estes Howe, John Holmes, and Charles T. Brooks. Then he drifted into the Divinity School, where he and C. P. Cranch used to play duets until their outraged friend, Theodore Parker, who disliked music, was driven in self-defence to saw wood outside their door. George Willis Cooke, whose excellent *Life* of Dwight preserves this anecdote, prints also an interesting correspondence between Parker and Dwight in 1837. The latter had been graduated from the Divinity School in 1836, but not succeeding in finding a pulpit, he asked Parker to point out his faults, — a service for which Theodore Parker was always well fitted. "You surround yourself with the perfumed clouds of music," he wrote. "You are deficient in will. . . . You have done fine things, but they are nothing to what you can and ought to do." It appears from the correspondence, however, that Dwight had already been invited to enumerate Parker's faults, and his judgment upon that wood-sawing son of thunder illuminates for us his own gentle soul. "I don't like to see a man have too much will," he writes: "it mars the beauty of nature. You seem, as the phrenologist said, 'goaded on.' Your life seems a succession of convulsive efforts, and the only wonder is to me that they don't exhaust you. . . . Coupled with your high ideal is an impotent wish to see it immediately realized, — two things which don't go well together; for the one prompts you to love, the other, soured by necessary disappointment, prompts to hate, at least contempt. I think your love of learning is a passion, that it injures your mind by converting insensibly what is originally a pure thirst for truth into a greedy, avaricious, jealous striving, not merely to know, but to get all there is to be known. . . . Have you not too much of a mania for all printed things, — as if books were the symbols of that truth to which the student aspires? You write, you read, you talk, you think, in a hurry, for fear of not getting all."

Mr. Emerson, always unwearied in his kindness toward young idealists of Dwight's type, arranged to have him supply the pulpit in East Lexington, where he himself had been ministering. Dwight preached there intermittently in 1837 and 1838, but his sermons, hastily thrown together just before the service, failed to satisfy the congregation. He was immersed in German studies, in music, and in miscellaneous literature. He wrote for the *Christian Examiner* in 1838 what is thought to be the earliest American review of Tennyson's poems, and published in that same year translations from Goethe and Schiller, with notes, for George Ripley's series of volumes entitled *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature*. This was ten years earlier than the translations of Dwight's friend Frederick Hedge. Carlyle praised Dwight's work with generous warmth: "I have heard from no English writer whatever as much truth as you write in these notes about Goethe." Finally, in May, 1839, the young minister without a pulpit was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church in Northampton. George Ripley preached the ordination sermon, and the great Dr. Channing gave the charge. This was on Wednesday. But on Sunday morning Dwight woke with terror to remember that neither of his two sermons were prepared. Nevertheless, he "mysteriously got through" the ordeal, so he wrote, and in all probability the following Sunday morning found him as unprepared as ever. Miss Elizabeth Peabody wrote him kindly that "a certain want of fluency in prayer had been the real cause of your want of outward success" and she offered some useful hints for remedying the deficiency. But Dwight's professional difficulties were soon more radical than Miss Peabody supposed, and the little parish took the initiative in releasing him from an uncongenial situation. He never sought another pulpit.

The very first number of the *Dial* contained three contributions from Dwight: an essay on the "Religion of Beauty," originally used as a sermon, a poem entitled "Rest," and an article on the Boston "Concerts of the Past Winter," in which the young enthusiast makes this interesting prediction, which was to find its fulfilment later through the generosity of another member of the Saturday Club: "This promises something. We could not but

feel that the materials that evening collected might, if they could be kept together through the year, and induced to practise, form an orchestra worthy to execute the grand works of Haydn and Mozart. Orchestra and audience would improve together, and we might even hope to hear one day the 'Sinfonia Eroica' and the 'Pastorale' of Beethoven." Dwight delivered addresses on music before the Harvard Musical Association and elsewhere, and in November, 1841, we find the "stickit minister" installed as teacher of music and Latin at Brook Farm. George Ripley, the leader of the Brook Farm movement, was Dwight's best friend, and had, as we have seen, preached his ordination sermon at Northampton. The famous experiment "to realize practical equality and mutual culture" in West Roxbury is too well known to be discussed here. It is enough to say that Dwight's idealism found in Brook Farm a wholly congenial atmosphere. As the director of the community music and the trainer of the choir he was the originator of the Mass Clubs which did so much to create interest in the work of the great German composers. Beethoven and Mozart were his passions. He played both the piano and the flute, and was fond of dreamy improvisations. He wrote articles on music for Lowell's ill-starred *Pioneer* and for the *Democratic Review*. When the weekly *Harbinger*, published at Brook Farm, had succeeded the *Dial* as the latest organ of "the newness," Dwight was a constant contributor, and he thought seriously of following this periodical when it removed to New York. He lectured there on music, and Parke Godwin wrote that "if this city were not wholly given up to idolatry, it would have rushed in a body to hear such sound and beautiful doctrine." Evidently the rush did not take place.

But it was a kindly fate that kept Dwight in his native city. After the financial failure of Brook Farm, he had charge of the music of Rev. W. H. Channing's "Religious Union of Associationists." He had the good fortune to marry Miss Mary Bullard, one of the singers in his choir. Finally, in 1852, after years of hope deferred, he realized his dream of founding a journal devoted to music. With the aid of the Harvard Musical Association, *Dwight's Journal of Music* began its career of nearly thirty

years. Its service to the cause of musical education in America is universally recognized to-day. It set high standards, made no compromise with the interests of publishers, and told the truth. Dwight was no lover of editorial drudgery, had the scantiest remuneration, and lacked, no doubt, the technical training for his task; but in spite of every limitation in musical knowledge and in sympathy, he carried the *Journal* single-handed until the Oliver Ditson Company assumed the risks of publication in 1859, giving Dwight full control of the editorial policy.

In the following year he made his only visit to Europe, a visit saddened by the death of his wife, whom he had been obliged to leave in Boston. His friends of the Saturday Club, and particularly Dr. Holmes, wrote him touching letters in his bereavement. His own letters home give pleasant glimpses of his friendships with Agassiz and Story, and his acquaintance with the Brownings and Hans Christian Andersen in Rome. After his year of travel, Dwight returned to the odd, lonely bachelor life which was his for the remainder of his days. Music remained the chief interest of his existence. The younger members of the musical profession in Boston became his loyal friends, and even overlooked his lukewarm enthusiasm for the more ambitious modern music as represented by Wagner; "so many big words," Dwight wrote, "which, by their enormous orchestration, crowded harmonies, sheer intensity of sound, and restless, swarming motion without progress, seem to seek to carry the listeners by storm, by a roaring whirlwind of sound, instead of going to the heart by the simpler and diviner way of 'the still small voice.'"

Ultimately, as is inevitable, the younger generation parted company with him, and took its own road. In September, 1881, was printed the last number of *Dwight's Journal of Music*. A few sentences from the editor's valedictory tell the essential story: "There is no putting out of sight the fact that the great themes for discussion, criticism, literary exposition, and description, which inspired us in this journal's prime, the master works and meaning of the immortal ones, like Bach and Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and the rest, although they cannot be exhausted, yet inevitably lose the charm of novelty. . . . Lacking the genius

to make the old seem new, we candidly confess that what now challenges the world as new in music fails to stir us to the same depths of soul and feeling that the old masters did, and doubtless always will. Startling as the new composers are, and novel, curious, brilliant, beautiful at times, they do not bring us nearer heaven. We feel no inward call to the proclaiming of the new gospel. We have tried to do justice to these works as they have claimed our notice, and have omitted no intelligence of them which came within the limits of our columns; but we lack motive for entering their doubtful service, we are not ordained their prophet. . . . We have long realized that we were not made for the competitive, sharp enterprise of modern journalism. That turn of mind which looks at the ideal rather than the practical, and the native indolence of temperament which sometimes goes with it, have made our movements slow. Hurry who will, we rather wait and take our chance. The work which could not be done at leisure, and in disregard to all immediate effect, we have been too apt to feel was hardly worth the doing. To be the first in the field with an announcement or a criticism or an idea was no part of our ambition. How can one recognize competitors or enter into competition, and at the same time keep his eye upon the truth?" Those simple and pathetic words carry one's mind back to the divinity student whom Theodore Parker thought deficient in will, to the Brook Farmer who disbelieved in the competitive system. Doubtless the age had now left him behind, but for nearly fifty years Dwight's name and experience had been synonymous with the development of musical taste in Boston.

Dr. Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, in an address to the Harvard Musical Association on their semi-centennial celebration, after telling of the anxiety which his enthralling love for music occasioned in his somewhat puritanical father, said: "Thus, gentlemen, I have sketched the trials of my youth; and I compare with them what occurs now. Music is not now necessarily or commonly connected with drunkenness. Music can be the delight of every family, for every child now learns music as a part of the primary education. Before closing, let me allude to two persons whose influence has been for the last quarter of a century leading up to this

blessed result. I allude to John S. Dwight, who, by his *Journal of Music*, and his very able and always generous criticism, has upheld the divine effect of music on the human mind and heart; and to Henry Lee Higginson, who, by his noble generosity, has sustained for so many years the Symphony Concerts, which have in reality educated the present generation to a high appreciation of all that is beautiful and noble in orchestral music."

It was fitting that in Dwight's last years the Harvard Musical Association should give him a home in its own rooms. There at No. 1 West Cedar Street, his eightieth birthday was celebrated on May 13, 1893, and there was held his burial service in September. Dr. Holmes, who was three years older, and was now the last survivor of the original members of the Club, attended the funeral.

Other names upon the roll of the Saturday Club have had higher artistic honors than John S. Dwight, but none of them, not even Hawthorne or Longfellow, were more perfect representatives of the artistic temperament. The title of his first article in the *Dial*, "The Religion of Beauty," gives the keynote of his simple, unworldly idealism. He was a lover of beauty without the power to create, except that his rare gift of appreciation and enthusiasm diffused a sense of beauty throughout a whole community — and perhaps this also is artistic creation of a fine and true sort. He lived sunnily in lifelong poverty, loved his friends, loved flowers and music, and "served his generation" perhaps not quite according to the notions of Theodore Parker, but, one may venture to hazard, "according to the will of God."

B. P.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Born in 1803, in Boston, which, in his age, he still addressed as

"Thou darling town of ours!" —

Emerson had yet from boyhood dear association with the woods and the quiet stream of his ancestral town. Therefore, when he left his parish and traditional worship, he came to Concord to receive directly the word that he was sure "still floats upon the morning wind." Here he made a home for the rest of his days, found friends, and made others by his lectures and books through the older and the younger States, and some in England; and in Concord he died.

In College he was held an indifferent scholar, but read eagerly according to his own tastes and interests. He received some prizes for declamations, and was chosen class poet after some six had declined the honour. His Phi Beta Kappa Oration in 1837 interested the young (Dr. Holmes has called it our literary Declaration of Independence), but startled some of the older hearers, and his Divinity School Address, delivered for conscience' sake after some hesitation, made him anathema with the College authorities for thirty years.

Emerson often said, "My doom and my strength is solitude," yet his interests were universal, and he needed men and their facts, as grist for his mill, to interpret and idealize. His journal tells how eagerly he went into the grocery, with open ears for the homespun wisdom or Saxon witticisms of the idle group around the store, or into the insurance office for the practical or political views of the leading citizens, and of his chagrin when they fell silent on the instant because he had been a minister and was a scholar — an unknown quantity in their lives. He said of intercourse with Nature "One to one" was her rule, and so he found needed stimulation in one to one conversation in his study or a walk in the woods: —

"If thought unfold her mystery,
If friendship on me smile,

I walk in fairy palaces
And talk with gods the while."

None the less, he had always a craving to meet and talk with men of thought and taste and performance, and, as has been shown in an earlier chapter, through years was working to that end. The experiments of the Symposium or Transcendental Club were not satisfying. We may well believe that the dull and profuse outnumbered the more reserved men of intuition, and the combative made the disciples of Nature or of Art wish themselves far away. In 1837, perhaps returning from the Symposium, Mr. Emerson wrote: "Private, accidental, confidential conversation breeds thought. Clubs produce oftener words." The Town-and-Country Club seemed an opportunity for the country members to meet bright men of letters and society, but the latter probably did not come much, while to the former at least a place to sit down and leave their satchels or parcels was a comfort. But the Athenæum already afforded this, with great additional satisfaction of its wealth of books, and the only gallery of sculpture, paintings, and prints in Boston. It may have been of the Town-and-Country Club, or more probably of the Atlantic Club, that the following passage in Emerson's essay "Clubs" speaks, in his *Conduct of Life:* "I remember a social experiment in this direction wherein it appeared that each of the members fancied he was in need of society, but himself unpresentable. On trial, they all found that they could be tolerated by and could tolerate each other. Nay, the tendency to extreme self-respect which hesitated to join in a club was running rapidly down to abject admiration of each other, when the club was broken up by new combinations." It must be remembered that, in lectures and essays, Mr. Emerson carefully veiled or blurred personal allusions.

But his younger friend, Sam Ward, solved the problem for him of a fortunate and stable club, though Woodman carried out the plan and actually set it a-going. Of Ward already something has been and more will be, in turn, told, but here it should be said that, while he loyally worked to please Emerson, his knowledge of society made it easy to show his friend who would cement and who would disintegrate the Club, and, if it were known that he was

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largely responsible for its gathering, the latter class could be more easily omitted without too serious qualms in Emerson concerning some friends. Ward well knew also that — such is human frailty — meat and wine, and an appointed place and time, go far to making the gatherings of scattered friends sure and punctual, and even tend to repel discomfortable stoics.

For Emerson the Saturday Club fulfilled his desire. It gave him frequent opportunity to meet old friends and make new ones of various gifts. Almost all of them, like himself, were busy men. It would have been difficult, and in many cases unnatural, to seek them at their homes. Here they were seen to best advantage, for several hours, in the presence of their cronies who knew how to draw them out. He could learn from Sumner of affairs in Washington or pending international questions, from Governor Andrew or Forbes of what Massachusetts was doing in the war, enjoy the wit of Lowell, Holmes, and Appleton, hear of England and the Continent from Motley and Story in their rare home-comings. He could ask what questions he pleased about stars from Peirce, flowers from Gray, or art from Hunt, and meet eminent and interesting guests from all lands. While he bore his part, it was his delight, in company as in solitude, to listen. In 1870, he wrote in his journal: "In 'Clubs' I ought to have said that men, being each a treasure-house of valuable experiences, — and yet the man often shy and daunted by company into dumbness, — it needs to court him, to put him at his ease, to make him laugh or weep, and so at last to get his *naturel* confessions, and his best experience."

Again: "If I were rich, I should get the education I have always wished by persuading Agassiz to let me carry him to Canada; and Dr. Gray to go to examine the trans-Mississippi flora; and Wyman should find me necessary to his excavations; and Alvan Clark should make a telescope for me too; and I can easily see how to find the gift for each master that would domesticate me with him for a time."

The following passage from a very recent writer on Emerson[1] well states the importance of the Club to him: —

"His natural man was pervaded by a hunger for facts. . . . He

[1] Professor O. W. Firkin in his *Study of Emerson.*

packed the day with impressions; succession, variety, surprise, were indispensable to his well-being. He needed news like a club-man, though the news might belong, if you liked, to Nineveh in the pre-Christian era. . . . Hence . . . his interest . . . and his power to erect that interest into a flag of truce beneath which he could converse amicably with persons who might have found his general views inscrutable or ridiculous. . . . When we have grasped the force of this impulse in the mere heathen Emerson, so to speak, we are prepared for the magnitude of the result when the devout Emerson confers on every fact the added fire of a religious value."

Although Mr. Emerson could never get over his feeling that he was not adapted for social occasions, and sometimes called himself a "kill-joy," he greatly valued the Club and returned from it always full of admiration for his friends.

He once wrote in his journal: "Social occasions also are part of Nature and being, and the delight in another's superiority is, as Aunt Mary said, my best gift from God, for here the moral nature is involved, which is higher than the intellectual."

Longfellow wrote: "More and more do I feel, as I advance in life, how little we really know of each other. Friendship seems to me like the touch of musical-glasses — it is only contact; but the glasses themselves, and their contents, remain quite distinct and unmingled. . . . Some poems are like the Centaurs — a mingling of man and beast, and begotten of Ixion on a cloud."

But Emerson earned his living by lecturing, and so lost many winter meetings, when afar in the West. Emerson and Longfellow did not often meet, but the Club brought them together agreeably.

With all his admiration of the wits of the Club, Emerson sometimes suffered mortification because of them. His nervous organization, perhaps transmitted from his serious ancestry, was vulnerable in one respect and reacted painfully to wit suddenly sprung upon it. In an essay he voices his abhorrence of "disgusting squeals of joy," and gives the counsel of an old relative to her niece, "My dear, never laugh; when you do, you show all your faults." At an unexpected shot of wit his own face was likely to break up almost painfully, though he could control the sound entirely. He tells his own story impersonally in *Letters and Social*

Aims: "How often and with what unfeigned compassion we have seen such a person receiving like a willing martyr the whispers into his ear of a man of wit. The victim who has just received the discharge, if in a solemn company, has the air very much of a stout vessel which has just shipped a heavy sea; and though it does not split it, the poor bark is for the moment critically staggered. The peace of society and the decorum of tables seem to require that next to a notable wit should always be posted a phlegmatic bolt-upright man, able to stand without movement of muscle whole broadsides of this Greek fire. It is a true shaft of Apollo, and traverses the universe, and unless it encounter a mystic or a dumpish soul, goes everywhere heralded and harbingered by smiles and greetings. Wit makes its own welcome, and levels all distinctions. No dignity, no learning, no force of character, can make any stand against good wit. It is like ice, on which no beauty of form, no majesty of carriage, can plead any immunity, — they must walk gingerly, according to the laws of ice, or down they must go, dignity and all. 'Do'st thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?'"

To the city men dinner parties were common occurrences, but in them the solitary scholar found important values, and wished to use the six or eight festivals of the year to best purpose. In his journal Emerson confesses: "At my Club, I suppose I behave very ill in securing always, if I can, a place by a valued friend, and, though I suppose (though I have never heard it) that I offend by this selection, sometimes too visible, my reason is that I, who see, in ordinary, rarely, select society, must make the best use of this opportunity, having, at the same time, the feeling that

> 'I could be happy with either,
> Were the other dear charmer away.'

I am interested not only in my advantages, but in my disadvantages, that is, in my fortunes proper; that is, in watching my fate, to notice, after each act of mine, what result. Is it prosperous? Is it adverse? And thus I find a pure entertainment of the intellect, alike in what is called good or bad. I can find my biography in every fable that I read."

In spite of his words about his doom, and strength, in solitude, he felt that these Club dinners were worth far more than their cost to scholars living apart from men of action and wit and research. Keen in his watch for the great laws, he eagerly listened to the talk. He once said of men of affairs: "They don't know what to do with their facts. I know." For the law was one, alike in matter and in spirit, and he matched their discoveries with the intuitions of ancient prophets and of poets and with what had been told him by the pine tree yesterday. About this time he writes in his journal: —

"Nature, — what we ask of her is only words to clothe our thoughts. The mind is to find the thought. Chemistry, Geology, Hydraulics are secondary. The Atomic Theory is, of course, only an interior process *produced*, as the geometers say, or the outside effect of a foregone metaphysical theory; hydrostatics only the surcoat of ideal necessities. Yet the thoughts are few, the forms many, the large vocabulary or many-coloured coat of the indigent Unity. The *savants* are very chatty and vain; but, hold them hard to principle and definition, and they become very mute and near-sighted. What is motion? What is beauty? What is life? What is force? Push them hard, drive home. They will not be loquacious. I have heard that Peirce, the Cambridge mathematician, has come to Plato at last. 'T is clear that the invisible and imponderable is the sole fact. 'Why changes not the violet earth into musk?' asks Hafiz. What is the term of this overflowing Metamorphosis? I do not know what are the stoppages, but I see that an all-dissolving unity changes all that which changes not."

Not far off follow the next entries: —

"*Fluxional quantities.* Fluxions, I believe, treat of flowing numbers, as, for example, the path through space of a point on the rim of a cart-wheel. Flowing or varying. Most of my values are very variable; — my estimate of America, which sometimes runs very low, sometimes to ideal prophetic proportions. My estimate of my own mental means and resources is all or nothing; in happy hours, life looking infinitely rich, and sterile at others. My value of my Club is as elastic as steam or gunpowder, so great now, so little anon. Literature looks now all-sufficient, but in

high and happy conversation it shrinks away to poor experimenting."

"*Resources.* If Cabot, if Lowell, if Agassiz, if Alcott come to me to be messmates in some ship, or partners in the same colony, what they chiefly bring, all they bring, is their thoughts, their way of classifying and seeing things; and how a sweet temper can cheer, how a fool can dishearten the days!"

Emerson found the Club much to his purpose when Englishmen came to Concord with letters to him, and there they found the best introduction to the persons they would naturally wish to meet in New England. His value of his Concord friends made him wish that others should find their real merits, although it was manifestly impossible that they should become members. Alcott is mentioned by Dana as having been brought to one of the early Albion dinners, and Henry James, Sr., praises Ellery Channing's demeanour, in an amusing letter which will appear later. The degree of success of the experiment of trapping a faun in Walden woods and bringing him to the Club is shown in this letter from Thoreau to his English friend Cholmondeley,[1] who had urged him not to live a solitary life, and asked him, "Are there no clubs in Boston?" —

"I have lately got back to that glorious society called Solitude, where we meet our friends continually, and can imagine the outside world also to be peopled. Yet some of my acquaintance would fain hustle me into the almshouse for 'the sake of society,' as if I were pining for that diet, when I seem to myself a most befriended man, and find constant employment. However, they do not believe a word I say. They have got a Club, the handle of which is in the Parker House at Boston, and with this they beat me from time to time, expecting to make me tender or minced meat, so fit for a club to dine off.

'Hercules with his club
The Dragon did drub;
But More of More Hall,
With nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of Wantley.'

[1] The correspondence between Thomas Cholmondeley, who had boarded with Mrs. Thoreau, and Henry Thoreau was published in the *Atlantic* by Mr. F. B. Sanborn in December, 1893.

Ah! that More of More Hall knew what fair play was.[1] Channing, who wrote to me about it once, brandishing the club vigorously (being set on by another, probably), says *now*, seriously, that he is sorry to find by my letters that I am 'absorbed in politics,' and adds, begging my pardon for his plainness, 'Beware of an extraneous life!' and so he does his duty and washes his hands of me. I tell him that it is as if he should say to the sloth, that fellow that creeps so slowly along a tree, and cries from time to time, 'Beware of dancing!'

"The doctors are all agreed that I am suffering for want of society. Was never a case like it? First, I did not know that I was suffering at all. Secondly, as an Irishman might say, I had thought it was indigestion of the society I got.

"As for the Parker House, I went there once, when the Club was away, but I found it hard to see through the cigar smoke, and men were deposited about in chairs over the marble floor, as thick as legs of bacon in a smoke-house. It was all smoke, and no salt, Attic or other. The only room in Boston which I visit with alacrity is the Gentlemen's Room at the Fitchburg Depot, where I wait for the cars, sometimes for two hours, in order to get out of town. It is a paradise to the Parker House, for no smoking is allowed, and there is more retirement. A large and respectable club of us hire it (Town-and-Country Club),[2] and I am pretty sure to find some one there whose face is set the same way as my own."

In respect to Emerson's smoking it should be authoritatively said (the more since a widely circulated tobacco advertisement

[1] Thoreau, though he made light of clubs and would not go, when invited by Emerson as his guest, to the Saturday Club (as his friend Channing did), had friendly relations with several members: Emerson, of course, first; then Hawthorne, from Old Manse days, yet rarely; Henry James, whom he liked; Agassiz whom he had efficiently served by furnishing him many fishes, turtles, birds, and small mammals from Concord, to Agassiz's enthusiastic delight, and Elliot Cabot, then studying with Agassiz, had been the go-between in these transactions; Judge Hoar, who was Thoreau's neighbour, kindly enough, but entirely unsympathetic. As for Channing's complaint that Thoreau was "absorbed in politics," it meant this: that Thoreau, always personally giving comfort and furtherance to any fugitive slave that came to him, was, at this time, deeply stirred by the attempts to make Slave States of Kansas and Nebraska. He attended the Free-State meetings in Concord and contributed money.

[2] The day of the Town-and-Country Club was past. Thoreau, of course, means the general public's use of the station.

stated, a few years since, with a garbled picture, that Emerson doted on his pipe, or words to that effect); that he was the most abstemious of smokers, using a fraction of a cigar, but not even daily.[1] Once, on the eloquent urgency of Mr. John Holmes, he tried a pipe in the Adirondac camp. Once was enough.

To persons of ascetic temperament, or those who watched their digestive processes overmuch, Mr. Emerson would say that an occasional dinner, in good company, with many courses and wine, would only do them good — an excellent medicine. But no man thought less about food than he. What was set before him he ate without comment, unless in praise. But should any question of ingredients or methods arise, he would say, "No! No! It is a beautiful crystallization," or "roses and violets."

In his youth, because an overmastering love of writing and books kept him too much indoors and quite away from games, he was delicate and barely escaped consumption. Nature, when he came to consult her oracle in Concord woods, gave him health, and it henceforth increased until the last ten years of his life. Because of early neglect, his chest was narrow, and hence his shoulders had an unusual slope which made his neck seem very long, but his legs were well developed and he was a strong and swift walker and seldom used a carriage. He stood six feet in his shoes and walked erect. He had healthy colour, and very few wrinkles came with age. His eyes were a clear, strong blue and his hair straight and rather dark brown and never allowed to grow very long.

Lowell had a deep reverence for Emerson. In his essay "Democracy," after speaking of the peculiar regard which Lincoln won, he says: "And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped, as with a halo. The least vulgar of men, the most austerely genial and the most independent of opinion. Wherever he went, he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbours and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration. Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good."

[1] It should be said that this firm courteously withdrew their advertisement with apology, on being informed of the facts.

That inborn element of aloofness, recognized by Emerson as a limitation, and an advantage, did not prevent the happiness which he gratefully expressed in "the escort of friends with which each spirit walks through time."

E. W. E.

EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR

George Frisbie Hoar wrote of the family, "Our ancestors were Puritans in every line of descent, as far as they are known, from the time when Puritanism was first known." Joanna Hoar, a widow of the sheriff of Gloucestershire,[1] came with her children to Scituate in 1640. John Hoar, her eldest son, soon settled in Concord, a brave and humane citizen and lawyer. His independence in the matter of church-going and his remarks on the preaching of the son of the reverend founder of the town caused him to be fined and temporarily disbarred. Neither he nor his descendants were subdued, — several of them were present at the Concord Fight, — yet it should be said that punctual attendance on the services at the First Church in Concord has distinguished the family for several generations, and they have not flouted the ministers. Ebenezer Rockwood, eldest son of "that walking integrity," Squire Samuel Hoar, was born in Concord, in 1816. His timbers were strong Puritan and his outward appearance often in keeping, but too much of the discipline had caused some reaction unseen; within burned a flame of affection and charity, and wider culture, and especially a strong sense of humour mellowed the type.

Rockwood entered Harvard, and graduated in 1835. In later years, he told his sister how, in the service of the Med. Fac., he had lain on his back through wretched midnight hours in the belfry of Harvard Hall labouring to saw off the tongue of the bell which summoned students to morning prayer. It will be seen how his life thereafter wiped out this sin against religion and his beloved Alma Mater. One of his classmates said that Hoar was, from the first, the pride and ornament of his class. He gave the English oration at Commencement, and his life thereafter exemplified its theme, "Christian Philosophy, its Practical Application." Richard H. Dana was for a time his classmate.

A year beyond the Alleghanies, as a schoolmaster at Pittsburg,

[1] It was in her honour that the Judge founded the scholarship at Radcliffe College.

was admirable treatment to give the country boy and Harvard student enlargement and perspective. Then he returned to Concord and the study of law. Lowell, three classes behind him, was presently sent up to Concord, rusticated "for continued neglect of college duties," and thus a lifelong friendship began. Lowell pleasantly records this in verse, long after: —

> "I know the village, — I was sent there once
> A-schoolin', 'cause to home I played the dunce;
> An' I 've ben sence a-visitin' the Jedge,
> Whose garding whispers with the river's edge,
> Where I 've sot mornin's, lazy as the bream,
> Whose on'y business is to head upstream, —
> (We call 'em punkin-seed); or else in chat
> Along 'th the Jedge, who covers with his hat
> More wit an' gumption an' shrewd Yankee sense
> Than there is mosses on an ole stone fence."

The elder's steadying influence was doubtless good for Lowell, and the younger's poetic enthusiasm probably broadened Hoar's poetic range. And yet the latter had a taste for the classics in College days, and, conversant from early childhood with the stately English and imagery of the Bible, then with the plain yet dramatic *Pilgrim's Progress*, and, later, with Milton and Shakspeare, his taste was elevated and his strong memory well stored. His apt or witty quotations all through life showed this. He had the inestimable fortune of the influence of his elder sister Elizabeth. She lived close by him caring for their father and mother. He visited them every evening when in town. The beauty of her character, sensitive to all that was fair and noble in nature or in literature, in men and women, affected in turn the village in which she passed her quiet home life. Mr. Emerson said of her, "Elizabeth Hoar consecrates." He regarded her as a sister and she formed a bond between him and her brother, as having been betrothed to Emerson's beloved brother Charles who faded away in quick consumption. She never married.

Young Rockwood Hoar immediately made his mark at the Middlesex Bar. In his early practice before it, he was constantly pitted against Benjamin F. Butler and won the verdict in almost every case. Governor Greenhalge said: "It is not too much to

say that he wielded at will that fierce democracy. His will was law because he brought it under the law."

Mr. Hoar took a holiday in 1847 and crossed the Atlantic for the only time in his busy life. The writer wishes to record an exploit of the Judge, bearing witness to his love for the classics and to his personal prowess. He told me that, when he was in Rome and his party were going to leave next morning, one of them said at dinner, "Well, you have n't swum across the Tiber yet, after all," for the Concord man had wished to know just what Horatius Cocles's feat was, and had said he meant to do it if he could. Well, next morning he rose at four, got the porter to unlock the door, went along the Corso and through the Porto del Popolo and down to the river-bank above the city, where houses were few, stripped and swam. But

"The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores"

was strong, and he was swept down in a long diagonal. This was more than he had calculated on, but, like Adam walking in the garden, he walked upstream, and swam back to as near his clothes as possible, and without exhaustion. At breakfast he remarked to his companions, "If I had n't swum the Tiber, as you said, last night, I have now swum it twice."

His short holiday stored his mind with noble impressions of the past. Then he returned to the Republic and threw his manhood into the present, the struggle for right against temporary gain. When, in the Massachusetts Senate, Boston manufacturers, high in social position, deprecated some resolutions against encroaching slavery in fear lest they should offend the South, the firm voice of Hoar rang out in answer: "I think, Mr. President, that it is quite as desirable that the Legislature of Massachusetts should represent its conscience as its cotton." This was the solving word in the Whig Party, and the young lawyer became a strong champion in the small force which fought on to a victory in twenty years.

Mr. Hoar stood on a firm foundation of time-hallowed religion, law, usage, and neighbourly kindness. New notions he tested somewhat rudely by common sense. He had no hospitality for the

troubled or wild questioners of society who thronged the ways in his young manhood. But he was clear-eyed and sure on basal principles of right and wrong.

In 1849 Mr. Hoar was appointed a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. To him in his judicial capacity firmly and justly exercised for years, this tribute was paid.[1] "He illustrated in a very remarkable manner . . . how immensely the individuality and personal genius of the judge can add to the weight of his official utterances. The great judgments which abide, and which become the landmarks of the law, derive their chief importance, not from their relation to positive constitutions, but from their relation to universal reason and to the underlying verities and forces of morality; and that relation it is the business of a man to discover and to state. In a great cause, presented for final adjudication, the question and the man meet; but the man is much the larger term in the equation." A bit of history, little known, showing how Judge Hoar measured up to this standard under the grievous conditions of the time, should find a place even in this brief sketch of the man.

Shortly after his appointment, the year that the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, followed the humiliation of Massachusetts and of Boston in their returning to slavery, under that statute, Sims, and later, Burns. In 1854 (the year before the Club was founded), in a suit arising from an attempted rescue in the latter case, Judge Hoar, deeply stirred, charged the jury to this effect: He tells them that this law is binding upon all citizens as having been enacted by Congress, approved by the President, and held to be valid by the Supreme Court, yet grants that its decision was based upon authority and not on right, hence, later, it may be held to be unconstitutional; then, considering the civic duty in the administration of public justice, he admits that, *if he were giving his private view*, he might say, "That statute seems to me to evince a more deliberate and settled disregard of all principles of constitutional liberty than any other enactment which has ever come under my notice. You, Gentlemen, might each of you entertain similar private opinions. But of what avail is it, and what

[1] By Mr. Frank Golding.

right have you or I to act upon these opinions?" He then explains that it could never have been intended by the framers of our government that a rule of law should be dependent upon the individual opinion of a judge or juror called to administer it. The only safe rule is for the citizen to regard such a law's validity as a question settled. He then admits that a wicked law may be passed even in a republic, and says, "If a statute is passed which any citizen, examining his duty by the best light which God has given him, . . . believes to be wicked, one which, acting under the law of God, he ought to disobey, unquestionably he ought to disobey that statute. . . . I suppose that any man who would seriously deny that there is anything higher than human law must ultimately deny the existence of the Most High. But, Gentlemen, a man whose private conscience leads him to disobey a law recognized by the community must take the consequences. It is a matter solely between him and his Maker. He should take good care . . . that his private opinion does not result from passion or prejudice, but, if he believes it is his duty to disobey, he must be prepared to abide by the result, and the laws . . . must be enforced, though it be to his grievous harm. It will not do for the public authorities to recognize his private opinion as a justification of his acts." Of Judge Hoar, as Charles Francis Adams, Jr., said, "Whenever and wherever it was struck, the material of which he was made returned a true ring."

Mr. Adams also wrote of the membership of the Club: "Alone among the prominent members of the bar that I have named, Judge Hoar and Richard H. Dana — those two — had a distinctly literary element in their composition. . . . Literary men instinctively recognized that it was there. This was most apparent at the Saturday Club. The angle of contact in the two was different, and well worthy of notice. They were both remarkable men, . . . they would have distinguished themselves anywhere or at any time. Shakspeare, Molière, Edmund Burke, Samuel Johnson, Walter Scott, or Goethe would have delighted in their company; and blind Milton's countenance would have lighted up, if upon a Sunday afternoon he could have looked forward to an hour's call from his friend, and brother Puritan, Rockwood Hoar. But

while Dana found his point of contact with the literary man in his wealth of imagination and his conversational power, that of Hoar lay in his shrewd common-sense perception, his keen wit, and his genuine, homely sense of humour. So Emerson loved him; Hawthorne studied him; Lowell paid tribute to him; . . . He walked with them in their peculiar province as their equal."

At the Club, the town- and the country-members refreshed each other. The Judge shone there in his wisdom and his wit. It was his delight to enter the lists in conversation, especially with Lowell and Holmes. Mr. Norton said it was delightful when the Judge and Lowell got to talking together. They knew and liked each other so well, and were entirely free with one another. Lowell knew that Hoar was holding him as an equal in wit, and fenced carefully. In Lowell's poem on Agassiz after the death of that great and genial man, he devotes some stanzas to the Club, and pictures it with Agassiz presiding, and, describing Emerson, he uses this happy Yankee simile: —

> "Listening with eyes averse I see him sit,
> Pricked with the cider of the Judge's wit,
> Ripe-hearted home-brew, fresh and fresh again."

Mr. William G. Russell said of it: "There is a Yankee wit, as different in its type from English or Gallic wit as is the flavour, the aroma, of our Baldwin apple from that of the southern olive. There are sudden turns of thought which, precipitated into terse, clear, sharp forms of speech, like crystals, we could no more fail to recognize as of New England origin than we could fail to know the granite of our Quincy quarry." But, like an over-athletic school-boy, the Judge was sometimes thoughtlessly rough in his play. Mr. Fields said, "An opening for his wit he could not bring himself to let slip — it would seem to him a crime — 'Opportunity is fleeting' — he shot his shaft; the dazzle of the wit hid from him the mortification which the other party tried not to show." His considerate and sensitive, though loyal and loving sister Elizabeth well said of her brother, in my hearing, "Rockwood does n't know when he bites your head off." A friend remarked that, whether in court or at a feast, "he was never at a loss for an

authority in point, or an apt illustration from history or romance, or from proverb, psalm, or parable from the Book of Books; yet for his law and his conduct he relied, and safely relied, chiefly on that strong, native, sound common-sense with which he was born, and which he applied to cases, to men, and to the affairs of life."

Judge Hoar was a member of the Joint High Commission appointed to negotiate a treaty for the settlement of differences, arising from the war, between the United States and Great Britain. One day, perhaps at a dinner, the British members expressed much interest in the practice of registering deeds here. They thought the institution an excellent American invention. The Judge explained it, but told them that they were in error in deeming it new, for there was written evidence that it was employed by the Greeks centuries before the Christian era. The English statesmen were utterly incredulous of his statement. But the Judge went on with serious face, "Yes, not only did they register their deeds, but they were familiar with the doctrine of Constructive Notice, for you will remember in the Anthology, —

> 'Athenian Æschylus, Euphorion's son,
> Buried in Gela's earth these lines declare,
> His deeds are registered at Marathon,
> Known to the deep-haired Mede who met him there.'"

The Judge's forceful integrity and blunt candour made him unpopular among the politicians, who brought President Grant reluctantly to request his resignation from the office of Attorney-General, the Senate having already rejected his nomination as a Justice of the Supreme Court, in 1869. On this event, which will be further mentioned in the general history of the Club, Mr. Emerson thus commented in his journal: "I notice that they who drink for some time the Potomac water lose their relish for the water of the Charles River, the Merrimac, and the Connecticut. But I think the public health requires that the Potomac water should be corrected by copious infusions of these provincial streams. Rockwood Hoar retains his relish for the Musketaquid."

The Judge was a main pillar of the old First Church in Concord,

which had passed from liberal Orthodoxy into Channing Unitarianism. His niece speaks of "The power in him of a strong inherited religious faith, for, though he made that faith his own, it was his fathers' God, interpreted by him, that he worshipped, and the faith soothed his irritable nerves, and gave him in disappointment and sorrow a dignified quiet." The spread of Episcopacy among New England towns he was inclined to regard as an unwarrantable intrusion. He liked to tell of his remonstrance to the Right Reverend Phillips Brooks, — "Bishop, how is it that, in your liturgy, you pray that we may be delivered from heresy and schism, and yet are proceeding to break in upon our good record in Concord, where there has been no schism in the Church for two hundred and fifty years?" Yet he held the good Bishop in high esteem. He also valued the Book of Common Prayer for the special distinction it gives to his beloved town, — "O God who art the Author of good and the lover of Concord." On the other hand, he told a classmate, an Episcopalian, that he, for one, was not content to go through this world as a "miserable sinner."

His love for Harvard College was like a son's love for his mother. President Walker, of Harvard, spoke of him as "a devoted friend of the College which he has been able to serve in a thousand ways by the wisdom of his counsels and the weight of his character." Emerson said of his speech at an Alumni Dinner that it was a perfect example of Coleridge's definition of genius, "The carrying the feelings of youth into the powers of manhood"; and the audience were impressed and delighted with the rare combination of the innocence of a boy with the faculty of a hero.

Judge Hoar was tall and well-made; a little heavy in gait after middle life, but never obese. A columnar erectness with broad front, like a male caryatid, symbolized his strong uprightness, the likeness heightened, because, though sedentary, he never allowed his head to stoop, and seldom turned it, rather turning entirely toward the person to whom he spoke, and bringing his searching blue eyes upon him. His brows were level, his face absolutely under command, his mouth shut firmly. Through his gold-bowed spectacles he seemed to look into the person before him. His dignified presence, which could be formidable, could also surprise by genial

and affectionate expression. His features were fairly good, his beard and hair light brown until the years whitened them. His portrait by Frank H. Tompkins in the Harvard Union is admirable.

As long as strength allowed, the Judge never failed, if he could help it, in joining the happy fellowship of the Saturday dinners. There he was most genial, and always kind to the younger members, and his presence assured the success of the meeting.

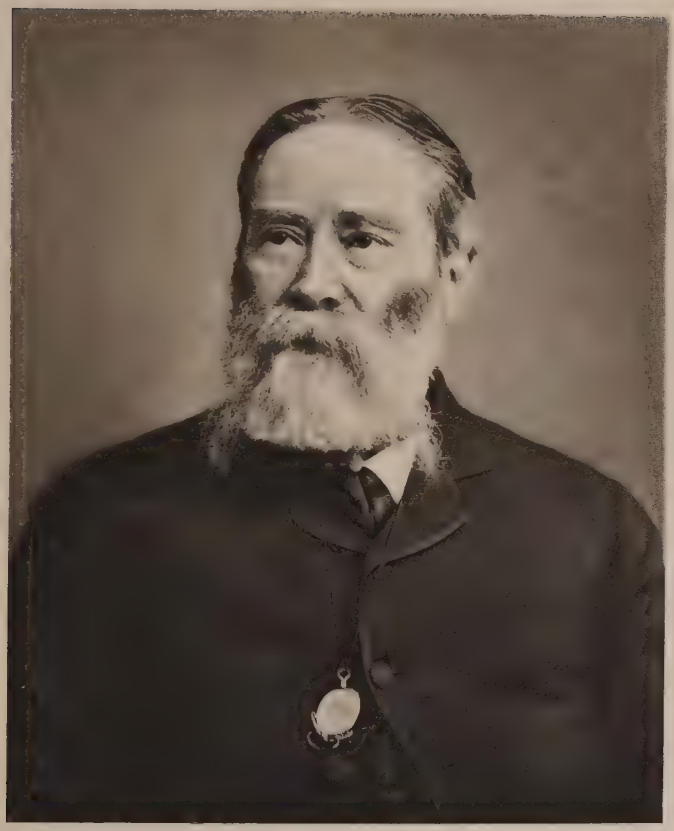
E. W. E.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

None of the original members of the Club are more closely identified with it, in the memories or imaginations of present members, than the author of the "Biglow Papers." He is recalled or pictured to-day as an inevitable selection, when the material for membership was first canvassed; one born for it, as other men had been born for the purple. Yet there are surprisingly few references to the Club in Lowell's *Letters*. His witty talk, like that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, is known to have "kept the table on a roar," and to have touched upon an extraordinarily wide range of topics, but the flashing phrases have been long forgotten, and there is scarcely an authentic tradition of a single *bon mot* uttered in the Parker House by either of these two preëminently witty members of the Club. "Transitory, very," as Carlyle used to say of all human things; yet even the half-imagined echoes of such voices, and the shadows of such vital and delightful figures, are caught at by the imaginations of their successors. They remain "dear guests and ghosts."

It must be remembered that when the Saturday Club was organized, Lowell was not yet forty. But he had already produced much of his most characteristic work as a poet, had won a distinct place as a prose writer and lecturer on literary topics, and had begun his career as a teacher at Harvard. Among all the New England men of letters he was the natural choice as the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* at its foundation in 1857. He was a known man.

Lowell's central position among the original members of the Saturday Club was also due to his fortunate combination of many representative local traits and habits of mind. His identification with the community was complete. The son of the Reverend Charles Lowell, the amiable and conservative minister of the West Church of Boston, he was born in 1819 at "Elmwood," the famous "Oliver" house of Tory Row, Cambridge, which had passed into the possession of the Lowell family in 1818.



There the poet and diplomatist died in 1891, and his lifelong affection for the home of his birth is familiar to all readers of his letters and his verse. In the ample library of his father he learned that love of books which became one of the master passions of his life; and under the noble elms and pines of the thirty-acre estate, and along the banks of the neighbouring and friendly Charles, the boy transmuted his keen impressions of natural beauty into his first attempts at rhythmic utterance. At Mr. Wells's school, kept in another of the famous old mansions of Tory Row, and at Harvard College, where he became a member of the class of 1838, young Lowell developed humour, the power of shrewd Yankee observation, and a somewhat abnormal faculty of sentiment: — perhaps an inheritance from his over-imaginative mother. He rebelled at academic discipline, though his rustication at Concord, in the summer of his Senior year, brought him golden recompense in an acquaintance with Emerson. In less than twenty years thereafter the two poets were destined to be fellow-members of the Saturday Club, but in 1838 the exile ventured, in the Class Poem which he was then composing, to indulge in some boyish satire upon Emerson's transcendentalism. The author of "Nature," "The American Scholar," and "The Divinity School Address" was in the summer of 1838 very much upon the mind of Cambridge and Boston!

This sensitiveness to the shades and humours of local feeling, tempered with a detachment which at times took the form of sheer boyish rebellion, was characteristic of Lowell. In his attachment to his native soil, and his innate perception of its quality, it need scarcely be said that the author of "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago" and of the "Biglow Papers" was pure Yankee; quick of eye, whimsical of tongue, irreverently reverent, and passionately loyal to his Puritan stock. He was saved from narrowness by his volatile exuberance — just as Holmes was saved by his wit, and Emerson by his serene excursions into the upper air. All three of them were artists, each after his own fashion; and all three, like Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Whittier, their future commensals of the Saturday Club, helped to create the ideal image of their native New England. But Lowell, though lacking the absolute

and flawless quality of Emerson's highest vision, and lacking also the sustained artistic perfection of workmanship characteristic of Hawthorne and Longfellow, had nevertheless, through his many-sided sympathies, a quicker response to the various sides of Puritan character. He was enabled to leave a record of it which seems to-day more warm-blooded and human than the pages of greater writers than himself: — so fortunate was his gift of intimate companionship with the New England which had murmured to him in the trees of Elmwood and in the folios of his father's library and in the turbulent and troubled and fantastic talk of his own youthful contemporaries.

The secret of genius has sometimes been thought to lie in a capacity for prolonged adolescence. Lowell, though likely to be ranked by most readers as a man of remarkable talent rather than as a genius, certainly possessed, and maintained to the end, an uncommon portion of the soul of youth. Of his associates in the Club, Emerson was his senior by only sixteen years, Hawthorne by fifteen, Longfellow and Whittier by twelve, and Holmes by ten, but all of these men, except the last, seem sedate and tranquil in mood when compared with Lowell. His own whimsical description of himself, toward the close of his life, as belonging in a "hospital for incurable children," was a just and felicitous characterization. Robert L. Stevenson, another incurable child, has urged somewhere that a perennial boyishness is one ingredient of the elasticity, the fine resilience of good talk in every intimate circle. Like Stevenson, Lowell was essentially an improvisor, building up conversational fancies as a child builds his castle out of cards. "Expression with him," remarks Ferris Greenslet, one of the most acute of his friendly critics, "always meant improvisation, depending for its effectiveness on the stimulus of the occasion, the fervour or animation of his mood." Rockwood Hoar and Oliver Wendell Holmes struck out, we may be sure, as many swiftly witty phrases as did Lowell, but for the true childlike *bildende* power over moods and fancies, Lowell was unique among his companions.

He had also, as it scarcely needs to be said, other requisites of the well-equipped talker: friendliness, a delicate tact, a flexible

sympathy. His range of reading was very wide, even in his youth, and it broadens steadily throughout his life. His memory was exact. There were in his talk, as in his prose essays, too many remote and recondite allusions, even for the bookishly inclined. None of his self-characterizations is better known than his proud "I am a bookman." Yet his book-learning, though often as fantastically rich and crowded as that of the seventeenth-century writers whom he loved, was humanized by his moral earnestness, and lightened by his playful fancy. Macaulay probably knew more facts, and Franklin could coin a shrewder proverb, and Sam Johnson could put the whole weight of a more massive personality behind the stroke of a single verb or noun, but in a three-hours talk at a club table Lowell's friends believed that he could hold his own against any of the great talkers of the world.

Sometimes Lowell rebelled, as did Stevenson, against a certain self-consciousness that is apt to colour general dinner-table talk. Each of these men, it must be remembered, was an intensely self-conscious person. Stevenson confessed: "For many natures there is not much charm in the still, chambered society, the circle of bland countenances, the digestive silence, the admired remark, the flutter of affectionate approval." And Lowell wrote to Norton in 1858: "A dinner is never a good thing the next day. For the moment, though, what is better? We dissolve our pearls and drink them nobly — if we have them — but bring none away. A good talk is almost as much out of the question among clever men as among men that think themselves clever. Creation in pairs proves the foreordained superiority of the *tête-à-tête*."

Once in his life, at least, Lowell yielded to the temptation of *tête-à-tête* conversation at the Club, and like many another member since his day, utilized that gathering for attending to the business of Harvard College. He wrote to Norton in May, 1866, that he had taken Christopher P. Cranch, who had been absent from Boston for many years, to a dinner of the Club on a preceding Saturday: "With me it was a business meeting. I sat between Hoar and Brimmer, that I might talk over college matters. Things will be arranged to suit me, I rather think, and the salary (perhaps) left even larger than I thought." But this was Lowell's sole re-

corded transgression against the spirit of general good-fellowship which he had done so much to create.

Even when the Club was first established, Lowell was already rich in cosmopolitan experience. The habit of travel and study in Europe had been steadily increasing among Boston and Harvard men, since that epoch-making return of George Ticknor and Edward Everett from their European studies, at the time of Lowell's birth. Emerson had visited Europe in search of broader horizons; Holmes and Longfellow had made long sojourns there for professional study; young Richard Dana's *Two Years before the Mast* had not only stimulated other youths like Herman Melville to follow his seafaring example, but had given many a young Bostonian, like Francis Parkman, the spirit of adventurous travel. There were few strictly homekeeping minds among the earlier members of the Saturday Club. Even men like Whittier, who were prevented by narrow circumstances or professional labours from making the "grand tour," astonish us to-day by their intimate knowledge of European politics and social life. Lowell's chance had not come until 1851 and 1852, when his American reputation as a poet was well established. After his appointment as Longfellow's successor in the Smith Professorship in 1855, he spent a year in Germany and Italy in preparation for his new duties. After his resignation in the spring of 1872, he passed two years in Europe. He was minister in Madrid for three years (1877–80) and in London for five (1880–85); and after his diplomatic career had ended he was constant in his visits to England. From the beginning to the end of his connection with the Saturday Club, therefore, his associates profited by his vivid memory of picturesque Europe, his extraordinary intimacy with foreign languages and literatures, and, in the last years of his life, by the rich social intimacies with all that was best in that London life in which he took such keenly human enjoyment.

It was inevitable that Lowell should compare the table-talk to which he had listened and contributed in England with the conversations of his old friends of the Club. If we keep in mind the quality of the chosen New Englanders of Lowell's day, and remember the local loyalty of the author of "A Certain Con-

descension in Foreigners," we need not be surprised at the preference which Lowell expressed. His words written from London to Charles E. Norton in 1883 are well known: "I have never seen civilization at so high a level in some respects as here. In plain living and high thinking, I fancy we have, or used to have, the advantage, and I have never seen society on the whole as good as I used to meet at the Saturday Club." He had already written to Longfellow in 1880: "I hope the Club still persists. I have never found such good society and don't expect it."

Leslie Stephen, whose intimacy with Lowell dated from a visit to Elmwood in 1863, has made an interesting remark upon one characteristic of the Saturday Club circle: —

"Lowell said that he had never seen equally good society in London. Colonel Higginson observes that Holmes and Lowell were the most brilliant talkers he ever heard, but suggests a qualification of this comparison. 'They had not,' he said, 'the London art of repression,' and monopolized the talk too much. They could, he intimates, overlook the claims of their interlocutors. He once heard Lowell demonstrating to the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that *Tom Jones* was the best novel ever written; while Holmes was proving to her husband, the divinity professor, that the pulpit was responsible for all the swearing. Dr. and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, it is implied, must have been reduced to ciphers before they could be the passive recipients of such doctrine."

Leslie Stephen adds: "The 'art of repression,' I fancy is very often superfluous in London. . . . A society which included all the best scholars and men of genius within reach of Boston had abundance of the raw material of talk. They might be compared in point of talent even with the men who met Johnson at the 'Turk's Head' and certainly had as great a variety of interests in men and books. They had, it would seem, fewer jealousies, or, as the sneerer would put it, were readier for mutual admiration, and such admiration, when it has a fair excuse, is the best security for forming the kind of soil in which the flower of talk grows spontaneously."

Lowell's attachment to the members of the Saturday Club

circle is not, of course, to be measured merely by his few direct references to the Club itself. His affection for individual members like Norton is known to every reader of his letters, and his poems contain tributes to Longfellow, Agassiz, Whittier, and many other of his associates. These verses, printed elsewhere in this sketch of the history of the Club, need no additional comment here. The explanation of his central place in the famous circle is after all very simple: he was a most lovable man.

That there were reserves in his subtle and complex nature no one knew better than his Cambridge friends. Yet his character was known to all. Its essential Puritanism had withstood the strain of his "storm and stress" period in the 1840's; his faith in his countrymen and in the ideals of a free democracy had been tested and ennobled by the agony of the Civil War; and during his years of foreign residence as a representative of his country his old associates knew how flawless and proud was his patriotism. His career had served to illustrate his known character; and the reputation which his prose and verse had won in England seemed to his old associates only a fit recognition of the learning, the wit, and the fine imagination which had been familiar to them from the first. Their pride in Lowell's cosmopolitan achievements was thus a natural sequence of their personal affection for one of the friendliest of men. Edward Everett Hale, who had known Lowell since his college days, once remarked that none of the reminiscences and biographies of Lowell had done justice to his unselfishness and constant generosity: "It seemed enough for him to know that another man was in need for him to find out how to relieve it. I have some very interesting letters which show the tact with which his generosity enabled him to help men who were working their way through college and whom he meant to help somehow or other."

This homely local tribute may be set side by side with the closing paragraph of the illuminating letter of Leslie Stephen to Norton, which is now printed as an appendix to Lowell's *Letters:* —

"As I try to call back the old days, I feel the inadequacy of attempted description, and the difficulty of remembering the trifling incidents which might speak more forcibly than general

phrases. But I have one strong impression which I can try to put into words. It is not of his humour or his keen literary sense, but of his unvarying sweetness and simplicity. I have seen him in great sorrow, and in the most unreserved domestic intimacy. The dominant impression was always the same, of unmixed kindliness and thorough wholesomeness of nature. There did not seem to be a drop of bitterness in his composition. There was plenty of virtuous indignation on occasion, but he could not help being tolerant even towards antagonists. He seemed to be always full of cordial good-will, and his intellectual power was used not to wound nor to flatter, but just to let you know directly on occasion, or generally through some ingenious veil of subtle reserve, how quick and tender were his sympathies, and how true his sense of all that was best and noblest in his surroundings. That was the Lowell whom I and mine knew and loved; and I think I may say that those to whom he is only known by his books need not look far to discover that the same Lowell is everywhere present in them."

Dr. Holmes told a friend that he went to Elmwood to see Lowell a short time before he died. He found him lying on his couch reading. To the Doctor's affectionate questions as to his feelings he answered: "Oh, I suppose I 'm in pain; I always am more or less, but look here [holding up his book], I've been reading *Rob Roy*. I suppose it may be for the fortieth time, but it is just as good as when I read it first." When Dr. Holmes went home he got out his *Rob Roy*, but in vain; he could not get interested and wondered how his friend could. No anecdote could be more illuminating as to the essential difference in taste between these two old men. Lowell remained to the end a "Romanticist" and Holmes an "Augustan."

After Lowell had passed away, Dr. Holmes wrote to Lady Harcourt, the daughter of Motley, these touching words about his own sense of solitude:—

Boston, 1st November, 1891.

Since Lowell's death, I have felt my loneliness more than ever. I feel as if all the world were falling away around me. At

the Saturday Club, yesterday, there was not a single member, except myself, of the time when your father was of us at the table. Our old friend Judge Hoar was laid up with rheumatism, and I was the only relic of the past. I went to see Whittier while I was in the country and had a pleasant hour with him. But we both feel that for us the show is pretty nearly over. The green curtain is beginning to show its wrinkles at the top and must be down before long. Lowell is deeply lamented and sadly missed.

But the most perfect expression of wistful longing for Lowell's companionship is a poem published by Longfellow in 1878, while his fellow-poet was serving his country as Minister in Madrid. Read to-day, it reveals not merely the affection of those who were admitted to Lowell's intimacy during his lifetime, but also the "thoughts unspoken" of our own contemporaries as they pass the house where Lowell was born and where he died:—

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD

Warm and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,
Sing him the song of the green morass,
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern,
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking;
For only a sound of lament we discern,
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight,
Through the drift of the floating mists that infold you;

Of the landscape lying so far below,
  With its towns and rivers and desert places;
And the splendor of light above, and the glow
  Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
  Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
  And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
  Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
  And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same,
  Though not by a sound was the silence broken;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
  Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

B. P.

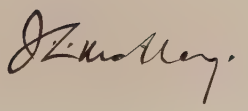
JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

In a well-known passage about Boston written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the friend and biographer of Motley, there is a humorous life-history of a typical Bostonian of that opulent and conventional social world into which Motley was born. The Doctor remarks blandly: —

"What better provision can be made for mortal man than such as our own Boston can afford its wealthy children? A palace on Commonwealth Avenue or Beacon Street; a country-place at Framingham or Lenox; a seaside residence at Nahant, Beverly Farms, Newport, or Bar Harbor; a pew at Trinity or King's Chapel; a tomb at Mount Auburn or Forest Hills; with the prospect of a memorial stained window after his lamented demise, — is not that a pretty programme to offer a candidate for human existence?"

In writing that passage he doubtless had no thought of his friend, whose variations from the conventional type are at least as striking as his conformity to it. But in the preface to *A Mortal Antipathy*, Dr. Holmes sketches the career of Motley, whose memoir he had just been writing, in a single felicitous paragraph: —

"I saw him, the beautiful bright-eyed boy with dark waving hair; the youthful scholar, first at Harvard, then at Göttingen and Berlin, the friend and companion of Bismarck; the young author making a dash for renown as a novelist and showing the elements which made his failures the promise of success in a larger field of literary labour; the delving historian, burying his fresh young manhood in the dusty alcoves of silent libraries, to come forth in the face of Europe and America as one of the leading historians of the time; the diplomatist, accomplished, of captivating presence and manners; an ardent American, and in due time an impassioned and eloquent advocate of the cause of freedom; reaching at last the summit of his ambition as minister at the Court of St. James. All this I seemed to share with him as I



watched his career from his birthplace in Dorchester, and the house in Walnut Street where he passed his boyhood, to the palaces of Vienna and London. And then the cruel blow which struck him from the place he adorned, the great sorrow that darkened his later years; the invasion of illness, a threat that warned of danger and, after a period of invalidism, during a part of which I shared his most intimate daily life, the sudden, hardly unwelcome, final summons. Did not my own consciousness migrate or seem, at least, to transfer itself into this brilliant life history, as I traced its glowing record?"

It is evident from these words that none of the original members of the Club made a more vivid personal impression upon their contemporaries. We must glance first at a few of the prosaic facts of Motley's youth. The son of a prosperous merchant, Thomas Motley, and the grandson of the Reverend John Lothrop, he was born in Dorchester, April 15, 1814, but the family soon removed to Walnut Street, Boston. The boy was excessively delicate and high-spirited, fond of Cooper and Scott, of plays and declamation, was gifted in languages, and seems to have been of a fastidious and somewhat supercilious disposition. He learned German in George Bancroft's school at Northampton, and entered Harvard at the age of thirteen in the class of 1831, being the youngest man in that class. He roomed for a while with Thomas G. Appleton, later a fellow-member of the Saturday Club, and was greatly admired by another classmate, Wendell Phillips, who was perhaps one of the first to point out young Motley's singular resemblance to Lord Byron — a resemblance which Lady Byron herself, in after years, often mentioned to Motley. He was graduated without special scholarly distinction, and the rules of the Phi Beta Kappa Society had to be stretched a little in order to elect him. For two years after graduation he studied in Berlin and Göttingen, and became an intimate friend of his fellow-student Bismarck. After his return from Europe in 1834, he studied law, married Mary Benjamin, and published in 1839 an unsuccessful novel, *Morton's Hope*. Failure though the book proved, Dr. Holmes thought that "in no other of Motley's writings do we get such an inside view of his character, with its varied impulses, its

capricious appetites, its unregulated forces, its impatient grasp for all kinds of knowledge."

In 1841, Motley was appointed Secretary of Legation in St. Petersburg, though he served for a few months only. His first historical writing, as it happens, was an article on Russia and Peter the Great, in the *North American Review* for October, 1845. In the next year he began to collect materials for a history of Holland, but soon paused to write another novel, *Merry Mount*, which was at least better than his first, and to serve a year in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

Then came Motley's famous interview with Prescott, who had himself intended to write the story of Philip the Second of Spain, but who generously encouraged the younger man to enter his field, much as Irving, years before, had surrendered the subject of the Conquest of Mexico to Prescott. A letter from Motley to William Amory on Prescott's death in 1859 tells the whole story. Here are the concluding words: —

"Had the result of that interview been different, — had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well if I should select some other topic, or had he only sprinkled me with cold water of conversational and commonplace encouragement, — I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and, no doubt, have laid down the pen at once; for, as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write *one particular history*.

"You know how kindly he always spoke of and to me; and the generous manner in which, without the slightest hint from me, and entirely unexpected by me, he attracted the eyes of his hosts of readers to my forthcoming work, by so handsomely alluding to it in the Preface to his own, must be almost as fresh in your memory as it is in mine.

"And although it seems easy enough for a man of world-wide reputation thus to extend the right hand of fellowship to an unknown and struggling aspirant, yet I fear that the history of literature will show that such instances of disinterested kindness are as rare as they are noble."

From 1851 to 1856 Motley lived abroad with his family, work-

ing in the archives at Berlin, Dresden, The Hague, and Brussels, in search of material for his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. He was too good an American not to be conscious of his isolation. In a letter to his father, dated Dresden, December 23, 1852, he refers to this, and incidentally alludes to a visit he had just received from a young student of music who was afterward to become a member of the Club: —

"The fact is, no interest is felt in America or American institutions among the European public. America is as isolated as China. Nobody knows or cares anything about its men, or its politics, or its conditions. It is, however, known and felt among the lower classes, that it is a place to get to out of the monotonous prison house of Philistines, in which the great unwashed of Europe continue to grind eternally. Very little is known of the country, and very little respect is felt for it, but the fact remains that Europe is decanting itself into America, a great deal more rapidly than is to be wished by us. . . . Please to say to Mr. Cabot that his young friend and kinsman, Mr. Higginson,[1] presented himself not long ago to us. He is a very honest, ingenuous, intelligent lad, who is taking a vacation on account of his eyes."

A letter to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes from Brussels, in November, 1853, shows how steadily Motley was now toiling: —

"Whatever may be the result of my labours, nobody can say that I have not worked hard like a brute beast; but I do not care for the result. The labour is in itself its own reward and all I want."

But that there was a fascination in his task is evidenced by a well-known passage from his second book, the *History of the United Netherlands*: —

"Thanks to the liberality of many modern governments of Europe, the archives where the state secrets of the buried centuries have so long mouldered are now open to the student of history. To him who has patience and industry, many mysteries are thus revealed which no political sagacity or critical acumen could have divined. He leans over the shoulder of Philip the Second at his writing-table, as the King spells patiently out, with cipher-

[1] Major Henry Lee Higginson, our valiant and beneficent member.

key in hand, the most concealed hieroglyphics of Parma, or Guise, or Mendoza. He reads the secret thoughts of 'Fabius' [Philip II] as that cunctative Roman scrawls his marginal apostilles on each despatch; he pries into all the stratagems of Camillus, Hortensius, Mucius, Julius, Tullius, and the rest of those ancient heroes who lent their names to the diplomatic masqueraders of the sixteenth century; he enters the cabinet of the deeply pondering Burghley, and takes from the most private drawer the memoranda which record that minister's unutterable doubtings; he pulls from the dressing-gown folds of the stealthy, soft-gliding Walsingham the last secret which he has picked from the Emperor's pigeon-holes or the Pope's pocket, and which not Hatton, nor Buckhurst, nor Leicester, nor the Lord Treasurer is to see: nobody but Elizabeth herself; he sits invisible at the most secret councils of the Nassaus and Barneveldts and Buys, or pores with Farnese over coming victories and vast schemes of universal conquest; he reads the latest bit of scandal, the minutest characteristic of king or minister, chronicled by the gossiping Venetians for the edification of the Forty; and after all this prying and eavesdropping, having seen the cross-purposes, the bribings, the windings in the dark, he is not surprised if those who were systematically deceived did not always arrive at correct conclusions."

In those words there is the thrill of professional pride felt by the successful historian, but in 1856, when the *Dutch Republic* was at last ready for the publisher, it was difficult for Motley to find a publisher. But Chapman agreed to print the London edition, at the author's expense, and the Harpers undertook an American edition. Motley's letter to his father from Rome in May, 1856, bears interesting witness to the significance which was then attached to the critical opinion of Edwin P. Whipple: —

"I perceive that the Harpers have published the *Dutch Republic* at last. No doubt they are correct judges of the correct time; but I must say that I should have liked to have had it published in time to allow a review in the April number of the *North American*. You say nothing of this in your letter. Have you observed in one of Mary's letters a request to send a copy to Sam Hooper and to E. P. Whipple? The latter is one of the most brilliant

writers in the country, as well as one of the most experienced reviewers."

But before Motley returned to Boston, in the autumn of that year, it was evident that the reviewers and the general public were united in one huge chorus of praise for the *Dutch Republic*. No such American triumph in the field of history had been seen since Prescott's first volume, published twenty years before. French, Dutch, German, and Russian translations swiftly followed one another.

It was during the winter of 1856–57, immediately after his victory, that Motley became a member of the Saturday Club. Apparently his formal membership antedates by a few months that of Holmes, for he writes to the Doctor during a visit to England, in September, 1857: "Remember me kindly to Lowell and Agassiz and Felton, Longfellow, Tom Appleton, and all the members of our Club, which I hope you have regularly joined by this time."

Motley's correspondence, from 1857 onward, has many agreeable references to the Saturday Club. He was in England from 1858 to 1861, working on the *United Netherlands*, but Dr. Holmes writes him in February of the latter year: "The Club has flourished greatly, and proved to all of us a source of the greatest delight. I do not believe there ever were such agreeable periodical meetings in Boston as these we have had at Parker's. We have missed you, of course, but your memory and your reputation were with us."

In March Longfellow was requested to congratulate him, in the name of the Club, upon the success of his new volumes: —

CAMBRIDGE, March 14, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: —

At the last dinner of our "Saturday Club" Agassiz proposed that a friendly greeting be sent you, with our hearty congratulations on the success of your new History. The proposition passed by acclamation, and I was requested to write to you to that effect, which I do with great pleasure, adding in my own behalf that no one rejoices in your new literary triumph more than I do, unless

it be your father. It was always a delight to me to see his face, and now more so than ever.

I think you have added ten happy years to his life.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Motley returned to Boston shortly, and gives this pleasant picture of the Club in a letter to his wife: —

"Saturday we had a delightful Club dinner. Agassiz, who was as delightful as ever, and full of the kindest expressions of appreciation and affection for Lily, and Holmes, who is absolutely unchanged, which is the very highest praise that could be given, — Lowell, Peirce, Tom Appleton, Dana, Longfellow, Whipple. There were three absent, Felton, Emerson, and Hawthorne, and it says something for a club in which three such vacancies don't make a desolation."

It was in this year of 1861 that President Lincoln appointed Motley Minister to Austria. He held that post for six years, was personally most popular in the highest circles of Vienna society, and performed his diplomatic duties punctiliously. No more ardent American ever represented us in a foreign country. Motley felt terribly at times the strain of the Civil War, but had, as he wrote to his mother in 1862, "an abiding faith in the American people; in its courage, love of duty, and determination to pursue the right when it has made up its mind." His letters to Holmes and to Thomas G. Appleton contain many affectionate references to the Saturday Club. One quotation must suffice. He writes to Holmes in February, 1862: "Always remember me most sincerely to the Club, one and all. It touches me nearly when you assure me that I am not forgotten by them. To-morrow is *Saturday* and *the last of the month.* We are going to dine with our Spanish colleague. But the first bumper of the Don's champagne I shall drain to the health of my Parker House friends."

Twice during his stay in Vienna Motley had the happiness of receiving visits from his old friend Bismarck, whose notes in English to Motley are too delightful to be passed over: —

BERLIN, April 17, 1863.

I never pass by old Logier's House, in the Friedrich-strasse, without looking up at the windows that used to be ornamented by a pair of red slippers sustained on the wall by the feet of a gentleman sitting in the Yankee way, his head below and out of sight. I then gratify my memory with remembrance of "Good old colony times when we were roguish chaps." [1]

BERLIN, May 23, 1864.

Why do you never come to Berlin? It is not a quarter of an American's holiday journey from Vienna, and my wife and me should be so happy to see you once more in this sullen life. When can you come, and when will you? I swear that I will make out the time to look with you on old Logier's quarters, and drink a bottle with you at Gerolt's, where they once would not allow you to put your slender legs upon a chair. Let politics be hanged, and come to see me. I promise that the Union Jack shall wave over our house and conversation and the best old hock shall pour damnation upon the rebels.

Motley's reply to one of these letters contains the following paragraph: —

MY DEAR OLD BISMARCK: —

. . . You asked me in the last letter, before the present one, "if we knew what we were fighting for" — I can't let the question go unanswered. We are fighting to preserve the existence of a magnificent commonwealth — and to annihilate the loathsome institution of negro slavery. If men can't fight for *such* a *cause* they had better stop fighting furthermore. Certainly since mankind ever had a history and amused themselves with cutting each other's throats, there never in the course of all the ages was better cause for war than we have.

It must be remembered that Motley's two letters to the London *Times* in 1870, setting forth the necessity of maintaining the

[1] In 1888, Prince Bismarck, in his great speech to the German Reichstag, quoted this song, adding at the same time that he had learnt it from his "dear deceased friend, John Motley."

Union at all costs, had made a deep impression upon thinking Englishmen. Our associate, William Everett, who was in England at that time, said of those letters after Motley's death: "No unofficial, and few official, men could have spoken with such authority, and been so certain of obtaining a hearing from Englishmen. Thereafter, amid all the clouds of falsehood and ridicule which we had to encounter, there was one lighthouse fixed on a rock to which we could go for foothold, from which we could not be driven, and against which all assaults were impotent."

But perhaps the most striking evidence of Motley's perception of the true spirit of America is to be found in his letter of condolence to Mrs. Lincoln after the President's assassination: —

VIENNA, May 1st, 1865.

. . . I am afraid to trust myself to speak of him, lest, even to you, I should seem over-enthusiastic in his praises. But as I have never hesitated whilst he was living to express on all proper occasions my sense of his character, I do not see why I should be silent now, when he has become one of the blessed martyrs of history. It has always seemed to me that he was the good angel of our country. I had never the honour of much personal intercourse with him, but on the very first interview I was impressed with that great characteristic of his, the noblest with which a man can be endowed, a constant determination to do his duty. A single phrase of his inaugural address of this year — "firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right" — is as good a summary of his own characteristics from his own lips as could be made by a lengthened eulogy. . . .

No country has ever been blessed with a more virtuous chief magistrate. Most painfully have I studied almost his every act and utterance during the momentous period in which his name has been identified with that of his country, and day by day has my veneration increased for his integrity, his directness of purpose, his transparent almost childlike sincerity and truth. So much firmness has rarely been united with such tenderness of heart. And . . . it was an additional source of pride for us all to watch how his intellect seemed daily to expand and to become

more and more robust as the load upon it in such an unparalleled epoch became ever more severe. And this is the surest test of a great mind. Truly in his case statesmanship might seem an easy lesson to learn, for with him "simple truth was utmost skill," yet, how much nobler a world it would be if all rulers and lawgivers had studied in the same school. . . .

The story of Motley's resignation from his Vienna post is told at length by Holmes and need not be repeated here. Secretary Seward undoubtedly failed to understand Motley's temperament. On the other hand, Motley's quick temper probably forced him into positions which a more steadily poised man might have avoided. President Johnson seems to have had little understanding of Motley's sensitiveness and little appreciation of the value of his services at the Court of Austria.

The two final volumes of the *History of the United Netherlands* appeared in 1868. In June of that year Motley returned to Boston and lived at No. 2 Park Street.

A passage from Whipple's *Recollections of Eminent Men* gives a vivid picture of the impression now made by Motley upon his old friends of the Club: —

"In the summer of 1868 he returned with his family to Boston, and was warmly greeted by all his old friends. He appeared to be in the full vigour of bodily and mental health, and his powers of conversation were such as surprised the most redoubtable talkers of that city. . . .

"Perhaps, as Dr. Holmes has described the Club generally in a note to his biography, it may not be an indecorum to lift the veil from one of its dinners in which he bore a main part in the conversational achievements. Motley laid down some proposition, which Holmes, of course, instantly doubted, and then Lowell plunged in, differing both from Motley and Holmes. A triangular duel ensued, with an occasional ringing sentence thrown in by Judge Hoar for the benevolent purpose of increasing a complication already sufficient to task the wit and resource of the combatants. In ordinary discussion one person is allowed to talk at least for a half or a quarter of a minute before his brother ath-

letes rush in upon him with their replies; but in this debate all three talked at once, with a velocity of tongue which fully matched their velocity of thought. Still, in the incessant din of voices, every point made by one was replied to by another or ridiculed by a third, and was instantly followed by new statements and counter-statements, arguments and counter-arguments, hits and retorts, all germane to the matter, and all directed to a definite end. The curiosity of the contest was that neither of the combatants repeated anything which had been once thrown out of the controversy as irrelevant, and that while speaking all together the course of the discussion was as clear to the mind as though there had been a minute's pause between statement and reply. The discussion was finished in fifteen minutes; if conducted under the ordinary rules of conversation, it would have lasted a couple of hours, without adding a new thought, or fact, or stroke of wit applicable to the question in debate. The other members of the Club looked on in mute wonder while witnessing these feats of intellectual and vocal gymnastics. If any other man than Judge Hoar had ventured in, his voice and thought would have been half a minute behind the point which the discussion had reached, and would therefore have been of no account in the arguments which contributed to bring it to a close. On this occasion I had no astronomical clock to consult; but, judging by the ear, I came to the conclusion that in swiftness of utterance Motley was two-sixteenths of a second ahead of Holmes, and nine-sixteenths of a second ahead of Lowell."

Perhaps it was at one of these Club dinners in 1868 that Motley made the playful remark which Holmes thought "one of the three wittiest things that have been said in Boston in our time": "Give me the luxuries, and I will dispense with the necessaries, of life."

In 1869 Motley was appointed Minister to England by President Grant. This great honour proved to be the tragedy of Motley's public career. Shortly after his arrival in England he expressed himself to Lord Clarendon, the British Foreign Secretary, in terms that were disapproved by Mr. Fish, our Secretary of

State. This incident seemed to be closed, however, when, to Motley's astonishment, on the 1st of July, 1870, Secretary Fish requested his resignation. As Motley did not resign, he was recalled in November. It is unnecessary here to go into the details of this much-discussed quarrel between Mr. Motley and his Government. Motley's friendship with Sumner, who had fallen under the displeasure of General Grant, seemed to have something to do with his recall. But Mr. Fish explained the recall in these terms: "The reason for Mr. Motley's removal was found in considerations of state. He misrepresented the Government on the Alabama question, especially in the two speeches made by him before his arrival at his post."

That Motley's friendship for Sumner seemed to the Saturday Club circle to be an element in the unfortunate situation is clear from some interesting reminiscences of Governor Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio, in his *Atlantic* article, entitled "How Judge Hoar ceased to be Attorney-General." It is quoted here as the only instance on record when "the eminent men of the Saturday Club attempted, as a body, to use their influence at Washington."

"General Sherman was in Boston at the time of my visit and I was invited, with him, to dinner, by the Saturday Club, of which Judge Hoar was a member. Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes were all there, and I need not say it was an occasion to remember. It only concerns my present story, however, to tell what occurred just before we parted. Mr. Longfellow was presiding and, unexpectedly, I found that he was speaking to me, in the name of the Club. He said that they had been much disturbed by rumours, then current, that Mr. Motley was to be recalled from England, on account of Senator Sumner's opposition to the San Domingo Treaty. They would be very far, indeed, from seeking to influence any action of the President which was based on Mr. Motley's conduct in his diplomatic duties, of which they knew little and could not judge; but they thought the President ought to know that if the rumour referred to was well founded, he would, in their opinion, offend all the educated men of New England. It could not be right to make a disagreement with Mr. Sumner prejudice Mr. Motley by reason of the friendship between the two.

"I could only answer that no body of men had better right to speak for American men of letters and that I would faithfully convey the message.

"On my return to Washington, I first made known to Mr. Fish the duty that had been committed to me: not only did he interpose no objection to it; he expressed an earnest wish that it might change the President's purpose.

"I took an early opportunity of reporting to General Grant what the eminent men of the Saturday Club said to him. His only reply was: 'I made up my mind to remove Mr. Motley before there was any quarrel with Mr. Sumner.' This he said in an impatient tone, as if repelling interference."

Whatever may have been the precise cause of Motley's removal, it was a shock from which he never fully recovered. Yet he set himself to work stubbornly upon his final task, the *Life and Death of John of Barneveld.* He followed with the keenest interest the new political developments in Europe resulting from the War of 1870. One of his letters to Bismarck, written from London just before his recall, and urging Bismarck to make moderate terms with France, has become very famous because of the profane comment which Prince Bismarck scribbled upon the margin of the letter — a comment that has gained fresh interest since 1914: —

LONDON, 9th September, '70.

. . . I am not authorized or disposed on this occasion to express the sense of our Government or people. But, as I believe, he would be an injudicious friend of France who should counsel her to proceed as if — without radical change in the fortunes of men — she could help accepting such honourable terms as Prussia might dictate, so he would be a sincere friend of Germany who should modestly but firmly suggest that the more moderate the terms on the part of the conqueror at this supreme moment, the greater would be the confidence inspired by the future,[1] and the more secure the foundations of a durable peace, and the more proud and fortunate the position and character of United Germany.

[1] The words "*damn confidence*" were added by Prince Bismarck in the margin of the letter.

. . . The world is shuddering at the prospect of the possibility of a siege of Paris and assault, and all the terrible consequences of taking such a city by storm.

I cannot bear the thought that the lustre of what is now the pure and brilliant though bloody triumph of Germany should be tarnished by even a breath. . . .

Accept the warmest good wishes and congratulations of your sincere friend as of old,

J. L. Motley.

Motley's last book, *John of Barneveld*, appeared in 1874. His wife died on the last day of that year, and from that time onward Motley seemed to his friends a broken man. He visited Boston once more in 1875, but his daughters were now married in England, and he soon returned thither. He lingered in failing health, until March, 1877. Motley was buried with his wife in Kensal Green Cemetery. The grandchildren and great-grandchildren of this American, whose stock ran back to the "good old colony times," are all English. His oldest grandson, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, — a direct descendant of the dramatist, — fell in the British Army during the Boer War. It will perhaps be thought fitting, therefore, to let an Englishman utter the final word about the achievements of our American historian. In a sermon preached at Westminster Abbey on June 3, 1877, Dean Stanley said: —

"We sometimes ask what room or place is left in the crowded temple of Europe's fame for one of the Western World to occupy. But a sufficient answer is given in the work which was reserved to be accomplished by him who has just departed. So long as the tale of the greatness of the House of Orange, of the siege of Leyden, of the tragedy of Barneveld, interests mankind, so long will Holland be indissolubly connected with the name of Motley, in the union of the ancient culture of Europe, with the aspirations of America which was so remarkable in the ardent, laborious, soaring soul that has passed away."

B. P.

BENJAMIN PEIRCE

Our great mathematician and astronomer was born in Salem in 1809. "The humanities," and mathematics, which led him to the infinite divine, came to him through his parentage, for his father, whose name he bore, first scholar in his class at Cambridge, became the librarian and the historian of the College, and the brother of his mother, Lydia Nichols, was a mathematician. Nathaniel Bowditch, translating and annotating the volumes of Laplace's *Méchanique Céleste*, as they appeared, made use of young Peirce on the work, when he graduated. Years later, after Bowditch's death, Peirce completed this task. It was said that not more than twelve men in Europe, or three in America, could read and appreciate his work.

After teaching for a time at Mr. Cogswell's remarkable school at Northampton, where, as pupils, several of our members received their early education, Peirce was called to Harvard as tutor, and became, in 1832, Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Ten years later he became Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics. He held a position in the University for nearly half a century.

Of the great mathematician as an instructor several of his pupils who ventured on the higher planes of the science have written. These were youths who, though they could follow him but a few steps in that rarefied atmosphere, had the privilege of a glimpse now and then into shining infinities wherein this giant sped rejoicing on.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote: "He gave us his 'Curves and Functions,' in the form of lectures; and sometimes, even while stating his propositions, he would be seized with some mathematical inspiration, would forget pupils, notes, everything, and would rapidly dash off equation after equation, following them out with smaller and smaller chalk-marks into the remote corners of the blackboard, forsaking his delightful task only when there was literally no more space to be covered, and coming back with a sigh to his actual students. There was a great

fascination about these interruptions; we were present, as it seemed, at mathematics in the making; it was like peeping into a necromancer's cell, and seeing him at work; or as if our teacher were one of the old Arabian algebraists recalled to life. The less we knew of what was going on, the more attractive was the enthusiasm of the man; and his fine face and impressive presence added to the charm."

Another pupil, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, bore this personal testimony to the Master, a few years later: "To most young men Peirce, in his own mathematical demesne, was formidable or quite inaccessible, the warder of an enchanted tower, whose banner bore a strange device (being interpreted, it said *Excelsior*), whose speech was foreign, and who paced his battlements with a far-looking manner, —

'His thoughts commercing with the skies.'

But when this wizard stepped down from his post, crossed his moat, and opened his garden gate, nothing could be more attractive than the vistas and plantations he opened to our view. I remember as but yesterday, though it is well-nigh thirty years ago, the blank confusion with which the ill-instructed youth confronted his problems and the Sphinx who gave them out, and the thrill of enthusiasm in the same youth when the range and scope of the mathematical sciences was flashed upon his imagination in the fascinating lectures, of which he gave us only too few. Few men could suggest more while saying so little, or stimulate so much while communicating next to nothing that was tangible and comprehensible. The young man that would learn the true meaning of *apprehension* as distinct from *comprehension*, should have heard the professor lecture, after reciting to him."

Still another pupil, Mr. George A. Flagg, who, ten years later, elected the higher mathematical course, remembers Professor Peirce's manner to this small class as kind and genial, perhaps as respecting their hardihood in attempting this steep and rugged pathway, through baffling clouds, though leading to the stars and infinitely beyond. His talk was informal, often far above their heads. "Do you follow me?" asked the Professor one day. No

one could say Yes. "I'm not surprised," said he; "I know of only three persons who could." At Paris, the year after, at the great Exposition, Flagg stood before a mural tablet whereon were inscribed the names of the great mathematicians of the earth for more than two thousand years. Archimedes headed, Peirce closed the list; the only American. The arrangement of names here is exactly as on the tablet:—

MATHÉMATICIENS DISTINGUÉS

ARCHIMEDE
EUCLIDE
SCIPIO FERREA
CARDAN
BERNOUILLI
MERCATOR
NAPIER
WALLIS LAPLACE
EULER D'ALEMBERT
LAGRANGE
CLAIRAUT
TAYLOR
FONTAINE
DEMORGAN
HERSCHEL
LACROIX
PLAYFAIR
AIRY
PEIRCE

This honour of the Master delighted the pupil, and, on his return, he did not fail to carry the news to him; he had not heard it.

To these testimonies I must add the human, pleasant memories of this wanderer in celestial galaxies, when he was a young professor, written in the *Harvard Book*,[1] by Colonel Henry Lee, in 1875:—

[1] Vol. 1, chapter on "University Hall," among other amusing and kindly descriptions of the professors of other days.

"Why we should have given him the diminutive name of 'Benny' I cannot say, unless as a mark of endearment because he could fling the iron bar upon the Delta farther than any undergraduate; or, perhaps because he always thought the bonfire or disturbance outside the college grounds, and not inside, and conducted himself accordingly. His softly lisped 'Sufficient' brought the blunderer down from the blackboard with a consciousness of failure as overwhelming as the severest reprimand. There was a delightful abstraction about this absorbed mathematician which endeared him to the students, who hate and torment a tutor always on the watch for offences, and which confirmed the belief in his peculiar genius."

Hon. Robert S. Rantoul in a recent letter has given me the following reminiscences, especially interesting as showing the important relation of the Reverend Thomas Hill to Peirce: —

"The famous experiment of the pendulum hung inside of Bunker Hill Monument from the top, to demonstrate the rotation of the earth, was all the rage in my day in College. We thought we had arrived at an explanation of it, which we discussed together with much enthusiasm, until Professor Peirce volunteered one day to explain it. After that nobody thought he understood it at all. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody and Peirce began together as teachers in mathematics. Peirce's pupils used to resort to Peabody for explanations. To send a beginner to Peirce to learn mathematics seemed like committing an infant child to a giant to learn to walk. The tradition obtained in my day that Peirce would, now and then, become obsessed with a new conceit of some kind, and in the heat of it would become so alarmed lest the discovery should escape him before he could reduce it to writing, that he would rush to the livery-stable behind the church, hire a chaise, and make all haste to Waltham where the Reverend Thomas Hill was then settled. Peirce could not clearly describe to Hill just what was disturbing his mind, but Hill, who had no such original inspirations to trouble him, could better express in words the new proposition when at last he understood it. Hill would gradually fathom the mind of Peirce and, towards morning, send him home to Cambridge with his problem stated on paper in his pocket and his thoughts at rest."

Fortunately for the boys of unmathematical mind, struggling through the compulsory mathematics of the two first years, they came, in the writer's day, under the instruction of Peirce's son James, who, clear and exacting in statement, could yet allow for their limitations and help them up the steps. There were gaps, too, for the father had written the textbook, and, as Rantoul said, "did not hesitate to over-ride Euclid . . . in his condensed and simplified modes of demonstration." When the anxious youth, worrying through his demonstration, at a step in the argument slighted by the father as absurdly trivial, fairly quoting the book, said, "It may be easily seen how" — the shrill and precise voice of the son came in — "*How* is it easily seen?" and the faithfully memorized demonstration collapsed, and a clearer-minded pupil was called upon to show the bridge.

For authority was nothing to Peirce. He took his own path up the mountain. The world was stirred over Leverrier's wonderful work which led to the discovery of Neptune as the causer of perturbations in planetary orbits. Peirce went over the enormous calculations of Leverrier and pronounced them inexact, and that the discovery of the planet was a fortunate accident. "When requested by Edward Everett, then President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to suppress the announcement of his results because no words could express the improbability of his statements, he could calmly reply, 'But it is still more improbable that there can be an error in my calculations,' and time proved that he was right."

The force and judgment in a great emergency of Professor Peirce are shown in this anecdote given me by one who was present:—

"Jenny Lind's last concert of the original series, given under the auspices of Phineas T. Barnum, was given at the hall over the Fitchburg Railroad Station. Tickets were sold without limit, — many more than the hall could hold, — and there was every prospect of a riot. Barnum had taken the precaution to leave for New York. I got about one-third up the main aisle, but could get no farther. Just ahead of me was Professor Peirce. The alarm was increasing. The floor seemed to have no support underneath, but to hang over the railroad track by steel braces from

the rafters above. Would it hold? The air was stifling and windows were broken, with much noisy crashing of glass, in order to get breath. Women were getting uneasy. And there was no possibility of escape from a mass of human beings so packed together. We knew, from the conductor's baton, that the orchestra was playing, but no musical sound reached us. Professor Peirce mounted a chair. Perfect silence ensued as soon as he made himself seen. He stated, very calmly, certain views at which he had arrived after a careful study of the situation. The trouble was at once allayed. Jenny Lind recovered her voice and the concert went on to its conclusion."

Peirce's zeal and determination — his intensity of feeling made him on occasions even formidable — recall Shakspeare's phrase about the Roman hero, —

"He struck Corioli like a planet."

This mathematician, not content with the equation of ellipses and parabolas, longed to see their shining demonstrations on the background of space. "His lectures on comets," said one of his friends, "so interested his Boston audiences that the Cambridge Observatory soon rose, a witness to his forcible persuasion," as, years later, when head of the Coast Survey, his striking personality, and strong, convincing statement, won appropriations from Congress which raised that service to its proper usefulness and eminence.

Agassiz came to Cambridge in 1847, and was Peirce's over-the-way neighbour in Quincy Street. They were good friends. It has been well said that "Peirce was a transcendentalist in mathematics as Agassiz was in zoölogy, and a certain subtile tie of affinity connected these two men." Mr. Norton spoke of them as "political men in the University administration, who worked together for the advancement of the scientific interest," up to that time almost ignored, or considered by some of the rulers almost an impertinence. Felton was another valued friend and neighbour.

Mr. Emerson once wrote: "To the culture of the world an Archimedes, a Newton, is indispensable: so Nature guards them by a certain aridity. If these had been good fellows fond of dancing, port, and clubs, we should have had no Theory of the

Sphere, and no *Principia.*" But here was an exception. The Professor was a reader of the best poetry; he delighted in the theatre and in charades and private theatricals. The Quincy and Kirkland Street neighbours often chartered an omnibus in which they lurched through "the Port" and over the Boston cobblestones to see Warren at the Museum, or Booth at the Boston Theatre, or hear Fanny Kemble. *Natura in minimis;* he watched his boys' tops and published an analytical solution of their motion. He wrote on the probabilities of the three-ball game in billiards. A tradition passed current among graceless students that when the Professor sat down to a game of cards with one of his sons, the actual playing was dispensed with, for the young man, after studying his hand, made a rapid calculation on the Doctrine of Chances, then would smile cheerfully and say, "Hand over your money, old man." A pleasant reminiscence of the family life is given by his daughter, another instance of Leasts and Mosts in this remarkable man. Before breakfast he always went to walk with his younger children, now a delightful memory to them. This man, who could divine and see remotest suns in space, amused his little ones by allowing no pin to hide from his eyes in the dust of the sidewalk; — "although he never seemed to be looking for them, he would suddenly stoop to pick up a pin. He had various 'pincushions'; one was the trunk of an elm tree near our gate, others on Harvard and Brattle Streets. Those on Quincy and Kirkland Streets are still standing." At home, his daughter says, "He was such a great, big ray of Light and Goodness, always so simple, cheerful and showing more than amiability, that his great power did not seem to assert itself." She recalls seeing her "father and Agassiz talking over some bad news from the front during the War of the Rebellion" — Peirce had many valued friends on both sides — "with tears running down their cheeks. The awe of that I remember, but not the bad news that was the cause."

In the catalogue of the Harvard Library may be found a card thus inscribed —

Ben Yamen's SONG OF GEOMETRY
Sung by the Florentine Academy at the Coronation of the Queen,
Degraded into prose by Benjamin Peirce

The book thus catalogued proves to be Professor Peirce's Address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1853. It is bound, and inscribed "To Cornelius the Florentine." "The Florentines" probably were an informal neighbourhood Club, "The Queen" some particularly agreeable lady, and "Cornelius" certainly was Professor Cornelius Conway Felton. However imaginary the "singing" may have been, any one who will read this joyous pæan on the perfect beauty of harmonious law running through all that the eye and mind of man can contemplate will find it a nobler poem than the *vers libre* offered him as such to-day.[1] Students who, with no taste for mathematics, yet struggled through to analytical geometry, might at last find beauty and illumination in the curve which they plotted on paper from a formidable equation, and later rejoiced in reading the Master's *Ideality in the Physical Sciences*. Like Pythagoras, Peirce taught that everything owes its existence and consistency to the harmony which he considered the basis of all beauty, and found music in the revolving spheres. "Computation is not barren when it supplies subsistence," said Peirce, "but the computation of the geometer . . . has a loftier aspiration. It provides spiritual nourishment; hence it is life itself, and is the worthy occupation of an immortal soul. The arithmetical formula considered as an end is the embodiment of fact, and isolated fact is as worthless as the idle gossip of the parlour; . . . whereas facts combined into formulæ, and formulæ organized into theory, penetrate the whole domain of physical science and ascend to the very throne of ideality."

Benjamin Peirce's breadth recalls what Professor Kendrick[2] said, — "Plato having in his twentieth year fallen under the influence of Socrates, he thenceforth devoted himself to philosophy as that essence and soul of harmony of which rhythmical numbers are but the sensuous and shadowy embodiment."

Mr. Rantoul ends his brief printed sketch of the great professor with this remarkable statement: "In 1870, he produced a

[1] Throughout these pages verses of our poets have been introduced and I cannot resist appending to this sketch of the Master some portions of his noble prose poem. — E. W. E.

[2] Professor A. C. Kendrick, D.D., of Rochester University.

memoir, the manuscript lithographed and but a hundred copies made, so abstruse was the subject, — demonstrating that, while only three algebraic systems have, thus far, been developed and used in all the triumphant achievements of modern science, upwards of seventy such are possible, and this number he foreshadowed and classified. One flash like that lights up the horizon of intellectual vision, as the lightning lifts the cloud-veil of the midnight's tempest."

It is easy to see what the Club gained in quality by gathering in Peirce and Agassiz. Bridges between this pair and the poets and writers on the one hand, and the men of law and affairs on the other, were soon found. To both they brought shining new knowledge from sky, earth, and ocean, and from them received the like, but stamped in a different mint.

When the Club first gathered, their astronomer could tell them the beautiful results of his study for the past three years. He had shown that old Saturn could not sustain his golden fluid rings, but their weight was borne up by his throng of satellites in their encircling dance.

Peirce did not readily join, unless moved, in general conversation. He is said to have been devoid of wit and humour. But he was an interesting talker to those near him. On occasion he could show great intensity of feeling, yet he could be genial. In his later years his hair and full beard were of a strong iron-gray. His eyes, deep-set under bushy brows, seemed dark and searching. He cared so much for his many friends in the South that he was hostile to the anti-slavery movement which was then bringing on the inevitable war. But after the fall of Fort Sumter he took a deep interest in the war. He gave largely to the Sanitary Commission. Peirce had been much at Washington, in the *ante-bellum* times, first, as consulting astronomer to the Coast Survey, afterwards as its chief. Admiral Davis, a principal promoter of the quality and improvement of this service, received great help from Peirce. They were close friends, and had married sisters. The *Nautical Almanac and Ephemeris*, under their charge, surprised Europe with its excellence. Note this praise of Peirce for a virtue not too common, — "He was willing to be esteemed for

less than he had done, and could join most heartily in the praise of others who perhaps owed their impulse to him."

His daughter relates that Professor Peirce asked himself, "What is man?" Then answered, "What a strange union of matter and mind! A machine for converting material into spiritual force." When he read the denunciations of science by clergymen, he exclaimed: "I cannot conceive a more monstrous absurdity. How can there be a more faithless species of infidelity than to believe that the Deity has written his word upon the material universe and a contradiction of it in the Gospel?"

In the year of Peirce's death, the orator at the centennial celebration of the Phi Beta Kappa spoke of him as "the largest natural genius . . . God has given to Harvard in our day, whose presence made you the loftiest peak and farthest outpost of more than mere scientific thought; the magnet, with his twin, Agassiz, which made Harvard for forty years the intellectual Mecca of forty States." Robert Rantoul, in his eulogy, said: "It is not given to us — it is given to but few men of any generation — to roam those Alpine solitudes of science to which his genius reached. But we may rejoice for him that, finding his country among the lowest of civilized nations in astronomical achievement, he left her among the first, — and that he has been able to do more than any American of our day to show how Nature may be read by the same mind as a problem and as a song."

E. W. E.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "SONG OF BEN YAMEN"

(*Benjamin Peirce*)

Geometry, to which I have devoted my life, is honoured with the title of the Key of Sciences; but it is the Key of an ever open door which refuses to be shut, and through which the whole world is crowding, to make free, in unrestrained license, with the precious treasures within, thoughtless both of lock and key, of the door itself, and even of Science, to which it owes such boundless possessions, the New World included. The door is wide open and all may enter, but all do not enter with equal thoughtlessness. There are a few who wonder, as they approach, at the exhaustless wealth, as the sacred shepherd wondered at the burning bush of Horeb, which was ever burning and never consumed. Casting

their shoes from off their feet and the world's iron-shod doubts from their understanding, these children of the faithful take their first step upon the holy ground with reverential awe, and advance almost with timidity, fearful, as the signs of Deity break upon them, lest they be brought face to face with the Almighty. . . .

The Key! it is of wonderful construction, with its infinity of combination, and its unlimited capacity to fit every lock. . . . It closes the massive arches which guard the vaults whence the mechanic arts supply the warehouses of commerce, and it opens the minute cabinet in which the Queen of the Fairies protects her microscopic jewels; it is the great master-key which unlocks every door of knowledge and without which no discovery which deserves the name — which is law, and not isolated fact — has been or ever can be made. Fascinated by its symmetry the geometer may at times have been too exclusively engrossed with his science, forgetful of its applications; he may have exalted it into his idol and worshipped it; he may have degraded it into his toy . . . when he should have been hard at work with it, using it for the benefit of mankind and the glory of his Creator. . . . But ascend with me above the dust, above the cloud, to the realms of the higher geometry, where the heavens are never clouded; where there is no impure vapour, and no delusive or imperfect observation, where the new truths are already arisen, while they are yet dimly dawning on the world below; where the earth is a little planet; where the sun has dwindled to a star; where all the stars are lost in the Milky Way to which they belong; where the Milky Way is seen floating through space like any other nebula; where the whole great girdle of nebulæ has diminished to an atom and has become as readily and completely submissive to the pen of the geometer, and the slave of his formula, as the single drop, which falls from the clouds, instinct with all the forces of the material world. Try with me the precision of measure with which the Universe has been meted out; observe how exactly all the parts are fitted to the whole and to each other, and then declare who was present in the council-chamber when the Lord laid the foundations of the Earth.

Begin with the heavens themselves; see how precisely the motions of the firmament have endured through the friction of the ages; observe the exactness of the revolutions of the stars; if these mighty orbs cannot resist the law, what can the atom do? . . . A slight defect of motion is just detected; it is slight, very slight, but it is unquestionable. We dare not hide it out of sight. Science must admit this triumph of art and be true, even if the stars are false. The names of "fixed star" and "pole star" must not be suffered to impose upon the trusting world. . . . Geometry! To the rescue! Geometry is at her post, faithful among the faithless.

The pen is at work, the midnight oil consumed, the magic circles drawn by the wise men of the East, and the wizard logarithm summoned from the North. . . . The defect of motion is transformed into the discovery of a new law. It becomes the proof of the [*sic*] atmosphere to bend the ray from its course as it shoots down, laden with the image of Arcturus and the sweet influence of the Pleiades. It becomes the proof of the moving light, of the unseen planet, and of the invisible stars and hence a new proof of the precision of the measure. Honour to Bradley, to Bessel, to Adams, and to Leverrier! The stars are not false — question them as you may, they give the same evidence, and do not contradict each other's testimony. They tell us that ours is not the central sun, and that we are moving in the procession of the stars; they tell us that we move among the others toward the constellation of Hercules so that, while we grow in wisdom, we approach the strong man's house. They tell us that we are moving at such a rate that the distance from star to star is but just a good geological day's journey; and hereby they confirm the story which is written upon the crust of the globe and prove that the earth and skies have been measured out with the same unit of measure.

Descend from the infinite to the infinitesimal. Long before . . . observation had begun to penetrate the veil under which Nature has hidden her mysteries, the restless mind sought some principle of power strong enough and of sufficient variety to collect and bind together all parts of a world. This seemed to be found, where one might least expect it, in abstract numbers. Everywhere the exactest numerical proportion was seen to constitute the spiritual element of the highest beauty. It was the harmony of music, and the music of song; the fastidious eye of the Athenian required the delicately curved outlines of the temple in which he worshipped his goddess to conform to the exact law of the hyperbola, and he traced his graceful features of her statue from the repulsive wrinkles of Arithmetic. Throughout nature the omnipresent beautiful revealed an all-pervading language spoken to the human mind, and to man's highest capacity of comprehension. By whom was it spoken? Whether by the gods of the ocean, or the land, by the ruling divinities of the sun, moon, and stars, or by the dryads of the forest and the nymphs of the fountain, it was one speech and its written cipher was cabalistic. The cabala were those of number, and even if they transcended the gemetric[1] skill of the Rabbi and the hieroglyphical learning of the priest of Osiris, they were, distinctly and unmistakably, expressions of thought uttered to mind by mind; they were the solutions of mathematical problems of extraordinary complexity.

[1] *Gemetria*, a cabalistic system consisting in the substitution for a word of any other the numerical values of whose letters give the same sum. (Century Dictionary.)

The bee of Hymettus solved its great problem of isoperimetry on the morning of creation. . . . The very spirits of the winds, when they were sent to carry the grateful harvest to the thirsting fields of Calabria, did not forget the geometry which they had studied in the caverns of Æolus and of which the geologist is daily discovering the diagrams.

SAMUEL GRAY WARD

It has been shown in the initial chapter of this chronicle how his much-valued younger friend, Ward, made Emerson's long cherished hope of a club attractive and practicable. Ward's tactful suggestions of including in the, at first, small membership some brilliant persons in whom the social gift prevailed over the speculative or reforming, and of the importance of a dinner, put the project into a form which the accident of Woodman's informal lunches at once made a fact.

Ward was a man of good birth and breeding, with artistic tastes and gifts, and practical business talent; these struggled in him for the mastery. His father, Thomas Wren Ward, was a merchant in Boston with his home in Park Street, where Samuel was born in 1817. At Round Hill School, where he went later than John Forbes and Tom Appleton, but probably when Benjamin Peirce was the mathematical teacher there, he had the great good fortune, for a boy, of having classical studies well presented, so that he could then, and more in after years, find joy in them. In his old age he wrote, "One cannot have mastered the Latin Grammar at any early age without a speaking acquaintance, at least, with Virgil and Horace and Cicero, a single line of one of whom makes all educated men kin and establishes a free-masonry like no other."

While he was at Harvard he lived in the house of Professor and Mrs. Farrar, a centre of culture and refinement. Two fortunate chances befell him. There he met Margaret Fuller; the eager young girl of astonishing scholarship and intellectual power, not attractive, and an invalid, became his friend. He said he owed to her a great debt for introduction to the new world of literature and thought, and an intellectual impulse that was of great value to him. Mr. Ward's other and greater good fortune in the Farrar home was the meeting there a young visitor, Miss Anna Barker. A few years later she became his wife, and, though she became an invalid, her always beautiful presence was spared to him until they were both very old.

After graduating, young Ward went abroad for more than a year. He had the luck to travel first with the Farrars, then to go to Italy with Mr. George Ticknor in his carriage; also to study the best art and the noble landmarks of the past, with natural æsthetic sense and eager zeal.

On his return he began life as a broker, but the financial depression of 1837, continuing long, gave him a reason for leaving State Street to try his fortune and strengthen his constitution by farming. He had a passion for gardening and manfully ploughed and planted in the beautiful surroundings of Lenox, then a simple and remote village. He had married Anna Barker before the move to Berkshire. They loved the country, but for both of them it was struggling against manifest destiny to live a rustic life, far hidden away from cultivated society. They were born to live in it and adorn it.

In a letter, written by Mr. Norton to his old friend in the last years of their lives, is this pleasant recollection: "As, the other day, I was passing the Farrar house [on Cambridge Common] with which you were once so familiar, I recalled that the first time I ever saw you was one Sunday morning as I was going to church with my mother. As we passed the gate she said to me, 'There is young Mr. Ward going up the steps, to see the beautiful Miss Anna Barker.' I suppose the little incident impressed itself on my memory, because the beautiful Miss Barker had been at our house and had made me, a boy of ten or twelve, captive by her charms." No wonder, for young or old who had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Ward during the next sixty years felt, in varying degrees, the spell of her beauty which, being intrinsic, shone out undimmed by long years of invalidism. Instead of becoming thereby self-absorbed, she kept until the end the rare power of lending herself with sure, winning sympathy to those whom she received by her bedside. The untutored and shy young people found their tongues. They left her room astonished, happier and higher than when they went.

The natural, masterful brusqueness and rather exacting social standards of her husband were surely sweetened by her. He had a way of correcting crude behaviour or obvious remarks by young

people which left a sting, but the next time they met him his affectionate smile could make them forget anything.

In spite of the beauty of Lenox, the young pair, nurtured in society and craving art and letters, must have felt the barrenness of a remote country village in the long winters. His wife said, in their middle life, "When I first saw Sam Ward (he was perhaps twenty-one) he was a prematurely old man, but he grew young, and has been growing younger ever since." Mr. Ward left Lenox, he said, "because he found a hole in his pocket that could be mended in no other way," but the real reason was that his father needed him.

The son, in his last year, wrote for his grandchildren an account of his life. The part telling of his business, and how he was drawn into it, to his surprise and even dismay, gives an interesting narrative which may be stated very briefly as follows. Bills on London commanded cash all over the world. The Barings were the most important of the firms who supplied these, and their credit in all foreign parts was a proverb. Joshua Bates was brought up in a Boston counting-room, was a member of the firm, and he arranged that Mr. Thomas Wren Ward, as their agent in America, should supply credit by bills on London to American merchants. The basis of this convenience was personal confidence. The Barings required that merchants taking credit from them should take none from other bankers. They never opened accounts where it was thought necessary to take security.

The venture proved a great success under the older Ward, but in 1850, when he had held the agency for twenty-two years, he felt he had a right to retire. A suitable successor was thought of, but something prevented. As Samuel Ward was working in his Lenox garden, he saw, like an apparition approaching, his father's factotum, and on the moment foresaw his own doom. Some one asked Mr. Bates how he could confide such large affairs to this untried young man. He simply said, "I know the stock, and am sure it will be all right." The father and son had been in close confidence.

Samuel Ward's instincts were literary and artistic, and he loved the country. Yet the Lenox experiment had shown the disad-

vantages of remoteness. As a matter of duty and affection he yielded to his father's wish for him and straightway showed himself a sound and capable business man. The firm's great credit business doubled and tripled during the twenty years after he succeeded to the management.

Yet one must believe that in those years, when confined and tired, the mood returned often which inspired his poem, written anonymously, in the *Dial* in the days of his short business trial before the Lenox venture.

THE SHIELD [1]

The old man said, "Take thou this shield, my son,
Long tried in battle, and long tried by age,
Guarded by this, thy fathers did engage,
Trusting to this, the victory they have won."

Forth from the tower Hope and Desire had built,
In youth's bright morn I gazed upon the plain, —
There struggled countless hosts, while many a stain
Marked where the blood of brave men had been spilt.

With spirit strong I buckled to the fight, —
What sudden chill rushes through every vein?
Those fatal arms oppress me — all in vain
My fainting limbs seek their accustomed might.

Forged were those arms for men of other mould;
Our hands they fetter, cramp our spirits free;
I throw them on the ground, and suddenly
Comes back my strength, returns my spirit bold.

I stand alone, unarmed, yet not alone;
Who heeds no law but what within he finds;
Trusts his own vision, not to other minds;
He fights with thee. Father, aid thou thy son.

And yet Ward, in turn, placed a Pegasus "in pound" in the next generation. After all, his unsuspected business talent and success had been a source of some gratification to him.

Mr. Ward made several contributions in prose or verse for the *Dial*, and the following passage from a letter written to him by

[1] Published in the *Dial* about 1843.

Emerson in 1843 shows that he had promised to write for the next number a paper (on poetry?) in dialogue form: "Your letter and the fine colloquy make me happy and proud. I shall print it, to be sure, every syllable, and the good reader shall thank you, or not, as God gives him illumination." A few years after their first acquaintance, in July, 1840, Emerson wrote: "The reason why I am curious about you is that with tastes which I also have, you have tastes and powers and corresponding circumstances which I have not and perhaps cannot divine, but certainly we will not quarrel with our companion, for he has more root, subterranean or aerial, sent out into the great Universe to draw his nourishment withal. The secret of virtue is to know that, the richer another is, the richer am I; — how much more if that other is my friend." For Ward was one of Emerson's brightest "Sons of the morning," and though far from setting in eclipse, like many of these, and by Emerson always loved and valued, yet the morning ideal was perhaps a little dimmed by life's experiences. I remember that he said in his mature life, "Show me a radical over forty, and I will show you an unsound man."

Mr. Ward was a man remarkable for his many-sidedness, an able man of affairs, public-spirited citizen, possessed of talent, social position and *aplomb,* accomplished, masterful, an intelligent and hospitable householder, a good but sparing writer, wide and critical reader in various languages, well versed in art and an admirable amateur draughtsman. The elder Ward was Treasurer of the Boston Athenæum, then the small oasis in which Art was struggling to light in Massachusetts, and the son, who had, in his eighteen months in Europe, fed his eyes and soul in the galleries, with inborn taste thus instructed, brought home in his portfolios the best prints and drawings then attainable.

As Ward was stirred by the courage and elevation of thought of his older friend; Emerson in his quiet country life was very sensible of the charm of the social culture and manners of Ward and his wife, and was glad to avail himself of his knowledge of art and discernment in collecting. There was always a certain spell felt by the quiet scholar when such people were in company with him and afterward, yet his ancestry and his solitary genius showed

him that his path was not theirs. His poem "The Park" records this feeling: —

> "The prosperous and beautiful
> To me seem not to wear
> The yoke of conscience masterful
> Which galls me everywhere," etc.

Ward sent his portfolios to Concord for Emerson to enjoy, telling him to keep a delicate copy in some reddish medium of the relief of Endymion in the Capitoline Museum. It was thus acknowledged: —

"I confess I have difficulty in accepting the superb drawing which you ask me to keep. In taking it from the portfolio I take it from its godlike companions to put it where it must shine alone. . . . I have been glad to learn to know you through your mute friends [the drawings]. They tell me very eloquently what you love. . . . This beautiful Endymion deserves to be looked on by instructed eyes.[1] . . .

"I conceive of you as allied on every side to what is beautiful and inspiring, with noblest purposes in life and with powers to execute your thought. What space can be allowed you for a moment's despondency? . . . In this country we need whatever is generous and beautiful in character, more than ever, because of the general mediocrity of thought produced by the arts of gain. . . . Friends, it is a part of my creed, we always find; the Spirit provides for itself. If they come late, they are of a higher class."

In 1847 Mr. Emerson notes of his friend in his journal: "Ward has aristocratical position and turns it to excellent account; the only aristocrat who does. . . . I find myself interested that he should play his part of the American gentleman well, but am contented that he should do that instead of me, — do the etiquette instead of me, — as I am contented that others should sail the ships and work the spindles."

Ward with his family lived in Louisburg Square for many years, and had a pleasant summer home in Canton, once the home of the great mathematician Bowditch, where still stood his tower with a travelling observation-dome. On the death of Thomas

[1] The Endymion hung in Emerson's parlor all through his lifetime and still hangs there.

Wren Ward in 1858, his son became the sole representative of the Barings in this country until, nine years later, his brother, George Cabot Ward, was associated with him. Just before this occurred, the task fell on Mr. Sam Ward of effecting the purchase of Alaska from Russia for the United States; the price paid being seven and one half million dollars. About this time the firm moved to New York. Early in the war of secession Mr. Sam Ward, in company with other patriotic supporters of the cause of Union and Freedom, felt the need of, and founded, the Union League Club there; also with good Bostonians, many of them members of the Saturday Club, established the Union Club here. Moreover, he took a principal part in superintending the alterations of the Lawrence and Lowell houses on Park Street from the combination of which the Union Club house was formed. The Saturday Club has, now for many years, dined there. Later, Mr. Ward took an active interest in establishing the *Nation* newspaper, whose high and independent tone had a great influence in enlightening the people and spreading and sustaining a patriotism pure of mere partisanship. Many persons have confounded our Samuel Gray Ward, because of his later living at Newport, with Mr. Samuel Ward, a resident there, brother of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, but with quite other sympathies and attitude in the war, as his sister in her noble poem "The Flag" scrupled not to show.

When the Back Bay began to be reclaimed and the Public Garden emerged from the muddy water, Mr. Ward was one of the pioneer residents. He built a stately house, Number One Commonwealth Avenue, next to that of Mr. Joshua Bates on Arlington Street, and, not long after, a beautiful summer house on the cliffs at Newport weaned his family from the Canton home.

Mr. Ward's love for the best French literature and habitual entertainment at his home of guests and correspondents from the Continent, perhaps was a cause of his rather epigrammatic little utterances over which he often chuckled. He liked to let the guest talk, and then, instead of sustained comment or argument, would interject a shrewd or witty sentence. He would have made a good diplomatist. He was very fond of a work by Brillat-Savarin, *La Physiologie du Goût*, to which he introduced Emerson. The

latter, *à propos* of this, noted in his journal; "Longfellow avoids greedy smokers. A cigar lasts one hour; but is not allowed to lose fire. 'Give me the luxuries, the necessities may take their chance'; and the appendix to this, is Sam Ward's rule, that the last thing an invalid is to give up, is, the going out to places of amusement, — the theatre, balls, concerts, etc. And Sir George Cornwall Lewis's saying, that 'Life would be tolerable, if it were not for the pleasures.' Ward said, and admitted, the best things. He had found out, he said, why people die; it is to break up their style."

In 1870 Mr. Ward withdrew from active business, went abroad with his family and lived there, mainly in Rome, for nearly three years, but yielded, on his return, to the urgency of the Barings that he should again superintend their affairs here. He built a house in Lenox. After his final withdrawal from business, he made his home in Washington, coming northward in the summers. Of course he came seldom to the Club, for he had outlived all but one or two of his early friends.

Emerson, in a letter to Mrs. Ward acknowledging her gift of her husband's photograph, says: "In this picture he who knows how to give to every day its dues, wears a seriousness more becoming than any lights which wit or gaiety might lend to other hours."

Mr. Norton's daughter speaks of the "fortunate circumstance of a late ripening friendship, chiefly expressed through correspondence, with Mr. Ward in Washington. The intercourse between them was like that of two seafarers who had sailed in youth from the same port, and, meeting near the end of life, sat down to bridge the intervening years and weigh the new against the old."

Mr. Ward grew feeble, but his faculties seemed hardly impaired during his seven years of life in a new century. He died in November, 1907, having been a member of the Saturday Club which he had helped into existence, for fifty years.

E. W. E.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE

American readers who are familiar with the life of Walter Bagehot, the English Essayist, will be struck by a curious parallelism between his literary career and that of Edwin Percy Whipple. Neither of these forceful essayists enjoyed an academic education. Both were forced by circumstances into the business of banking. Each was a passionate reader, with a gift of communicating enthusiasm for books, and each carried into his judgment of literature the shrewd, practical sense of a man of affairs. Both wrote about books and authors in the familiar tone of spirited conversation, avoiding, as one instinctively avoids in casual talk with a chance companion upon a railway journey, anything like preciosity or subtlety. Healthy, natural, vivid human intercourse gives the key of the style of both essayists. The following brief passage from Whipple dealing with the credulity of men of business as compared with the credulity of men of letters, is precisely in Bagehot's vein: —

"When I first had the happiness to make his [Emerson's] acquaintance I was a clerk in a banking-house. . . . The first thing that struck me was the quaint, keen, homely good-sense which was one of the marked characteristics of the volume; and I contrasted the coolness of this transcendentalist, whenever he discussed matters relating to the conduct of life, with the fury of delusion under which merchants of established reputation seemed sometimes to be labouring in their mad attempts to resist the operation of the natural laws of trade. They, I thought, were the transcendentalists, the subjective poets, the Rousseaus and Byrons of business, who in their greed were fiercely 'accommodating the shows of things to the desires of the mind,' without any practical insight of principles or foresight of consequences. Nothing more amazed me, when I was a clerk, recording transactions in which I incurred no personal responsibility, than the fanaticism of capitalists in venturing their money in wild speculations. The willingness to buy waste and worthless eastern lands;

the madness of the men who sunk their millions in certain railroads; and the manias which occasionally seize upon and passionately possess business men, surpassing in folly those fine frenzies of the imagination which are considered to lead to absurdities belonging to poets alone, — all these facts early impressed me with the conviction that a transcendentalist of the type of Emerson was as good a judge of investments on earth as he was of investments in the heavens above the earth."

Whipple was seven years older than Bagehot. He was born in Gloucester in 1819, the birth-year of Lowell and Story among the Saturday Club group, and of many other persons of literary distinction, such as George Eliot, Julia Ward Howe, Walt Whitman, and Charles A. Dana. At fifteen he became a clerk in a Salem bank, and at eighteen he began to serve a Boston banking-house in the same capacity. He was already an omnivorous reader. At twenty-two he wrote a review of the First Series of Emerson's essays, in which he called Emerson, for the first time, "our Greek-Yankee," a phrase which has been borrowed by countless critics. He won a general reputation by a brilliant article on Macaulay in the *North American Review* in 1843, at the age of twenty-four. It was like Macaulay's own triumph with his essay on Milton, and the young American bank-clerk had already learned the trick of the Scotchman's clear, ringing, sure, — and alas, sometimes, cock-sure, — style. When the Merchants' Exchange of Boston established its reading-room and library, Whipple became its superintendent. Harvard gave him the honorary degree of M.A. in 1848, and the University of Vermont in 1851. His Lowell Institute lectures in 1859 on the *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* became a widely read and most useful book. When the Saturday Club was organized, there was no question as to his standing as a representative man of letters, and his genial personal qualities, then and always, made him a welcome guest in every literary circle. His survey of *American Literature*, written for the Centennial year of 1876, shows him at the maturity of his powers. It was *à propos* of this book that his friend Whittier characterized him as, "with the possible exception of Lowell and Matthew Arnold, the ablest critical essayist of our time." During the next ten years, however, the decay of the old

E. P. Whipple

Lyceum system, his increasing ill-health, and the growing popularity of other authors whose fame he himself had helped to establish, withdrew Whipple more and more from notice, and when he died in his modest home in Boston in 1886, his name had less significance with the public than it had enjoyed thirty years before.

There are reasons, no doubt, for his decline in popularity as a critical essayist. Poe, whose brief critical essays were practically disregarded by Whipple and his friends, has steadily gained recognition in this field, as in others. Arnold certainly holds his own. Lowell's critical methods have had to sustain severe attack, but when certain qualifications have been made, his place in the foremost rank of American critics is not seriously questioned. Why has Whipple, whose critical work delighted and instructed a whole generation of his countrymen, been demoted? It must be admitted, of course, that he lacked Poe's originality of perception, as he lacked Arnold's sound classical training, and Lowell's sheer cleverness, but a more obvious obstacle to the permanency of his influence is perhaps to be found in that oral method which was imposed upon him by the Lyceum system to which he largely owed his audience and his influence. His thought and his style were subdued to what they worked in, namely, the physical presence of auditors who wished to be instructed as to facts, guided in ethical judgments, and duly amused, all within the hour. In the preface to one of his volumes of addresses, Whipple touches gracefully and not without pathos upon the difficulty of his task. "The style," he confesses, "doubtless exhibits that perpetual scepticism as to the patience of audiences which torments the lecturer during the brief hour in which he attempts to hold their attention." Whipple fulfilled his contract faithfully and admirably, but he could not perform Emerson's miracle of transmuting the oral material and method into the stuff of permanent literature. He lectured excellently, for instance, on Elizabethan literature, in which he was thoroughly read, but to compare these lectures with the lectures of Hazlitt or the essays of Lamb upon the same authors, is to perceive Whipple's inescapable Lyceum quality. His books remain, at least for the greater part, lectures that once

served their day, the highly intelligent and capable service of a middleman, distributing to the general public the produce of other minds. That this interpretative criticism has its value, no one doubts, but the technical requirements of the speaker's platform limit its suggestiveness and its range. Thoreau, who heard Whipple lecture before the Concord Lyceum in December, 1847, wrote about it to Emerson, who was then in England, and incidentally put his finger upon one of Whipple's stylistic sins, namely, an over-fondness for the Macaulay trick of antithesis: —

"We have had Whipple on Genius, — too weighty a subject for him, with his antithetical definitions new-vamped, — what it *is*, what it is *not*, but altogether what it is *not;* cuffing it this way and cuffing it that, as if it were an Indian-rubber ball. Really it is a subject which should expand, expand, accumulate itself before the speaker's eyes as he goes on, like the snowballs which the boys roll in the streets, and when it stops, it should be so large that he cannot start it, but must leave it there."

The Lyceum expert to whom Thoreau was writing could no doubt develop a theme like Genius and succeed somehow in "leaving it there," — as one leaves a mountain, — but Macaulay certainly could not, nor any of his mountain-moving disciples, with their incurable habit of saying "Be thou removed!" to things that will not budge.

Whipple was only twenty-eight, however, when he failed to edify Thoreau, and in the next thirty years he performed, as we have seen, a singularly useful service in expounding and popularizing not only the great literature of the past, but also the work of his contemporaries. Certainly no member of the Saturday Club has ever been more loyally felicitous in characterizing the literary work of his associates. His essay on Agassiz in 1857 and his *Recollections of Agassiz* after the latter's death, the essays on Hawthorne, Emerson, Prescott, Motley, Sumner, Andrew, and Lowell, are full of interesting personal anecdote, and illuminating characterizations. His essay on Emerson, for example, gives one of the best descriptions ever made of Emerson's voice and manner as a public speaker. Whipple's enthusiasm for his friends had no touch of envy. He knew their books thoroughly, and delighted to

praise what he found praiseworthy. No small part of the popular reputation enjoyed from 1860 to 1880 by the Saturday Club group is due to the self-effacing activity of Whipple in thus interpreting for the public the books of greater writers than himself.

He was personally well liked by his fellow-members, as he deserved to be; an agreeable table-companion, who frankly enjoyed his food and particularly his wine, and never missed a dinner. His "radiant, playful wit" was commented upon by Emerson, and living members of the Club recall with pleasure his alert, slight figure, his mobile, benevolent merchant's face with its magnificent forehead, and his courteous demeanor. He appreciated the telling contrasts in character afforded by the earlier members, and twice, in his published essays, he went so far as to maintain that the Club was really "a society based on mutual repulsion." There is some designed hyperbole here, of course, but the point is so interesting in its bearing upon the usual theory of clubs that the passages must be quoted.

In his *Recollections of Agassiz* he remarks: "He was the recognized head, the chairman, of a peculiar Boston Club, admission to which depended rather on antipathy than sympathy, as regards the character and pursuits of its members. It was ingeniously supposed that persons who looked on all questions of science, theology, and literature from different points of view would be the very persons who would most enjoy one another's company once a month at a dinner-table. Intellectual anarchy was proclaimed as the fundamental principle of this new organization, or rather disorganization; no man could be voted in who had not shown by his works his disagreement with those who were to be associated with him; and the result was, of course, the most tolerant and delightful of social meetings. Societies based on mutual admiration had been tried, and they had failed; here was a society based on mutual repulsion, and it was a success from the start. The two extremes were Agassiz the naturalist and Emerson the transcendentalist; and they were the first to become intimate friends, — nothing could exceed the admiration of Agassiz for Emerson's intellectual and personal character. The other members agreed to disagree after a similar charming fashion, and the contact and

collision of so many discordant minds produced a constant succession of electric sparks both of thought and wit. Probably not even the club of which Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and Goldsmith were members brought so many forcible individuals into such good-natured opposition, or afforded a fairer field for the display of varied talents and accomplishments. When they were all seated at one board, and the frolic hostilities of opinion broke out in the free play of wit and argument, of pointed assertion and prompt retort, the effect was singularly exhilarating. Indeed, there is no justification for a long dinner where the attraction is simply in the succession of choice dishes and the variety of rare wines. In all really good dinners the brain and heart are more active than the palate and the stomach."

Again, in Whipple's admirable essay on "Motley the Historian," he speaks of "the Saturday Club of Boston — an association composed of some fifteen or twenty persons, who were elected to membership on the ground that they were generally opposed to each other in mind, character, and pursuits, and that therefore conversation at the monthly dinner of the club would naturally assume quite an animated if not controversial tone. Motley delighted in this association, as it gave full play for the friendly collision of his own intellect with the intellects of others, — intellects of which some were as keen, bright, and rapid as his own."

Whipple then goes on to describe a triangular duel of wit between Motley, Holmes, and Lowell, which is quoted elsewhere in the present volume.

Whipple's own good sayings were numerous. The best known, no doubt, is that recorded by Emerson in his *journal*, apparently after a dinner of the Club: "Whipple said of the author of *Leaves of Grass* that he had every leaf but the fig leaf." Dr. Bartol, in his funeral discourse upon Whipple, quotes another: "'I know,' said one to him, 'your idea of a public library; if you had a million dollars.' 'If I had the million,' Whipple answered, 'I should not have the idea.'"

Dr. Bartol's tribute, which is now printed in the current edition of Whipple's *Recollections of Eminent Men*, touches, in a very few words, the essence of his old friend's nature. He praises,

indeed, his quality as a critic, his "infallible divination of character," his aptness at distinctions, his disinterestedness and impartiality. But what chiefly impressed Dr. Bartol was Whipple's sweetness and modesty. "Never," he said, "has the community been addressed and instructed by a man in his temper more retiring and in his habit more retired. . . . He nestled like a timid bird in his home, among his kindred and companions, with his books, his children, and his mate. . . . He lived to do honour to others, and to forget himself in awarding to everybody else the meed of desert. . . . He had an eminent magnanimity. . . . I never heard a word of envy from his lips; I never saw a spark of malice in his eye. He rejoiced in his comrade's superiority and success." To have deserved such a characterization is achievement enough.

B. P.

HORATIO WOODMAN

That Mr. Woodman's skill and tact brought the long desired Club into being has been clearly shown. Mr. Ward's suggestions as to less didactic membership, and monthly dinners, had made the scheme more attractive, but Woodman's determination to be of the company, and his special talent as high steward of the feast, which he had the wit quietly to demonstrate in advance, made the Club a comfortable fact, just when danger threatened of its being turned by outsiders, for a definite good purpose, into something quite different and transient, where Care would have always had his chair among the friends.

Gratitude and honour, then, are due to Woodman's memory. He came from Maine, born in the little town of Buxton on the Saco River, in 1821. Like many youths with love for letters, he began mature life as teacher of a country school. He does not seem to have had a college education, but came to Boston to study and practise law.

Mr. Woodman was a rather slight, alert man with reddish hair and English whiskers.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in his memoir of Dana says: "Dr. Gould, the mathematician and astronomer, defined Woodman as 'a genius broker,' and the definition was a happy one, for he had a craving for the acquaintance and society of men of reputation, and, indeed, lacked only the industry to have been a sort of Boswell. . . . An amusing story-teller with a natural eye for character and a well-developed sense of humour, Woodman had at his command an almost inexhaustible fund of anecdotes relating to the men who, in those days, made the Parker House and its somewhat famous restaurant a sort of headquarters. Though, during the Rebellion, he was sufficiently active and prominent to have been offered the position of Assistant Secretary of War, yet in his own mind the great achievement of his life was the founding of the Saturday Club, and his connection with that Club which could only have come about through his being its founder, was the thing on which he most prided himself."

Mr. Woodman was a member of the Adirondack Club from its formation. In their first camp, at Follansbee Pond, Mr. Emerson made some attempts to sketch in verse some of the company, Woodman among others. From his notebook on that occasion the following siftings from various trial-lines are presented: —

WOODMAN

Man of affairs,
Harmonizing oddest pairs
With a passion to unite
Oil and water, if he might;
Loves each in turn, but looks beyond.
Gentle mind, outrageous matter;
Filled with Shakspeare — down to Choate;
His catholic admiration,
Adoring Jesus, can excuse Iscariot.
We that know him
Much we owe him;
Skilled to work in the Age of Bronze;
Loves to turn it to account
Of the helpless, callow brood
From the Muses' mount.
Fond of merit runs the scale
Of genial approbation.
Skilled was he to reconcile
Scientific feud,
To pacify the injured heart
And mollify the rude;
And, while genius he respected,
Hastes to succor the neglected;
And was founder of the Club
Most modest in the famous Hub.

To Emerson, as to all Free-Soilers, the disappointment, the shock of Mr. Choate's indifference, in the matter of the surrender of the poor fugitives Sims and Burns, was very great. To them an immoral law was necessarily void. The legal mind is less revolutionary. Woodman, from the time he came as a young man to Boston, had a hero-worship of Choate. At the time of Choate's death in 1859, Woodman wrote a remarkable article in the *Atlantic*, a tribute of affection as well as admiration, but commanding attention by its style.

Mrs. Florence Hall, daughter of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, remembers Mr. Woodman at their home in her youth, and recalls the fact that he was an excellent story-teller. He could tell Yankee stories very well, having been a schoolmaster "Down-East," she thinks. She speaks of him as a friend of Governor Andrew and her father.

Mr. Woodman was active and public-spirited during war-time. He looked younger than he really was, and was, at that time, probably very near the limit of the military age. When the Union Club was founded, he was one of the early members.

That he should have been thought of for assistant secretary to Stanton in the War Office proves that he was recognized as able and patriotic by Boston's leading loyal men. The following extract from a letter written to him, just after the return of peace, by Mr. Forbes, urging him, as having influence with Stanton, to protest at some ugly doings at Atlanta, ignored and unpunished, — probably against negroes, — shows that Forbes credited Woodman with some force and humanity: —

"It would be of no use for me to say this to Mr. Stanton, who, though always personally courteous, has been led by circumstances, or by some of my politic friends at Washington, to class me among the sentimental theorists and men of but one idea, whom I do not value in action much higher than he does; but if you were to say it for the *Transcript* (his steady advocate and defender) I think he would first correct the abuse, and next give you the means of proving to the public that he had done so, and that he was in earnest in putting his foot hard upon all such offenders."

At one of the Albion dinners which Woodman arranged, a year or so before the Club came into being, he, a skilled *gastronome*, cooked mushrooms on the table. The more rural or ascetic members of the company were unused to this luxury. Dwight was deputed, according to Emerson's journal, to taste and report. He bravely experimented and mildly said, "It tastes like the roof of a house."

Mr. Woodman was married rather late in middle life.

Between 1875 and 1879 he became seriously involved in some

business transactions, and increasingly depressed. He was lost from a steamboat during a trip to New York in 1879.

A lady, who, in her youth, often met Mr. Woodman at her father's house, and in society, tells me that she was much touched by the loyally kind and considerate expressions of members of the Saturday Club with regard to their late friend when she inquired of them about his latter days. She also bore this pleasant testimony: "There is no manner of doubt that Mr. Woodman's admiration of the men of letters and science, for whom his organizing skill and zeal made the wished-for Club a reality, was most earnest and genuine."

At the time of this sad ending it is good to turn forward to our record of April, 1861, and Woodman's inspired poem "The Flag."

E. W. E.

Chapter IV

1857

Go, bid the broad *Atlantic* scroll
Be herald of the free.[1]

Once again the pine-tree sung: —
'Speak not thy speech my boughs among;
Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
My hours are peaceful centuries.'

Emerson, *Woodnotes*

THIS year was remembered with pride and pleasure by the early members because, first, of an event important in the literary history of America in which many of them were concerned and all interested; and, second, of a delightful enterprise, in which many joined. These were the launching of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the founding of the Adirondack Club.

The story of the earnest purpose of Mr. Underwood to found this magazine, and the credit due to him in awakening the interest of Mr. Phillips, the publisher, has been told. Of the membership during the Saturday Club's first twenty years about half were contributors to the *Atlantic*, and many living members have written for it. In the days of its greatest brilliancy it had a hard struggle to float; now, after sixty years of good repute, it enjoys an assured prosperity.

When, in April of this year, Lowell consented to be the Editor, by happy inspiration making it a condition that Holmes should contribute, the wish, long felt, for a magazine worthy of New England was assured of fulfilment. He asked the same favour of Longfellow, who, only promising to write for this magazine, if

[1] In excuse of this perversion of the word Atlantic from its significance in Emerson's Fourth of July Ode in 1857, the Editor may plead; first, that the new magazine soon won its way abroad, and, second, that one of the main purposes of its founding was that it should be an organ of Freedom.

for any, nevertheless did so. Phillips's recruiting dinner, earlier mentioned, occurred early in May, and, in September, the magazine was launched. It was Holmes who christened it "The Atlantic."

It is not worth while here to go further into particulars about this important event, as the whole story, told by most competent writers early connected with the magazine, has been told in the semi-centennial number of the *Atlantic*,[1] as well as in Mr. Scudder's *Life of Lowell*. But it is pleasant to recall that, in the first number, Lowell wrote a sonnet, also his amusing "Origin of Didactic Poetry"; Longfellow his beautiful "Santa Filomena"; William H. Prescott contributed his "Battle of Lepanto"; Motley, "Florentine Mosaics"; Emerson, the poems "Days," "Brahma," "The Romany Girl," and "The Chartist's Complaint," also the essay "Illusions"; and Dr. Holmes, checked, twenty-five years before, by the failure of a magazine in the midst of his serial, began his "Autocrat" contributions thus, "As I was going to say when I was interrupted."[2] Whittier, not a member of the Club, until the next year, gave his "Gift of Tritemius." For the second number Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Cabot, Motley, Whittier, and Emerson of the Club wrote, besides various others. For a long time the names of the writers were not given.

The enterprise that helped to give distinction to this same summer was a sort of crusade on Nature's behalf, preached by an enthusiast, William J. Stillman, and gallantly led by him the following year. Born in the State of New York in uncongenial surroundings, he was led on by insistent Nature through briars that tangled his path to his destiny of art and letters, and chivalrous labours to help oppressed peoples. He had come to New England in 1855, and his fine quality and promise had been at once generously welcomed by Lowell and Norton. Of him Norton wrote: "He interests me greatly. I have never known any one more earnest and faithful in his desire and search for spiritual improve-

[1] November, 1907.

[2] The Doctor, remarking on this early episode, wrote, "The man is father to the boy that was, and I am my own son, as it seems to me, in those papers of the *New England Magazine*." His "son," then, who was untimely nipped in his first autocracy, was but twenty-three years old.

ment. . . . He is too self-introverted to be happy, and the circumstances of his life have been sad. . . . He needs inspiriting." Encouraged and backed by his new friends, Stillman started and conducted *The Crayon*, the first art magazine published in this country. I think that both Norton and Lowell contributed to it, and probably induced others to do so, as well as to subscribe. But the magazine withered soon, born before its time. Stillman, spiritually refreshed, and now inspired by Ruskin's books, went as a painter to struggle with Nature in her most difficult aspect, the primeval scenery of the Adirondack Mountains. Refreshed by the sympathy he had met, and his most fortunate friendships, and with the moral inspiration of this new prophet, cast in beautiful form, Stillman worked alone and faithfully; learned much of painting by doing it. But he found other and valued masters there, and in new and attractive courses, the manly, straightforward pioneers and hunters of the region. They liked him, too, and soon he was their equal, respected as such, with axe and oar and rifle and in the secrets of woodcraft.

In 1857, Stillman determined that his friends must see, and perhaps save, before the chance forever vanished, this virgin relic of the ancient earth, the forest home whence man emerged ages ago to broader horizons of civilization. Lowell was the one through whom to work, and Stillman lured him thither. In August 1857, Norton, writing to Clough, says: "I found Lowell very well and in capital spirits, having just returned from a wild, camping-out journey to the Adirondack Mountains. He has been cutting paths through woods in which no paths had ever been made before, he had shot a bear that was swimming a lake, he had seen herds of wild deer, and measured pine trees whose trunks three men could not clasp around."

Then Stillman found that a tract of some thousands of acres, beautiful Ampersand Pond, with its islands and their gigantic Norway (now called "red") pines, and the encircling mountains, were offered at sheriff's sale because of non-payment of taxes. The price asked was astonishingly low. Lowell interested many members of our Club, and some others, friends and, later, members, and this wild Paradise became theirs, yet subject to re-

demption, which seemed hardly likely and was limited to a few years. Stillman says, "The Lake was a mile and a half long, . . . the forest standing as it had stood before Columbus sailed from Palos."[1] Thus the enterprise was begun and members enlisted in 1857, but the story of their first crusade will appear in its proper place in the following summer.

Longfellow records in his journal an affectionate and moving occasion thus: "May 28, 1857. A rainy day. The fiftieth or golden birthday of Agassiz. We gave him a dinner at Parker's; fourteen of us; at which I presided. I proposed the health of Agassiz and read a poem. Holmes and Lowell read humorous poems which were very clever. We sat down at half-past three and stayed till nine." May 28 seems to have come on Wednesday, that year, so the Club dinner must have been moved forward to meet the occasion. Emerson, in his mention of the occasion in his journal, gives the names of ten whom he counts members, but speaks of Holmes, Felton, Dresel, and Hillard as "strangers" (i.e., outsiders). Holmes, however, had apparently been chosen in at the previous meeting, and Felton certainly was, shortly after. Emerson adds: "Agassiz brought what had just been sent him, the last coloured plates to conclude the volume of his 'Contributions, etc.' which will now be published incontinently. . . . The flower of the feast was the reading of three poems written by our three poets for the occasion, . . . all excellent in their way." This was Longfellow's: —

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ

It was fifty years ago
  In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
  A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
  The child upon her knee,

[1] Through Stillman, the Club bought the entire section (less 500 acres) of the mountains clad with primeval forest, around beautiful Ampersand Pond, 22,500 acres. The price was $600.

Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

Agassiz was deeply moved by the poem, and by the plea. It is a relief and joy to remember that he was with or near his mother at Lausanne throughout the summer of 1859.

Another festivity in which members of the Club took part came on August 7. The date was inconvenient for the regular gathering, so probably many others than members may have joined them in giving this dinner to Motley, who, the year before, having won fame by his *Dutch Republic*, had returned home and was then about to sail for Europe to pursue his great theme in *The United Netherlands*. Holmes read a poem of which a portion is here given:

A PARTING HEALTH

Yes, we knew we must lose him — though friendship may claim
To blend her green leaves with the laurels of fame;
Though fondly, at parting, we call him our own,
'T is the whisper of love when the bugle has blown.

As the rider that rests with the spur on his heel,
As the guardsman that sleeps in his corselet of steel,
As the archer that stands with his shaft on the string,
He stoops from his toil to the garland we bring.

What pictures yet slumber unborn in his loom,
Till their warriors shall breathe, and their beauties shall bloom,
While the tapestry lengthens the life-glowing dyes
That caught from our sunsets the stain of their skies!

In alcoves of death, in the charnels of time,
Where flit the gaunt spectres of passion and crime,
There are triumphs untold, there are martyrs unsung,
There are heroes yet silent to speak with his tongue!

Let us hear the proud story which time has bequeathed,
From lips that are warm with the freedom they breathed!
Let him summon its tyrants, and tell us their doom,
Though he sweep the black past like Van Tromp with his broom!

. . . . . .

The dream flashes by, for the west-winds awake
On pampas, on prairie, o'er mountain and lake,
To bathe the swift bark, like the sea-girdled shrine,
With an incense they stole from the rose and the pine.

So fill a bright cup with the sunlight that gushed
When the dead summer's jewels were trampled and crushed;
The True Knight of Learning, — the world holds him dear, —
Love bless him, Joy crown him, God speed his career!

This year and those that followed were times of much public anxiety and ferment. These drew friends more closely together, and it was well to have dark days lit up by occasional festive gatherings. But also these Club meetings were important for discussion, and it might be to promote individual or concerted action. For the years of Buchanan's Administration, as of Pierce's, were those of constant struggle to keep Kansas and Nebraska free,

and to protect and arm Northern settlers against intimidation and outrage. Free-State men from Kansas, John Brown among them, were telling to audiences in cities and villages throughout New England of the driving of citizens from the polls by raiding parties of Missourians, who then voted in their places, their actions connived at by the Administration. At these meetings money was freely given by rich and poor to encourage settlers from New England, and arm them with Sharps rifles.

Here, in accordance with what has been already told of the order and time of their entry into the Club informally, the sketches of the members chosen in 1857 find place, all of them men of letters and professors in Harvard University, one of whom became its President.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Longfellow, in his childhood in Maine, was spoken of as "the sunlight of the house." In the Portland home were kindly, refined people, and good books. Born a scholar and thirsting for these, he also loved human relations, and, as he grew, was eager, social, and highly vitalized, and his day-dreams only quickened his working-power. He had a healthy soul, and had not the faults often accompanying the artistic temperament.

He graduated at Bowdoin College — Hawthorne was his classmate — in 1825, already having published verses which still hold their place in his collected poems. But prudent elders looked on the law as a less precarious path to success. Providentially, good Madam Bowdoin had willed that, at the college that bore the family name, there should be a professor of the French and Spanish, Italian and German languages. Such was the promise of this youth of nineteen that he received the appointment, with permission to go to Europe for some time to prepare himself. After two years of happy study he filled his place for five years in Bowdoin so well that Harvard called him to succeed George Ticknor as Professor of French and Spanish Languages and Literature and of Belles-Lettres. Again he had the privilege and joy of study and travel on the Continent. After his return to assume his chair in 1836, Cambridge was his home for life, a very homelike and rural Cambridge then. Living at first in the old Stearns house, he was on friendliest terms with his predecessor Ticknor, with Felton, eager scholar, Hillard, a lawyer, but more of a man of letters, and Henry R. Cleveland, then a teacher. So important were they to each other, that they were called "The Mutual Admiration Club," yet within a few years the moral issue of slavery, a shearing sword, divided Longfellow from the others, as it did Dana and Sumner and Dr. Howe. But this same cause drew Longfellow and Lowell — neighbours after Longfellow moved into the Vassall mansion — the more together, close friends while life lasted. All these who follow, being of the brood of Prome-

theus, and not of Epimetheus, without a second thought held out a helping hand to the slave while the tide of society ran strongly against them, but each according to his gift: Sumner in the Senate; Dana in the court-room; Howe in his support to the conscience-guerilla John Brown; Lowell by his trumpet-calls and his satires. But Longfellow in eight short poems showed simply the extreme pathos of the negroes' lot, but with no bitterness towards the slave-holders, for he could see and pity the state of society into which they were born. These poems might well have stirred the consciences of many of the best among them, but Longfellow yielded to his publishers' advice and let them omit these from the edition sold in the South, for which consent he was attacked by the Abolitionists.[1]

Longfellow adorned his professorship for nearly eighteen years. That course, also under Ticknor before him and Lowell his successor, afforded at least one oasis in much dry country. Unhappily its elevating and sweetening effect was lost to all but a few, for it was an "elective." In practical New England, where youths were expecting to be lawyers, doctors, merchants, elementary teachers, the course in Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres was not crowded, though when Southern youths formed a large contingent, it was probably more popular than later. But when one reflects on the hours spent reciting Whately's Logic or Rhetoric, or Bowen's propagandum of Protection exclusively, and the merely grammatical emphasis of many of the instructors in Latin and Greek, one can but regret that this humane course had not been as obligatory as attendance on prayers. Yet we may well guess that Lowell, Norton, Ward, Story, Appleton, and the Perkinses made first acquaintance with Longfellow in classroom, and that their future was affected by his influence.

Though Longfellow does not seem to have been intimate with

[1] But this course perhaps saved for that region the general humanizing influence of the poet, by not risking his general rejection, which some inflammatory newspaper article on the slave poems might have caused. It was well said by Underwood: "A man of Longfellow's quiet, scholarly habits and refined taste could not have been an agitator. The bold denunciation of a Boanerges would ill have befitted his lips. He would have felt out of place upon the platform of an anti-slavery meeting. But his influence, though quiet, was pervasive, and it was a comfort to many earnest men to know that the first scholars and poets were in sympathy with their hopes, their prayers and labours."

Hawthorne in college, his notice of Hawthorne's first tales was kind and helpful, and Hawthorne passed on to Longfellow a sad story of Acadie, told him by another, which came out in beauty from Longfellow's hands and gave him his first wide fame. Its old-world element appealed to Longfellow. Though from youth to age a good American, the first enchantment of Europe always remained with a man, who, in youth, going forth from a forest State, had wandered and tarried in lands of history and romance and art, where the face of Nature and the works of man are mellowed by Time into a new beauty. Although his mansion, with formal grounds, in a quiet university town, and its hospitality to men of letters and distinction from all parts of the world, and his own mild dignity, finished speech, and careful dress, suggested English aristocracy, it must be remembered that the lines of a recent popular poem were most applicable to him, —

> "He lived in a house by the side of the road
> And was the friend of man."

No eight-foot-high wall with its ivy eked out by green broken-glass, nor forbidding serving-men, guarded his privacy. A lord might dine with him one day, and a seedy, almost mendicant teacher or adventurer the next. His hospitality was Arabian. Mr. Norton said that it was the penalty of his genius and kindliness that bores of all nations, especially his own, persecuted him; he would not show his weariness. "One day I ventured to remonstrate with him on his endurance of one of the worst of the class, a wretched creature. . . . He looked at me with a pleasant, reproving, humorous glance and said, 'Charles, who would be kind to him if I were not.'" Within eight months, a Cuban, a Peruvian, a German, and three Italians came to him to get them places in Harvard College, presumably to teach their native tongues. No wonder he chafes in the privacy of his journal, — "I seem to be quite banished from all literary work save that of my professorship! The day is so full of business and people of all kinds coming and going. When shall I have quiet? — and will the old poetic mood come back?" Speaking to Fields of the poems which the mails poured in upon him "for candid judgment," he said: "These

poems weaken me very much. It is like so much water added to the spirit of poetry." He could not but cry out, when alone, and yet was uniformly courteous as well as charitable and kind. Yet, so healthy was his temperament and well poised his character, that during his working years as a professor, in spite of increasing interruptions, his poems sang themselves to him constantly. He not only shot his shafts of light out into the world, but they hit at great distances, and they stuck. His verses early found readers in humble dwellings and log huts, from the Bay of Fundy to the Great Lakes and down along the Mississippi and far beyond, and introduced a love of poetry as no other had, and let in windows in people's lives. The English welcomed and loved them. They soon, in translation, spread throughout Europe, and even Asia and the African shores. A stay-at-home "Travel-Club" in the United States could wander with joy, in his poems, from Bruges to Prague, and thence to Kurdistan; from Norway to Sicily or to Spain. Like Burns, he reached the high and the low. It is said that the "Psalm of Life" is painted on fans in China.

A friend allows me to use this description of Longfellow's outward appearance and kindly interest in college boys a few years before the founding of the Club:[1]—

"In Cambridge, I encountered on my first visit to the post-office a figure standing on the steps, which at once drew my attention. It was that of a man in his best years, handsome, genial of countenance, and well-groomed. A silk-hat surmounted his well-barbered head and visage, a dark frock-coat was buttoned about his form, his shoes were carefully polished, and he twirled a little cane. To my surprise he bowed to me courteously as I glanced up. I was very humble, young Westerner that I was, in the scholastic town, and puzzled by the friendly nod. The man was no other than Longfellow, and in his politeness to me he was only following his invariable custom of greeting in a friendly way every student he met. His niceness of attire rather amused the boys of those days, who, however, responded warmly to his friendliness and loved him much."

Longfellow cared for music, sometimes found solitary enjoy-

[1] From *The Last Leaf*, by Professor James Kendall Hosmer.

ment in playing on the piano in his home. When Ole Bull came to this country in 1845, they became friends, and the young Norseman, in the company at Howe's tavern in Sudbury, "The Wayside Inn," is made to play the part of the bard reciting the saga of King Olaf. Luigi Monti, the Italian exile, also figuring there, was befriended by Longfellow and probably owed to him his place as an instructor in the College and his honorary degree.

In summer Longfellow went to Nahant where he enjoyed Agassiz as a near neighbour. Tom Appleton was sure to be there too, with his yacht, unless he was in Europe. Longfellow's first wife died very early. Later, he married Appleton's sister. Mr. Norton spoke of her as very beautiful, "and her beauty was but the type of the loveliness and nobility of her character." They had, with their children, a most happy home for many years. Then followed the tragedy of Longfellow's life. Her light dress caught fire as she was sealing little packages for her children, and she died of her burns. Her husband was badly burned in his desperate attempt to save her.

"I have never seen any one who bore a great sorrow in a more simple and noble way. But he is very desolate," wrote Mr. Norton. "Of all happy homes theirs was in many respects the happiest. It was rich and delightful, not only in outward prosperity, but in intimate blessings. Those who loved them could not wish for them anything better than they had, for their happiness satisfied even the imagination."

The war had brought its share of anxiety and pain mingled with pride into this home. Young Charles Longfellow was commissioned second lieutenant in the First Massachusetts Cavalry in March, 1863, and suffered a severe wound in the fight at New Hope Church in November.

All through life Longfellow held Dante in the highest honour. In 1849 the poet-professor wrote in his journal: "Work enough upon my hands, with lectures on Dante and the like. Wonderful poet! What a privilege it is to interpret this to young hearts. . . ."

And, three days later: "Longed to write, . . . but was obliged to go to college. Ah, me! and yet what a delight to begin every day with Dante."

And now on the edge of winter, after his bereavement, his brother says that he felt the need of a continuous and tranquil occupation for his thoughts, and, after some months, summoned up resolution to take up again the task of translating Dante, begun years ago and long laid aside. Even in earlier years he had said, "The work diffused its benediction through the day," and now it brought a new blessing, a gathering of his neighbours near to him in old friendship or in love for his loved poet, at regular intervals, in his own home, to hear and discuss his translation. These Wednesday evening meetings went on for more than two years. In March, 1867, Norton wrote: "Longfellow is busy with the final revision of his translation of the *Divina Commedia*, of which the whole is to be published very soon. Every Wednesday evening Lowell and I meet at his house to consider with him the last touches of his work; and on Saturday evenings he and Lowell come to me to read over with me my translation of the *Vita Nuova*, which is to appear as a companion volume to Longfellow's work. These evening studies are delightful; and after we have finished our work we have a little supper to which generally one or two other friends come in, and at which we always have a pleasant time."

Longfellow made his last visit to Europe in 1868–69 with his family and his brother-in-law Appleton. The Queen sent for him to come to see her at Windsor. He received honorary degrees from Cambridge and Oxford Universities. In town and country he was known by high and low and welcomed joyfully. On the Continent he visited all the regions dear to him from their associations. He passed two days with Tennyson in his home. When, two months after his return, he received from him "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Holy Grail," he wrote in his journal, "What dusky splendours of song there are in King Alfred's new volume." It may interest, even startle, the older Harvard graduates of the Club to hear Longfellow's description of Tennyson to Lowell, "If two men should try to look alike, they could not do it better than he and Professor Lovering without trying."

Poems with which Longfellow graced certain special occasions at the Club, or in the memoirs of its members, will be given in

due place. It is pleasant to know, and reassuring as to the human brotherhood at large, that even in this poet's lifetime thanks came to him from all quarters of the globe, directly or indirectly, from young and old whom he had cheered and helped. Since his death has come in a reactionary period against long-received traditions æsthetic, and even the ethical. Longfellow, like Tennyson, has been regarded with superior pity by apostles and practitioners of the rugged, the involved, the lawless in form and subject. He, a man of sweet, wholesome, and normal, did not deal with pathological, but universal, experiences. To him selection, purity, and finish were inevitable.

When age overtook him, Longfellow with brave cheer said, that in its ashes and embers

> "Some living sparks we still discern,
> Enough to warm but not enough to burn.
> The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
> Cut off from labour by the failing light,
> For age is opportunity no less
> Than youth itself, though in another dress,
> And as the evening twilight fades away
> The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

Was it Norton who wrote — "He kept his friendships in excellent repair. He was true to what had been. Remembrance maintained life in the ashes of old affection and he never made his own fame, or his many occupations an excuse for disregarding the claim of a dull acquaintance, or of one failing in the world"? With all his wide fame, this poet was a man of nobility and sweetness, not formal, nor patronizing, highly refined, but also highly human; yet the kind of person whose presence would naturally make it impossible for coarseness or rudeness to get so far as to make reproof essential.

He was spared long debility. His death was from acute peritonitis, March 24, 1882. Emerson went to the last offices with his daughter Ellen. Next day she wrote: "We went yesterday to Mr. Longfellow's funeral. People did not go up to look at him, I don't know why, but as I could see him from where I stood, it seemed as if he must look very beautiful. I think he had a happy

end, his illness was very short. Father says he wanted he should live at least as long as he himself should; he was very sorry to have him die first. We went with Mrs. Agassiz and she said it was the greatest comfort to her to stand with Father by that grave: 'He was one of that group of friends, almost the last, and he himself was half gone to heaven. It seemed good to her to think that the burial, and all this side, was dim to him.' That interested me very much."

Just a month later Emerson died.

Moore's tribute to Campbell comes to mind as fitting Longfellow: —

> "True bard and simple, — as the race
> Of heaven-born poets always are,
> When stooping from their starry place,
> They're children near, but gods afar."

E. W. E.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Of the difficulties which beset the way of the writers of these sketches in the cases of the more eminent and the more popular of the subjects, earlier mention has been made. Dr. Holmes is especially a case in point; versatile, brilliant, active through a very long life, the story of which, fully and excellently told by Mr. John Torrey Morse, is well known. Hence, though that memoir will be here much quoted, I, who was one of Holmes's students, shall introduce, perhaps in undue proportion, some personal recollections.

The late Dr. David Cheever, Dr. Holmes's accomplished assistant at the Medical School, gave interesting memories of that aspect of his chief which I shall here quote, while Mrs. Fields's pleasant words about her next-door neighbour and friend help out the sketch of this many-sided and lovable man.

Since the Reverend Abiel Holmes held so lightly the gift from his wife to him, and to the world, of their firstborn, merely writing in his journal of 1809, under the date of August 29, "son b.," it is the more interesting to see how strongly the youth, his merry school and college days past, felt his own budding powers. Once in Paris, in the face of the good clergyman's misgivings, he urged his right to time and money to make sure of their best development. Oliver's letters, youthfully inconsiderate of sacrifices which his education perhaps meant to his parents, show that he saw that Paris then was the centre of a scientific practice hitherto unknown in medicine, and that he was determined to gain all that he could of knowledge, theoretical and practical. The eager student asks his father, dubious about Paris: "What better can be done with money than putting the means of instruction — the certain power of superiority, if not of success — into the hands of one's children? Besides, economy, in one sense, is too expensive for a student. I say freely that a certain degree of ease connected with my manner of living — a tolerably good dinner, a nice book when I want

it, and that kind of comforts — are in the place of theatres and parties, for which I have less taste than many good fellows of my acquaintance. . . . Once for all, I say that you may trust me. . . . To conclude, a boy is worth his manure as much as a potato patch, and I have said all this because I find it costs rather more to do things than to talk about them."

Fortunately, for the youth, it might take his father's letters six weeks to come, his answer as long, and the father's answer to that as long. Also his uncle by marriage, Dr. James Jackson, the best physician in Boston, knew how invaluable were his opportunities. The great physician of Paris, Louis, quickly recognized Holmes's zeal and ability, and gave him free access and special privileges in his hospital wards, and used his help in the details of a work he was preparing for publication. Holmes succeeded in staying abroad for more than two years, then returned, took his degree in Medicine, joined the Massachusetts Medical Society, and put out his sign.

It is a curious fact that Holmes, like Longfellow and Lowell, under the influence of the elders, on leaving college tried to study law, — what an interesting type of lawyer he would have been, — but he quickly left that soil to lie fallow for his son to till. But, though the priestly office was, in Holmes's youth, inconceivable for him, any one who will read his letters to his friend, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe,[1] in later years will see that he might well have replaced the preacher in many a pulpit. Though certain unworthy types of clergymen were objects of his unsparing attack, this doctor, in the end, reached the souls of more hearers than his father did in the very human, searching, and purifying preaching in his books.

The grafting of medicine on to a Puritan clerical stock, the re-potting into the Conservatory of Paris, the transplantation, after several years of vigorous culture, back to the native soil, gave a wonderfully successful hybrid, — a small, hardy perennial, not notably medicinal, yet a good test of medicine, blossoming singularly and sometimes beautifully, and bearing sweet, wholesome, and spicy fruit.

[1] See Morse's *Oliver Wendell Holmes*, vol. II, pp. 225–55.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It turned out that it was the joy of the study, under the leading masters of medicine and surgery which were then passing from the empirical to the scientific stage, that had stirred his enthusiasm. However, he had the honour and satisfaction of being one of the visiting medical staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital for three years, besides some private practice. Mr. Morse in his memoir, from which he allows me to quote freely, says, "I have been told that he never could become indifferent to the painful scenes of the sick-room, and of course when friends and neighbours were the sufferers he did not find his heart hardened." Chivalrous and sympathetic with regard to women, in his books, he everywhere recognizes the delicacy of their organization and cautions the coarser sex in the words which the French toy-makers print on the boxes, "*Il ne faut pas brutaliser la machine.*" He would have cautioned the doctor or nurse dealing with the neurotic man or hysterical woman to remember George Herbert's ideal man, —

> "Who, when he hath to deal
> With sick folk, women, those whom passions sway,
> Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;
> Whom others' faults do not defeat,
> But, though men fail him, yet his part doth play."

In after life Holmes admitted that he did not make any strenuous efforts to obtain business. But Holmes had a critical mind. Delicate, scientific diagnosis is one thing; what to do about the case quite another. Old-time multiple and drastic prescriptions to expel the disease, and bleeding even to a dangerous extent for all fevers, were still expected. Physiology was in its infancy, as was chemistry. Accurate study of the action of separate drugs on the organism was hardly begun. Dr. Holmes would hardly care to be merely, — to use his own words, —

> "Planting little pills,
> The seeds of certain annual fruit
> Well known as 'little bills.'"

He was bright enough to welcome and believe in Dr. Jacob Bigelow's startling paper, published about the time of Holmes's return from abroad, maintaining that almost any disease was self-

limited if the patient had strength enough to weather, for a week or so, it, *and* the mediæval medication.

So, very soon, the young man's instinct for writing and love of versifying asserted themselves. He delivered the Phi Beta Kappa Poem in 1836 at Harvard, at the time he took his medical degree, and actually sent forth his first volume of poems before the year ended. In 1845, to his great pleasure, a door opened letting him out from medical practice, but yet leading into a way, for which his faithful study had admirably fitted him, along which he gladly travelled for thirty-five years. This was a professorship, first at Dartmouth College for two years, then in the Harvard Medical school, of Anatomy and Physiology. These were the nominal subjects, and admirably taught, until, in Physiology, laboratory methods and animal experiment superseded didactic instruction, when this subject was dropped from his teaching; but, when he began, he was in advance of almost any one here, because, in Paris, he had begun histological study with the microscope, and that instrument remained through life his favourite toy. In gross anatomy he was a master and interested his pupils as no other could.

Dr. David Cheever, his accomplished prosector, has given this admirable picture of the Professor at the school, then and for some years later, in North Grove Street:—

"Four hours of busy dissection have unveiled a portion of the human frame, insensate and stark, on the demonstrating table. Muscles, nerves, and blood vessels unfold themselves in unvarying harmony, if seeming disorder, and the 'subject' is nearly ready to illustrate the lecture. . . . The winter light, snowy and dull, enters through one tall window, bare of curtain, and falls upon a lead floor . . . and there is naught to inspire the intellect or the imagination, except the marvellous mechanism of the poor dead body. . . .

"To such a scene enters the poet, the writer, the wit, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Few readers of his prose or poetry could dream of him as here, in this charnel-house, in the presence of death. The very long, steep, and single flight of stairs leading up from the street below resounds with a double and laboured tread, the door opens, and a small, gentle, smiling man appears, supported

by the janitor, who often has been called on to help him up the stairs. Entering, and giving a breathless greeting, he sinks upon a stool and strives to recover his asthmatic breath. . . . Anon recovering, he brightens up, and asks, 'What have you for me today?' and plunges, knife in hand, into the 'depths of his subject,' — a joke he might have uttered. . . .

"Meanwhile the Professor has been running about, now as nimble as a cat, selecting plates, rummaging the dusty museum for specimens, arranging microscopes, and displaying bones. The subject is carried on a board into the arena, decorously disposed, and is always covered, at first, from curious eyes, by a clean white sheet. Respect for poor humanity and admiration for God's divinest work is the first lesson and uppermost in the poet-lecturer's mind."

To Dr. Cheever's memories I add my own of a few years later:—

Meantime both staircases leading to the anatomical lecture-room were, for twenty minutes before the lecture, daily packed with struggling youths, and, when the bolts were drawn, it was as if a dam had burst and a torrent poured down the steep amphitheatre and flooded its seats. Such a sight was seen at no other lecture. It was not only due to Dr. Holmes's exact technical knowledge and thorough demonstration of the dissection of the day, for the idlest and rudest students eagerly attended.

To his title "Professor of Anatomy and Physiology" might well have been added "and the Humanities." He divested the cast-off human chrysalis of all gruesome associations, treated it reverently, summoned to counsel the old Masters of Anatomy, Albinus and the rest, and its martyr too, Vesalius, to praise the good work of his prosector and his student assistants. His illustrations were poetic, his similes most fortunate, and the lecture, though conversational in tone, was a rhetorical masterpiece.

Then the word passes among the young barbarians that this man has written a book, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, which they presently got, and read, and lent,—very likely their first improving book, — a liberal education in itself, betraying them by its sparkling shallows into deeper basins where per-

chance they learned to swim, or could flounder through till they felt firm bottom again.

Dr. Holmes was Professor of Physiology too, the last to teach in the didactic way — he welcomed the laboratory method when it came in younger hands, always provided that experiments were done under anæsthetics. The instruction was valuable and always civilizing. Ancient and modern literature, mechanics, optics (he was one of the first apostles here of the microscope with its beautiful and helpful revelations), psychology, behaviour, humanity, and religion found place in his instruction; yet he had a sense of proportion and subordinated them.

No question could remain in any student's mind whether the Doctor loved his teaching. We could see how he enjoyed the perfect service of his faithful handmaiden, Memory, secure in her prompting as to the complicated branches of each artery and the wonderful district-service of the nerves, and the Latin name of each. He never had notes to help him. We were narcotized by bad air, but he made it his business to make learning so entertaining, and startle flagging attention by some surprising remark, that we could n't go to sleep.

The Doctor's wit was admirable, and he seldom let it run away with him. His singular skill in running over the thin ice of subjects not usually allowed in general conversation was a temptation to him, but he usually accomplished it brilliantly. His literary armory was full of shining weapons wrought by him from physiological and even pathological material. May I be pardoned, for its wit's sake, for recalling some of his extraordinary rhetoric in the lectures? What could be happier as a simile than, when enumerating the advances of medical science, and dwelling on the value of pathological anatomy, he admits that the individual examined is not benefited thereby, adding, "After all, it is a good deal like inspecting what remains of the fireworks on the fifth of July." When describing the regulation of the circulation in the skin through the action of the vaso-motor nerves on the arterioles in sudden fear, constricting them and producing pallor, or through inhibitory action, suddenly relaxing and filling the surface capillaries with blood — he suddenly added, "that pleasing phenome-

non which some of you may witness on the cheek of that young person whom you expect to visit this evening." Alluding to the shortening of the face in age by the loss of teeth and absorption of the sockets, he said, "You have, no doubt, noticed the extraordinary way in which elderly people will suddenly shut up their faces like an accordion." And, praising the modern dentists for their skilful repairing of the ravages of time, he said, "Had your art been thus perfected in the last century, we should not now see the Father of his Country, in Stuart's portrait, his attention divided between the cares of the State and the sustaining of his uppers in position." His poems often show what he would have delighted to demonstrate, how the facial muscles with which we laugh and cry lie side by side.

The Doctor's wit lightened the hour, but it fixed the point illustrated in the student's mind. But there was another side. He was a Poet-Anatomist, a Poet-Physiologist, and a Poet-Microscopist. To Dollond's success in making the microscope achromatic the victories of modern histology are due. Hear how the Doctor presents the matter: "Up to the time of the living generation Nature had kept over all her inner workshops the forbidding inscription *NO ADMITTANCE*. If any prying observer ventured to spy through his magnifying tubes into the mysteries of her glands and canals and fluids, she covered up her work in blinding mists and bewildering haloes, as the deities of old concealed their favoured heroes in the moment of danger." See in what follows how even in inspection of the organs of perished mortality, he makes a poem of creation out of the poor dust: "Cells pave the great highway of the interior system. The Soul itself sits on a throne of nucleated cells, and flashes its mandates through skeins of glassy filaments which once were simple chains of vesicles."

About the time when the Doctor gave up practice, the Lyceum system, rapidly spreading from New England through the land, gave him, with his knowledge, wit, and originality, ready and secure opportunity of earning by lecturing, but he was too much of a "Cit" to take and enjoy the chances of an itinerant lecturer, and his real sufferings from asthma in a new bed made him gladly

abandon this source of revenue. But he enjoyed composing, and much more, delivering a poem on festive or literary occasions, especially if there were a chance for a slap, not spiteful, at the professions — for their good. Of these occasions he said, "To write a lyric is like having a fit; you can't have one when you wish you could (as, for instance, when your bore is in his third hour and having it all his own way), and you can't help having it when it comes itself."

Dr. Holmes lived first in Montgomery Place (now Bosworth Street); then in Charles Street, finally in a Beacon Street house, —

> "Such a one
> In yonder street which fronts the sun,"

as the modest youth in his humbler days had coveted, but with the added charm of a clear view of the sunset sky beyond, the broad horizon, and the spires of his native town. Thence he wrote to Motley: "We poor Bostonians come to think at last that there is nothing like it in the *orbs terrarum*. I suppose it sounds, to one who is away, like the Marchioness with her orange-peel and water." However, for seven years he owned an ancestral place at Pittsfield, to which he went in summer, but it was too far from beloved Boston. Yet the love for the country, and knowledge of country folks of various types, there acquired, were invaluable to him for his later writings, poems or prose.

The Hub was world enough for Holmes, as London was for Johnson, and he did it justice, and justified it. Partly because of his utter love for it, partly because of his asthma, he almost never roamed. I think he never saw nor had any conception of the great West with its new ambitions, cravings for vast elbow-room, and its aversion, having set its hand to the prairie plough, to look back to the sweet associations of the Past.

Those not born on the banks of the Charles, and who find that their preceding generations will not fulfil the numerical conditions that the good Doctor requires for recognition as belonging to the *Brahmin caste*, may naturally chafe or laugh at his limitations, but, if they read his work through, they will easily pardon him, "*because he loved much*," and learn to love him. They may have

heard the rumour that even St. Peter was reported to have whispered to a good Boston man as he passed him through the golden gates, "You won't like it."

Well, seated on the Hub then — he might have had a worse chair — this charming and frankly avowed egotist — the reproach of the name being neutralized by the size of his heart and the humanity and culture of his mind — proceeded on a university-extension and home-culture plan as Autocrat, Professor, and Poet, to ameliorate the world. He surely accomplished much.

Dr. Holmes knew that it was time for him to resign his place at the Medical School when the life of a new generation was beginning to transform it; yet opportunities for wider use had been opened to him. Called to help out a literary venture, he created here a chair with thousands in America and Europe on the benches. When pestered beyond his usual courteous tolerance by a lady correspondent from California, he wrote to a friend, "If she does n't jump into the Pacific, I shall have to leap into the Atlantic — I mean the original damp spot so called." Perhaps not thus driven, but lured in by his friend Lowell's persuasion, Dr. Holmes soon found himself, indeed, suddenly immersed in the *Atlantic* — the Monthly this time — and no one can doubt that he enjoyed it; and alike this sport and his stout swimming delighted the on-looking multitudes.

Mr. Emerson wrote in his journal in 1862: "Holmes came out late in life, with a strong, sustained growth for two or three years, like old pear trees which have done nothing for ten years, and at last begin and grow great." And again, later: "By his perfect finish, cabinet finish, gem finish, gem carved with a microscope or the carver's eye, and which perfection appears in every conversation; and in his part in a business debate, or at a college dinner-table, as well as in his songs, — he resembles Fontenelle, and Galiani, and Moore, though richer than either of them. Wonderful fertility, and aptness of illustration. He is an Illustrated Magazine with 20,000 accurate engravings."

Mr. Emerson also has preserved one of the Doctor's neat jokes: "When Andrew P. Peabody had been president *pro tem.* of the University a long time, and had been a favoured candidate

for the Chair, and Hill was elected, Dr. Holmes said: '*Sic vos non vobis nidificatis apes.*'" [1]

Dr. Holmes's biographer thinks that his prizing the Club so highly was partly the result of his limited sphere of life. Had he, from wider travel and acquaintance, become cosmopolitan, "the Club would for him have assumed proportions more accurately adapted to the Universe in general. But in the little narrow Boston routine these monthly gatherings were like nuggets of glittering gold scattered in a gravel field."

A large part of the Doctor's happiness at these dinners was his enjoyment of his talk to, as well as with, these former acquaintances, now become fast friends.

In the introduction to his *A Mortal Antipathy*, published in 1890, he made the following remarkable statement, showing his pride and faith in Boston with no false modesty, and yet, if we extend his date, as he probably did unconsciously, from 1857 to 1874, his boast might well be admitted. For then, to the roll of the Club had been added the names of Prescott, Whittier, Hawthorne, Parkman, Norton, and Howells, in pure letters, Sumner and Charles Francis Adams as statesmen and scholars, and the eminent men of science, pure or applied, Asa Gray, Jeffries Wyman, the younger Agassiz, and Dr. S. G. Howe. Holmes wrote: "When, a little while after the establishment of the new magazine, the 'Saturday Club' gathered about the long table at 'Parker's,' such a representation of all that was best in American literature had never been collected within so small a compass. Most of the Americans whom educated foreigners cared to see — leaving out of consideration official dignitaries whose temporary importance makes them objects of curiosity — were seated at that board." When Holmes was told that some outsiders amused them-

[1] A condensation by the Doctor of two verses in the *Georgics* of Virgil on the altruism of creatures: —

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves.

Not for yourselves, O bees, you honey make,
Not for yourselves, birds, do you build the nests.

The transposition of final words gives for result,

Not for yourself, A. P.s, you build a nest.

selves by calling the Club "The Mutual Admiration Society," "If there was not," said he, "a certain amount of 'mutual admiration' among some of those I have mentioned, it was a great pity, and implied a defect in the nature of men who were otherwise largely endowed."

Mr. Morse tells the unhappy truth: "If Dr. Holmes's talk had been remembered in quotable shape anywhere, it would have been so in Boston, and if there were such reminiscences here, I think that I should be familiar with them; but I know of nothing of the sort. His talk is remembered as the scenery of the clouds is remembered, a picture dwelling in the mind, but never to be produced to eyes which looked not upon it. . . ." And so it was with the others.

Mr. James T. Fields was not only Dr. Holmes's publisher, but he and his accomplished and hospitable wife were, for years, his close neighbours. Mrs. Fields, in the last years of her life, took much interest in the proposed chronicle of the Club and gave me leave to draw freely upon her memories in her journals and books. She thus describes her friend: —

"Nothing could be further from the ordinary idea of the romantic 'man of genius' than was his well-trimmed little figure, and nothing more surprising and delightful than the way in which his childlikeness of nature would break out and assert itself. . . .

"Given a dinner-table, with light and colour and somebody occasionally to throw the ball, his spirits would rise and coruscate astonishingly. He was not unaware if men whom he considered his superiors were present; he was sure to make them understand that he meant to sit at their feet and listen to them, even if his own excitement ran away with him. 'I've talked too much,' he often said, with a feeling of sincere penitence, as he rose from the table. 'I wanted to hear what our guest had to say.' But the wise guest, seizing the opportunity, usually led Dr. Holmes on until he forgot that he was not listening and replying. . . .

"His reverence was one source of its inspiration, and a desire to do well everything which he undertook. He was a faithful friend and a keen appreciator, and he disliked to hear depreciation of others."

Of the Doctor in his writings his own words may well be quoted. He is

> "A Boswell, writing out himself;
> For though he changes dress and name,
> The man beneath is still the same,
> Laughing or sad, by fits and starts,
> One actor in a dozen parts;
> And whatsoe'er the mask may be,
> The voice assures us, *This is he.*"

Of course there was egotism; he always admitted it freely, but it was childlike, pleasant and also scientific.

Mrs. Fields said that there was nothing left to say of him which he did not cheerfully and truthfully say of himself. "I am intensely interested in my own personality," he began, one day; "but we are all interesting to ourselves, or ought to be. I know I am, and I see why. We take, as it were, a mould of our own thought. Now, let us compare it with the mould of another man on the same subject. His mould is either too large or too small, or the veins and reticulations are altogether different. No one mould fits another man's thought. It is our own, and as such, has especial interest and value."

"Talk," said he to Mr. Leslie Stephen, "is to me only spading up the ground for new crops of thought." When opening conversation with another his look of expectation of something good was in itself a compliment, but hard to live up to.

The Doctor was courteous in conversation, but Wit, at his elbow, often sorely tempted him in speech or in writing not to miss a happy opening. His friend said, "His sole aim was to hit the mark if possible, but, if a shot hit a head also, he showed a childlike pride in the achievement."

He left the practice of medicine early because as yet it was too unscientific, and he did not like to earn money by it. Writing in other sorts drew him strongly. But he had one great fitness for the profession, his humanity. That basal principle of a doctor's work, in spite of his playful — and helpful — banter, made him more respectful to that than to the other "learned professions." Reverence and religion were never absent from his nature. Yet, as

he did not spare his own profession, so he allowed no "benefit of clergy" to shield the Doctor of the Soul from his formidable wit or wrath, if in intelligence or virtue he did shame to his cloth. His delightful simile of the spirited persecution by the little kingbird of the black-robed crow well describes his own course. Especially did he deride the violent and vain struggle of the narrow clergy to blind themselves and their flocks against the light of science. What could be neater than this parable? —

"As feeble seabirds, blinded by the storms,
On some tall lighthouse dash their little forms,
And the rude granite smashes for their pains,
Those small deposits that were meant for brains,
Yet the proud fabric in the morning sun
Stands all unconscious of the mischief done,
Gleams from afar, all heedless of the fleet
Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.
I tell their fate, yet courtesy disclaims
To call mankind by such ungentle names;
Yet when to emulate their course ye dare
Think of their doom, ye simple, and *beware!*"

I think it was in connection with the shock that the clergy experienced when Darwin's doctrine of Evolution was first announced that Dr. Holmes most happily utilized the story, told in the Acts of the Apostles, of the letting down from heaven before the startled Peter, in a vision, a sheet gathered at the corners, in which he saw beasts of all kinds, clean and unclean, and the Divine bidding came, "Kill and eat." The shocked apostle drew back exclaiming, "Not so, Lord, for nothing common or unclean hath at any time entered into my mouth." But the voice of the great Lawgiver came, sternly superseding the Mosaic law, — "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

A close friendship existed between Dr. Holmes and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in the latter part of their lives. The cruel man-made dogmas in which both had been brought up, and the question of Sin, exercised them through life. Dr. Holmes wrote to her, "I do not believe that you or I can ever get the iron of Calvinism out of our souls." It seems, from the letters, to have rankled most in Mrs. Stowe. The Doctor found in anatomy, physiology,

and surgery everywhere evidence of beneficent wisdom, and yet some terrors from his childhood seem to have lurked in him. He wrote: "My creed is to be found in the first two words of the *Pater Noster*. I know there is a great deal to shake it in the natural order of things. . . . But I see no corner of the Universe which the Father has wholly deserted. The forces of Nature bruise and wound our bodies, but an artery no sooner bleeds than the Divine hand is placed upon it to stay the flow. . . . We cannot conceive of a Father's allowing so limited a being as his human child to utterly ruin himself." He postulates that "the Deity must be at least as good as the best conscious being that he makes," and shows the blasphemy of "supposing this world a mere trap, baited with temptations of sense which only Divine ingenuity could have imagined," to catch for endless torture most of the race, and especially the hopelessly ignorant with no wholesome opportunities.

Dr. Holmes recognized that a large part of the criminals punished, through all the ages, were "defectives," whose misdeeds were automatic, long before this fact was generally recognized by physicians, or at all in courts of justice. He humanely urged its consideration, in his stories, and, later, in the *Atlantic* (April, 1875) in a paper called "Moral Automatism."

I quote from an article in the *London Quarterly Review* the following: "He was well described by Miss Mitford in 1851 as a small, compact, little man, the delight and ornament of every society he enters, buzzing about like a bee, or fluttering like a hummingbird, exceedingly difficult to catch unless he be really wanted for some kind act, and then you are sure of him."

Dr. Holmes was, of course, sorry that he was not beautiful. In sending his photograph to a lady who had asked for it, he wrote, "Nature did not ask my advice about my features, and I take what was given me and am glad it is no worse." And to another, "The photograph is a fair portrait enough; but I do not think my face is a flattering likeness of myself. . . . I have always considered my face a convenience rather than an ornament."

Of her neighbour Mrs. Fields says, "Conventionalities had a strong hold upon him . . ." although Dr. Holmes's conventions

were more easily shuffled off than a casual observer would believe.

It has been said by a friend that he was not altruistic. True, but in his own way he was an active helper of mankind, civilizing, then advancing the knowledge, of hearers and readers, in a brilliant, cheery way — making them remember.

But one great service must by no means be forgotten. How many a young mother has been saved to her husband and children because of the courage, the determination, and ability with which the young Dr. Holmes insisted, in the face of fierce opposition by the learned doctors and eminent professors, that the deadly poison of child-bed fever can be carried by the physician to new cases. His opponents, two leading obstetricians of the country, attacked the young doctor with blind abuse. He quietly republished his article, asking that the case be temperately and scientifically considered. He said: "I take no offence, and attempt no retort. No man makes a quarrel with me over the counterpane that covers a mother, with her new-born infant at her breast. There is no epithet in the vocabulary of slight and sarcasm that can reach my personal sensibilities in such a controversy. . . . Let it be remembered that *persons* are nothing in this matter; better that twenty pamphleteers should be silenced, or as many professors unseated, than that one mother's life should be taken."

Dr. Holmes bore with courage and sweetness the successive bereavements which befel him in the last ten years of his life, — — his younger son, his wife, and his only daughter. Meantime with manly patience and even an outward cheerful bearing, he suffered from increasing weakness and difficulty of breathing. Yet he received and even invited to walk with him the many friends who gladly came to him at Boston or Beverly Farms. He watched his growing old with a half-humorous physiological interest. Death came to him with little distress, sitting in his chair.

Mr. Morse quotes his pleasant words, most fitting to end this sketch: —

"I have told my story. I do not know what special gifts have been granted or denied me; but this I know, that I am like so

many others of my fellow-creatures, that when I smile, I feel as if they must; when I cry, I think their eyes fill; and it always seems to me that when I am most truly myself I come nearest to them, and am surest of being listened to by the brothers and sisters of the larger family into which I was born so long ago."

E. W. E.

CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON

Felton, the future scholar, varied writer, professor, and finally President of Harvard University, was born at Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1807, the same year with Agassiz and Longfellow. His parents, quiet New England country-folk, must have seen that they had a boy worth educating.

A friend of Felton's wrote that Mr. Simeon Putnam, of North Andover, who prepared young Felton for college at his private school, awakened in him such an enthusiasm for classical study that before going to college he had read Sallust, Virgil, Cicero's Orations, each several times; that he could repeat much of the poetry of the Græcia Minora from memory; also had read all of Tacitus and large portions of Xenophon and the Iliad, and the Greek Testament four times. More astonishing yet, he also brought with him to college a translation of the whole of Grotius's *De Veritate*. He suffered the penalty for this overwork for years, and yet he did extra work in college on Hebrew and the modern languages, and largely supported himself by teaching. He is said to have been a rather rough boy when he came to college, but to have smoothed off rapidly. He taught for a time in Mr. Cogswell's admirable Round Hill School at Northampton. Forbes and Appleton, some four years younger than Felton, were scholars there.

Though a wonderful scholar, zealous and enthusiastic, he lacked the faculty of arousing these qualities in unregenerate sophomores or lazy juniors. He was unsympathetic, and, unlike Mr. Gurney, too readily reacted to their "natural enemies" theory, the curse of colleges. Yet one of his younger Cambridge neighbours says that his knowledge and enthusiasm made him, in Europe, a delightful travelling companion, knowing everything interesting about places, their history, and also their legends. A friend said that he especially cared to study the Greek mind and life in the best period. "To him, therefore, the life of Greece consisted, not solely in its great men, but in the euphonics of its words and in the rhythm of its periods, . . . and those works of its sculptors

and founders which immortalized over again the materials of a literature already immortal."

Felton was a large, burly man with a head of unusual size, a short neck and a dark, rubicund complexion, the type that used to be called apoplectic. He was impulsive, easily moved, though genial. His head was further magnified by a mass of curly black hair.

The Mutual Admiration gathering of young Felton and his early friends in Cambridge has been told of in the sketch of Longfellow. In the stormy political issues that soon arose, Hillard, Cleveland, and Felton were more conservative; then Longfellow parted from them on the moral issues. Felton was a frequent contributor to the *North American Review*. He backed Longfellow against the defamations of Poe. Longfellow had translated a ballad that he found in German into English. Poe recognized in it the Scotch ballad "Bonnie George Campbell." It seems that a German had translated it and Longfellow innocently translated it back, not knowing the original. Poe publicly charged him with fraud.

Felton was most agreeable and fresh-spirited with every one he met. He had a cordial, delightful laugh. In one of Lowell's essays on Cambridge in old times, he described Felton telling a good story, "his great laugh expected all the while from deep vaults of chest, and then coming in at the close, hearty, contagious, mounting with the measured tread of a jovial butler who brings ancientest good-fellowship from exhaustless bins, and enough, without other sauce, to give a flavour of stalled ox to a dinner of herbs."

Francis H. Underwood writes thus pleasantly of the Professor's redeeming breadth and mellowness: "The exclusive pursuit of scholastic and scientific studies is often a desiccating process; and the man who can toss the moons of Saturn for their avoirdupois, or discourse on the *Kritik* of Kant, or annotate the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, is often only an intellectual machine. He may be the more perfect machine for his self-denial, but he is so much the less a well-developed man. Felton was one who toiled furiously and long, and then, when the time came, was a genial and cloud-dispelling talker, accompanying the wisdom or wit of the company with a merriment fit for Olympus on a holiday."

Here also is a pleasant testimony from England. John Forster wrote to Longfellow in 1843: "How I envy you the intercourse with Felton! What a creature to love he is. How justly, and with what heart, he writes!"

Felton's industry was great, and much of it, we must think, on things which he was drawn to, and so, as William Morris said good work should become, a joy to the maker as well as to him into whose hand it falls. Here is a case in point. Few boys are drawn to Greek in college. There are other reasons, but here is certainly one: The preparatory study for the last fifty years has been the Anabasis and the first three books of the Iliad. For twenty years before, boys prepared on a varied and charming selection made by Felton from Æsop, Lucian, chapters from Xenophon, especially the highly interesting Cyropædia, a book of Herodotus, a bit of Thucydides, odes of Anacreon, an extract from each of the three great tragedians, an episode from the Odyssey, an ode of Sappho and of Simonides, and, last, the beautiful Epitaph on Bion by Moschus. A boy with any literary response could, thus prepared, hardly fail to remember things in this book with pleasure and take some interest in the Greeks, their art, their language, and their country. The present writer, no scholar, here renders thanks for the good and lasting gifts of Cornelius Felton to him in that work.

The Professor's tastes and gifts led him to work in manifold directions. Mr. Underwood said, "His heart was always divided between his beloved Greeks and the men who were carrying on the literary work of the day." He enjoyed helping Longfellow, translating some of the poetry, old or modern, for his collection, *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*. Each year he worked upon and often issued some edition of a classic author, translated some important work, like Menzel's *German Literature*, or wrote for some encyclopædia. He was a frequent contributor to the *North American Review*. In 1848, Guyot came to Boston to lecture, and for two years made his home in Cambridge near Agassiz, his friend. Felton translated Guyot's *Earth and Man* into English.

At last Felton had the joy of visiting Europe. He sailed in 1853 and stayed abroad more than a year, giving half his time to

Greece, there seeing at last the gleaming marble of the Acropolis among its flowers, between stately Lycabettus and the storied Ægean. Once again he went thither, but that was when his health and strength were failing. When Dr. Howe returned from Crete in 1867 he told Dana that Byron and Felton were idolized among the Greeks.

The year after Felton's first return he was included in the forming Club, brought in, of course, by his neighbour Agassiz — they had now the bond of having married sisters — and Longfellow and Lowell, who knew his social qualities as well as his varied gifts. Of the original fourteen of the Club, probably all were opposed to slavery except Peirce and Felton. The astronomer was bound to the South by strong friendships, and the scholar, though praising the Greeks in their struggle for liberty, was actively hostile to an agitation to free negroes which might endanger the peace and union of the States. Hence a coolness had sprung up between him and Abolitionists, especially Howe and Sumner, once his close friends. In the Kansas agitation Longfellow wrote: "Felton is quite irritated with Sumner about politics. I hope it will not end in an open rupture; but I much fear it will." But his eyes were opened by the march of events, and in March, 1856, just after the dastardly, murderous assault on Sumner sitting in his desk in the Senate Chamber, Longfellow writes, — "At dinner, — let me record it to his honour, — Felton, who has had a long quarrel with Sumner, proposed as a toast, 'the reëlection of Charles Sumner.'" This toast may have been at the Club dinner and must have been a great relief to rather strained relations.

Senator George F. Hoar, in his account of *Harvard Sixty Years Ago*, thus speaks of Felton in somewhat superlative fashion: "The Greek Professor was the heartiest and jolliest of men. He was certainly one of the best examples of a fully rounded scholarship which this country or, perhaps, any country ever produced. He gave, before the Lowell Institute, a course of lectures on 'Greece, Ancient and Modern,' into which is compressed learning enough to fill a large encyclopædia. . . . Professor Felton was a very impulsive man, though of great dignity and propriety in his general

bearing." The Senator illustrates these qualities, and also the Professor's love for the purest English, in the following reminiscence: His brother, John Brooks Felton, twenty years younger than he, was the most brilliant scholar in his class. Just before his graduation he was reported to the Faculty for the offence of swearing in the college yard. The usual punishment then was a "public admonition" and this involved further a deduction of sixty-four scholarship marks, also a letter to the parent. But the Faculty were merciful in this case and ordained that Professor Felton should admonish his brother in private. Cornelius was respected by the young sinner rather as a father than a brother. He sent for John and thus began: "'I cannot tell you how mortified I am that my brother, in whose character and scholarship I had taken so much pride, should have been reported to the Faculty for this vulgar and wicked offence.' The contrite John said, 'I am exceedingly sorry. It was under circumstances of great provocation. I have never been guilty of such a thing before and have never in my life been addicted to profanity.' 'Damnation! John,' broke in the Professor, 'how often have I told you the word is *profaneness*, and not profanity!'"

I quote from the journal of Longfellow an instance of Felton's as well as Lowell's, wit at a dinner where were present six members of the Club-to-be three years later: "January 5th, 1853. Lowell gave a supper to Thackeray. The other guests were Felton, Clough,[1] Dana, Dr. Parsons, Fields, Edmund Quincy, Estes Howe, and myself. We sat down at ten and did not leave the table till one. Very gay, with stories and jokes. 'Will you take some port?' said Lowell to Thackeray. 'I dare drink anything that becomes a man,' answered the guest. 'It will be a long while before that becomes a man,' said Lowell. 'Oh, no,' cried Felton, 'it is *fast turning into* one.' As we were going away Thackeray said, 'We have stayed too long.' 'I should say,' replied the host, 'one long and too short, — a dactylic supper.'"

In 1860, when Dr. Walker resigned the presidency of Harvard University, Professor Felton was chosen as his successor. This was through the urgency and influence of Agassiz and Peirce, who

[1] Arthur Hugh Clough, the English scholar and poet.

were eager that the college should really be broadened into a university worthy of the name, and the uniform undergraduate classical and mathematical departments should not be all in all, and that the Schools, Scientific and Medical, should have their due rank and importance. Felton was their friend, and no doubt under their influence. But such changes could not be rapidly made. The governing body and the influential Alumni must first be converted.

President Felton was already a sick man with but two years of life before him. In these no great change appeared in the college policy. President Eliot, then one of the younger professors, speaks of President Felton as very pleasant and social. After Faculty meetings he liked to have a little simple supper for his special friends among the members, at his house, close by, and so was in a hurry to adjourn the meeting and get to it.

The following extracts are from Longfellow's journal in 1862: —

"February 27th. My birthday. Translated Canto XXIII of *Paradiso*. News comes of Felton's death at his brother's, in Chester, near Philadelphia. I go down to see Agassiz, and find him in great distress. Dear, good Felton! how much he is beloved!"

"March 4th. A cheerless, gray March day, — the streets flooded with snow and water. Felton's funeral, from the College chapel. So passes away the learned scholar, the genial companion, the affectionate, faithful friend!"

"March 26th. Meet Sophocles in the Street. He has written an epitaph in Greek for Felton's gravestone, which he wishes me to translate. A strange, eccentric man is Sophocles, with his blue cloak and wild gray beard, his learning and his silence. He makes Diogenes a possibility. . . .

"I send you a literal translation; like the original, it is in the elegiac, or hexameter and pentameter metre: —

> 'Felton, dearest of friends, to the land unseen thou departest;
> Snatched away, thou hast left sorrow and sighing behind!
> On thy companions, the dear ones, alas! the affliction has fallen.
> Hellas, of thee beloved, misses thy beautiful life!'"

April 28, Longfellow writes to a friend: "I can hardly tell you how changed Cambridge has become to me. Felton, too, is gone;

one of my oldest and dearest friends. It seems, indeed, as if the world were reeling and sinking under my feet. He died of heart disease, and is buried here at Mount Auburn, the crests of whose trees I can see from this window where I write. A truly noble, sweet nature!"

Lowell, lonely in Europe, in 1873 wrote home in verse his vision of the Club as he fondly recalled it, the poem being mainly a memory of Agassiz, of whose death he had just heard. This is given in its proper place, but Agassiz's friend and brother-in-law, Felton, is also thus remembered: —

> "He too is there,
> After the good centurion fitly named,
> Whom learning dulled not, nor convention tamed,
> Shaking with burly mirth his hyacinthine hair,
> Our hearty Grecian of Homeric ways
> Still found the surer friend where least he hoped the praise!"

E. W. E.

Chapter V

1858

That makes the good and bad of manners, namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character, hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all peculiarities as in the highest degree refreshing which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendour of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

Emerson

In Mr. Emerson's journal of 1836 he says, "In our Club we proposed that the rule of admission should be this; whoever by his admission excludes any topic from our debate shall be excluded." [1]

The Saturday Club seems to have had the instinct that the membership of aggressive reformers, however much they might be worthy of respect and praise, would be destructive to its happy organization. Whittier said to Fields one day that he was "troubled about Wendell Phillips: he is a hard man. It is the Calvinist in him." Dr. S. G. Howe — but he was also a brilliant doer — and James Freeman Clarke, who was sweet-tempered, and Edmund Quincy, who had a lively sense of humour, were comfortable reformers among the membership, never complained of for untimely zeal, except that Mr. Norton chafed a little at Clarke's unshakeable optimism. Sumner, living in Washington, was not included in the first group. Early in the war, the Club wished to do him honour for his noble struggle, then renewed, in a cause for which he had undergone a long martyrdom. Because of its enduring effects very possibly, and a continued life of struggle, into which he put his whole soul, he became less fitted for easy social intercourse and seems to have been sometimes a trying *convive* on the rather rare occasions when he came to the dinners.

Our printed list of members, given to each on joining, shows in

[1] The club referred to was The Symposium.

one group the Fourteen who gathered in the first two years, and, under the heading, "Members Elected since 1857," gives names and dates in due sequence. But Mr. Norton, who was taken into the Club in 1860, led the writer to believe that formal balloting and by-laws did not come into use so early as our printed official list would indicate; records not for many years later. However, William H. Prescott and Whittier were, very likely informally, asked to join the fellowship in 1858. Sketches of these remarkable men follow this chapter. The sickness and death of Prescott prevented his ever appearing, if Mr. Norton's memory was correct. Whittier, valiant fighter as he had been in the political arena, had a rustic shyness, felt uncomfortable away from home, and perhaps shrank in an almost maidenly manner from anything approaching conviviality. But one object of this fellowship was exactly this, to draw from their retreats in the bushes, pastures, and woods their *genii loci*. Whittier was persuaded to be counted a member of the fellowship, and, in the next year, Hawthorne.

In his memoir of Dr. Holmes, Mr. John Torrey Morse reminds us that in January of this year, in the fourth paper of the Autocrat in the *Atlantic*, Holmes gave to the world his "Chambered Nautilus," and that Whittier said, as he laid it down, "Booked for Immortality." Up to this time the Doctor, with his few ambitious attempts, had been valued more for his ever ready *vers de société*, amusing, though sometimes unexpectedly moistening the eyes. His biographer says:—

"Dr. Holmes himself was more ambitious to be thought a poet than anything else. The fascination of that word of charm had bewitched him as it has so many others. It implied genius, inspiration, a spark of the divine fire. . . .

"Once, being asked whether he derived more satisfaction from having written his 'Essay on Puerperal Fever,' which had saved so many lives, or from having written the lyric which had given pleasure to so many thousands, Dr. Holmes replied: 'I think I will not answer the question you put me. I think oftenest of "The Chambered Nautilus," which is a favourite poem of mine, though I wrote it myself. The essay only comes up at long intervals. The poem repeats itself in my memory, and is very often

spoken of by correspondents in terms of more than ordinary praise. I had a savage pleasure, I confess, in handling those two professors, — learned men both of them, skilful experts, but babies, as it seemed to me, in their capacity of reasoning and arguing. But in writing the poem I was filled with a better feeling — the highest state of mental exaltation and the most crystalline clairvoyance, as it seemed to me, that had ever been granted me — I mean that lucid vision of one's thought, and of all forms of expression which will be at once precise and musical, which is the poet's special gift, however large or small in amount or value. There is more selfish pleasure to be had out of the poem, — perhaps a nobler satisfaction from the life-saving labour.'"

Still speaking of this poem, Mr. Morse says: "Abraham Lincoln knew it by heart; the publishers selected it from all Dr. Holmes's poetry for printing by itself in an elaborately illustrated edition. Hundreds of persons can repeat every line of it. Such facts mean much."

In January was a festival of the Harvard Musical Association, of which our John Sullivan Dwight was the high priest. It seems to have been a happy occasion, the music supplemented by a serious poem by Holmes and a humorous one by Lowell.

In early spring, Rowse was drawing Longfellow's head in crayon, but the poet congratulates himself that he saved enough of the day to write a whole canto of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," at first called "Priscilla." Meantime Felton has the happiness to set sail for immortal Athens. At the Club dinner in May, the serene and kindly Longfellow was stirred to very plain speech. He writes: "Felt vexed at seeing plover on the table at this season, and proclaimed aloud my disgust at seeing the game laws thus violated. If anybody wants to break a law, let him break the Fugitive Slave Law. That is all it is fit for." [1]

And again Longfellow's journal gives evidence of his frank and fearless speech, but courteous to the guest and leaving no sting: —

[1] Mr. Emerson, on the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, a few years earlier, was moved to speak to his townsfolk thus: "An immoral law makes it a man's duty to break it at every hazard. For virtue is the very self of every man. It is, therefore, a principle of law that an immoral contract is void, and that an immoral statute is void. For, as laws do not make right, and are simply declaratory of a right which already existed, it is not to be presumed that they can so stultify themselves as to command injustice."

"July 31st, 1858. Went to town to dine with the Club. The only stranger present was Judge —— of Florida. I discussed slavery with him. He said, 'Slavery always has existed. Scripture does not forbid it. The text "Do unto others," etc., means do to the slave what you would have him do to you if you were his slave.' To which I answered, 'If you were a slave, the thing you would wish most of all would be your freedom. So your Scripture argument for Slavery is knocked into a cocked hat.' He blushed, then laughed and said, 'Well, it is so; I give it up,' very frankly. Came down in the evening boat [to Nahant, their summer home] with Agassiz."

In August, Stillman, their variously fit and attractive captain, led the Adirondack Club, not yet to their Lake Ampersand, the purchase of which was probably not quite completed, but to a lake easier of access from Bill Martin's, on Lower Saranac, the end of the long wagon drive from Keeseville, New York. Stillman wrote: —

"The lake where our first encampment was made was known as Follansbee Pond, . . . and it lies in a *cul-de-sac* of the chain of lakes and streams named after one of the first of the Jesuit explorers of the Northern States, Père Raquette. Being elected captain of the hunt, and chief guide of the Club, it depended on me also, as the oldest woodsman, to select the locality and superintend the construction of the camp, and the choice was determined by the facility of access, the abundance of game, and the fact that the lake was out of any route to regions beyond, giving the maximum of seclusion, as the etiquette of the woods prevented another party camping near us.

"Follansbee was then a rare and beautiful piece of untouched nature, divided from the highway, the Raquette, by a marsh of several miles of weary navigation, shut in by the hills on all sides but that by which we entered, the forest still unscarred, and the tall white pines standing in files along the lake shores and up over the ridges, not a scar of axe or fire being visible as we searched the shore for a fitting spot to make our vacation lodging-place. Many things are requisite for a good camping-ground, and our camp was one of the best I have ever seen, at the head of the lake, with

beach, spring, and maple grove. Two of the hugest maples I ever saw gave us the shelter of their spreading branches and the supports to the camp walls. Here we placed our ridge-pole, laid our roof of bark of firs (stripped from trees far away in the forest, not to disfigure our dwelling-place with stripped and dying trees), cut an open path to the lakeside, and then left our house to the naiads and dryads, and hurried back forty miles to meet our guests. . . . Tradition has long known it as the 'Philosophers' Camp,' though, like Troy, its site is unknown to all the subsequent generations of guides, and I doubt if in all the Adirondack country there is a man except my old guide, Steve Martin, who could point out the place where it stood."

However surely Oblivion was following in the wake of those Argonauts of the forest chain of lakes, the freshness of their joy still lingers in the verses of one.

> "'Welcome!' the wood-god murmured through the leaves, —
> 'Welcome, though late, unknowing, yet known to me.'
> Evening drew on; stars peeped through maple boughs,
> Which o'erhung, like a cloud, our camping-fire.
> Decayed millennial trunks, like moonlight flecks,
> Lit with phosphoric crumbs the forest floor.
>
> "Ten scholars, wonted to lie warm and soft
> In well-hung chambers, daintily bestowed,
> Lie here on hemlock boughs, like Sacs and Sioux,
> And greet unanimous the joyful change,
> Sleep on the fragrant brush as on down-beds.
> Up with the dawn, they fancied the light air
> That circled freshly in their forest-dress
> Made them to boys again."

Stillman painted on the spot an admirable picture of the morning hours' work or diversions, before the excursions by boat or on foot began, the sun filtering down between the foliage of the vast, columnar trunks of pine, maple, and hemlock. There are two groups; on one side, Agassiz and Dr. Jeffries Wyman dissecting a fish on a stump, with John Holmes, doubtless with humorous comment, and Dr. Estes Howe, as spectators; on the other, Lowell, Judge Hoar, Dr. Amos Binney, and Woodman trying their marksmanship with rifles, under the instruction of the

The Adirondack Club

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM J. STILLMAN

1 *Guide* 2 *John Holmes* 3 *Estes Howe* 4 *Agassiz* 5 *Wyman* 6 *Emerson*
7 *Hoar* 8 *Lowell* 9 *Stillman* 10 *Binney* 11-12-13 *Guides* 14 *Woodman*

tall Don Quixote-like Stillman; between the groups, interested, but apart, stands Emerson, pleased with the gifts of all. Prolonging the shooting party towards the edge of the picture two or three guides are gathered, silent critics.[1]

In recruiting this company the rifle had proved both attractive and repellent. Stillman's skill whether as marksman or hunter was unusual, and he was an admirable instructor for amateurs. Of his experiences in recruiting the party he wrote: "I had done all I could to induce Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes to join the party, but the latter was too closely identified with the Hub in all its mental operations to care for unhumanized nature, and Longfellow was too strongly attached to the conditions of completely civilized life to enjoy roughing it in flannels and sleeping on fir boughs. The company of his great-brained friends was a temptation at times, I think; but he hated killing animals, had no interest in fishing, and was too settled in his habits to enjoy so great a change. Possibly he was decided in his refusal by Emerson's purchase of a rifle. 'Is it true that Emerson is going to take a gun?' he asked me. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Then I shall not go,' he said; 'somebody will be shot.'"

Though Emerson was once paddled noiselessly by night into a remote bay, "jack hunting" (that is, with a torch and reflector in the bow of the skiff), and the guide pointed to the water's edge, where a deer was gazing at the wondrous light, and whispered "Shoot," Emerson could only see a "square mist," and his rifle remains until now guiltless of blood of man or beast. Each man of the company had a special guide assigned to him by Stillman, but he asked and received the privilege of doing that service in full for Agassiz, rowing him in his own boat on the water journey, and almost daily on his collecting excursions. He wrote: —

"For Agassiz, I had the feeling which all had who came under the magic of his colossal individuality, — the myriad-minded one to whom nothing came amiss or unfamiliar, and who had a facet for every man he came in contact with. His inexhaustible *bonhomie* won even the guides to a personal fealty they showed

[1] This picture was bought by Judge Hoar, and bequeathed by him to the Concord Public Library.

no other of our band; his wide science gave us continual lectures on all the elements of nature — no plant, no insect, no quadruped hiding its secret from him. The lessons he taught us of the leaves of the pine, and of the vicissitudes of the Laurentine Range, in one of whose hollows we lay; the way he drew new facts from the lake, and knew them when he saw them, as though he had set his seal on them before they were known; the daily dissection of the fish, the deer, the mice (for which he had brought his traps), were studies in which we were his assistants and pupils. All this made being with him not only 'a liberal education,' but perpetual sunshine and good fortune. When we went out, I at the oars and he at the dredge or insect-net, or examining the plants by the marsh-side, his spirit was a perpetual spring of science. When he and Wyman entered on the discussion of a scientific subject (and they always worked together), science seemed as easy as versification when Lowell was in the mood, and all sat around inhaling wisdom with the mountain air. Nothing could have been, to any man with the scientific bent, more intensely interesting than the academy of two of the greatest scientists of their day."

Stillman's high estimate of the wise, gentle, judicial, and modest Jeffries Wyman will be given in the sketch of him later.

"At our dinners, the semblance of which life will never offer me again, the gods sent their best accompaniments and influences — health, appetite, wit, and poetry, with good digestion.

> 'Our foaming ale we drank from hunters' pans —
> Ale, and a sup of wine. Our steward gave
> Venison and trout, potatoes, beans, wheat-bread.
> All ate like abbots, and, if any missed
> Their wonted convenance, cheerly hid the loss
> With hunter's appetite and peals of mirth.'

Lowell was the Magnus Apollo of the camp. His Castalian humour, his unceasing play of wit and erudition — poetry and the best of the poets always on tap at the table — all know them who knew him well, though not many as I did; but when he sat on one side of the table, and Judge Hoar (the most pyrotechnical wit I have ever known) and he were matching table-talk, with Emerson and Agassiz to sit as umpires and revive the vein as it

menaced to flag, Holmes and Estes Howe not silent in the well-matched contest, the forest echoed with such laughter as no club ever knew, and the owls came in the trees overhead to wonder. These were symposia to which fortune has invited few men, and which no one invited could ever forget. . . .

"For Lowell I had a passionate personal attachment to which death and time have only given a twilight glory."

Here Stillman's narrative must be interrupted to put on record a story of Lowell, showing a quality in him that would hardly have been divined in the Cambridge poet. Emerson wrote it in his pocket notebook on the day after the daring venture.

"On the top of a large white pine in a bay was an osprey's nest around which the ospreys were screaming, five or six. We thought there were young birds in it, and sent Preston to the top. This looked like an adventure. The tree might be a hundred and fifty feet high, at least; sixty feet clean straight stem, without a single branch, and, as Lowell and I measured it by the tape as high as we could reach, fourteen feet, six inches in girth. Preston took advantage of a hemlock close by it and climbed till he got on the branches, then went to the top of the pine and found the nest empty, though the great birds wheeled and screamed about him. He said he could climb the bare stem of the pine, 'though it would be awful hard work.' When he came down, I asked him to go up it a little way, which he did, clinging to the corrugations of the bark. Afterwards Lowell watched long for a chance to shoot the osprey, but he soared magnificently, and would not alight. . . . Lowell, next morning, was missing at breakfast, and, when he came to camp, told me he had climbed Preston's pine tree."

To resume Stillman's record:—

"To Emerson, as to most men who are receptive to Nature's message, the forest was the overpowering fact.

> 'We climb the bank,
> And in the twilight of the forest noon
> Wield the first axe these echoes ever heard.'

The 'twilight of the forest noon' is the most concentrated expression of the one dominant sentiment of a poetic mind on first

entering this eternal silence and shadow. . . . We were much together. I rowed him into the innermost recesses of Follansbee Water, and would, at his request, sometimes land him in a solitary part of the lake-shore, and leave him to his emotions or studies. We have no post, and letters neither came nor went, and so, probably, none record the moment's mood; but well I remember how he marvelled at the completeness of the circle of life in the forest. He examined the guides, and me as one of them, with the interest of a discoverer of a new race. Me he had known in another phase of existence — at the Club, in the multitude, one of the atoms of the social whole. To find me axe in hand, ready for the elementary functions of a savage life, — to fell the trees, to kill the deer, or catch the trout, and at need to cook them,— in this to him new phenomenon of a rounded and self-sufficient individuality, waiting for, and waited on, by no one, he received a conception of life which had the same attraction in its completeness and roundness that a larger and fully organized existence would have had. It was a form of independence which he had never realized before, and he paid it the respect of a new discovery. . . .

"What seems to me the truth is, that Emerson instinctively divided men into two classes, with one of which he formed personal attachments which, though tranquil and undemonstrative, as was his nature, were lasting; in the other he simply found his objects of study, problems to be solved and their solutions recorded. There was the least conceivable self-assertion in him; he was the best listener a genuine thinker, or one whom he thought to be such, ever had; and always seemed to prefer to listen rather than to talk, to observe and study rather than to discourse. So he did not say much before Nature; he took in her influences as the earth takes the rain. He was minutely interested in seeing how the old guides reversed the tendencies of civilization. . . .

"Looking back across the gulf which hides all the details of life, the eternal absence which forgets personal qualities, the calm, platonic serenity of Emerson stands out from all our company as a crystallization of impersonal and universal humanity; no vexation, no mishap, could disturb his philosophy, or rob him of its lesson.

"The magical quality of the forest is that of oblivion of all that is left in the busy world, of past trouble and coming care. The steeds that brought us in had no place behind for black Care. We lived, as Emerson says, —

> 'Lords of this realm,
> Bounded by dawn and sunset, and the day
> Rounded by hours where each outdid the last
> In miracles of pomp, we must be proud,
> As if associates of the sylvan gods.
> We seemed the dwellers of the zodiac,
> So pure the Alpine element we breathed,
> So light, so lofty pictures came and went.'"

Stillman, writing the above happy memories of a golden prime in the last years of the century, said: —

"A generation has gone by since that unique meet, and of those who were at it only John Holmes and I now survive. The voices of that merry assemblage of 'wise and polite' vacation-keepers come to us from the land of dreams; the echoes they awakened in the wild wood give place to the tender and tearful evocation of poetic memory; they and their summering have passed into the traditions of the later camp-fires, where the guides tell of the 'Philosophers' Camp,' of the very location of which they have lost the knowledge. Hardly a trace of it now exists as we then knew it. The lumberer, the reckless sportsman with his camp-fires and his more reckless and careless guide, the axe and the fire, have left no large expanse of virgin forest in all the Adirondack region, and every year effaces the original aspect of it more completely."

Emerson, on the spot, thus strove to picture Stillman's heroic figure: —

> "Gallant artist, head and hand,
> Adopted of Tahawus grand,
> In the wild domesticated,
> Man and Mountain rightly mated,
> Like forest chief the forest ranged
> As one who had exchanged
> After old Indian mode
> Totem and bow and spear
> In sign of peace and brotherhood
> With his Indian peer.
> Easily chief, who held

The key of each occasion
In our designed plantation,
Can hunt and fish and rule and row,
And out-shoot each in his own bow,
And paint and plan and execute
Till each blossom became fruit;
Earning richly for his share
The governor's chair,
Bore the day's duties in his head,
And with living method sped.
Firm, unperplexed,
By no flaws of temper vexed,
Inspiring trust.
And only dictating because he must.
And all he carried in his heart
He could publish and define
Orderly line by line
On canvas by his art.
I could wish
So worthy Master worthier pupils had —
The best were bad."

One day, that August, a thrill of human communication shot under the Atlantic Ocean from continent to continent. By a strange chance the quick-travelling report of it reached the campers among the primeval woods while on a lake excursion. Emerson tells, in his forest notebook, how

"Loud exulting cries
From boat to boat, and in the echoes round,
Greet the glad miracle. Thought's new-found path
Shall supplement henceforth all trodden ways,
Match God's equator with a zone of art,
And lift man's public action to a height
Worthy the enormous cloud of witnesses,
When linkéd hemispheres attest the deed.
. . . . . .
A spasm throbbing through the pedestals
Of Alp and Andes, isle and continent
Urging astonished Chaos with a thrill
To be a brain, or serve the brain of man.
The lightning has run masterless too long;
He must to school and learn his verb and noun
And teach his nimbleness to earn his wage." [1]

[1] In his poem *The Adirondacs* the reception of this wonderful news is told at greater length.

This miracle had, indeed, been shown to be possible, yet almost immediately some mischance that befel the cable in the depths of the sea, interrupted its use for seven years. When this occurred, another of our poets, "The Professor," sent forth the question on everybody's lips as to who in the Provinces had received and transmitted the few words that emerged from the ocean at the western landing-place. He published the whole conversation, as follows:—

DE SAUTY

PROFESSOR BLUE-NOSE

PROFESSOR

Tell me, O Provincial! speak, Ceruleo-Nasal!
Lives there one De Sauty extant now among you,
Whispering Boanerges, son of silent thunder,
Holding talk with nations?

Is there a De Sauty,[1] ambulant on Tellus,
Bifid-cleft like mortals, dormient in nightcap,
Having sight, smell, hearing, food-receiving feature
Three times daily patent?

Breathes there such a being, O Ceruleo-Nasal?
Or is he a MYTHUS, — ancient word for "humbug,"
Such as Livy told about the wolf that wet-nursed
Romulus and Remus?

Was he born of woman, this alleged De Sauty?
Or a living product of galvanic action,
Like the *acarus* bred in Crosse's flint-solution?
Speak, thou Cyano-Rhinal!

BLUE-NOSE

Many things thou askest, jackknife-bearing stranger,
Much-conjecturing mortal, pork-and-treacle-waster!
Pretermit thy whittling, wheel thine ear-flap toward me,
Thou shalt hear them answered.

When the charge galvanic tingled through the cable,
At the polar focus of the wire electric
Suddenly appeared a white-faced man among us;
Called himself "DE SAUTY."

[1] The first messages received through the submarine cable were sent by an electrical expert, a mysterious personage who signed himself De Sauty.

As the small opossum, held in pouch maternal,
Grasps the nutrient organ whence the term *mammalia*,
So the unknown stranger held the wire electric,
Sucking in the current.

When the current strengthened, bloomed the pale-faced stranger, —
Took no drink nor victual, yet grew fat and rosy, —
And from time to time, in sharp articulation,
Said, "*All right!* De Sauty."

From the lonely station passed the utterance, spreading
Through the pines and hemlocks to the groves of steeples,
Till the land was filled with loud reverberations
Of "*All right!* De Sauty."

When the current slackened, drooped the mystic stranger, —
Faded, faded, faded, as the stream grew weaker, —
Wasted to a shadow, with a hartshorn odour
Of disintegration.

Drops of deliquescence glistened on his forehead,
Whitened round his feet the dust of efflorescence,
Till one Monday morning, when the flow suspended,
There was no De Sauty.

Nothing but a cloud of elements organic,
C.O.H.N., Ferrum, Chlor., Flu., Sil., Potassa,
Calc., Sod., Phosph., Mag., Sulphur, Mang. (?) Alumin. (?) Cuprum, (?)
Such as man is made of.

Born of stream galvanic, with it he had perished!
There is no De Sauty now there is no current!
Give us a new cable, then again we'll hear him
Cry, "*All right!* De Sauty."

This story of the Club comes from a letter which Lowell wrote to a friend in New York in October: "You were good enough to tell me I might give you an account of our dinners. . . . I remember one good thing about last dinner. The dinner was for Stillman, and I proposed that Judge Hoar should propose his health in a speech. 'Sir!' (a long pause) 'in what I have already said I believe I speak the sentiments of every gentleman present, and lest I should fail to do so in what I further say,' (another pause) 'I sit down.'"

This seems to me a good instance of the Judge's temperamental doom of forgetting (or being blind to?) important considerations when a chance for unexpected wit offered. The Judge did not mean to be disagreeable to Stillman, with whose artistic temperament he could hardly be in sympathy; he was made

"Of rougher stuff that could endure a shake" —

and thought that possible sensitiveness was not worth taking too much care about when a truth (as it possibly was) could be flashed out and would amuse everybody else, and possibly the guest. He was like a horse that, when he sees a jump, takes the bit in his teeth. Lowell had, himself, a little of the same cruelty of wit, it seems to me; could n't sacrifice an opening for it.

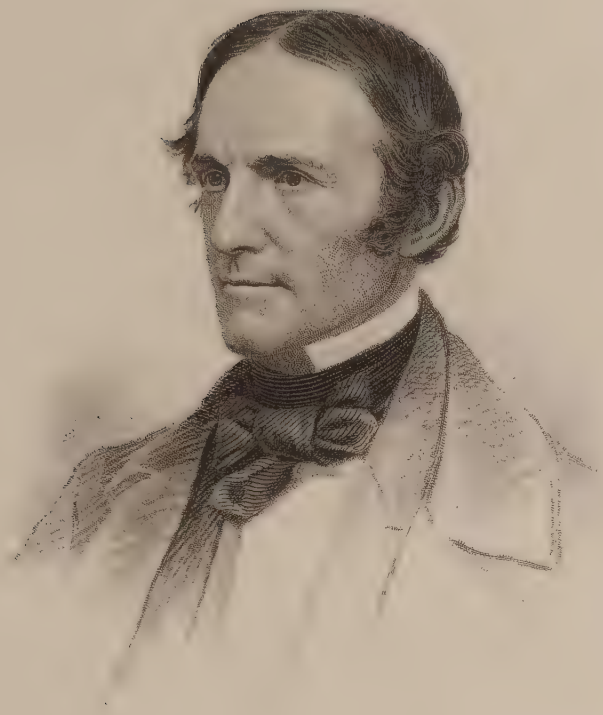
Lowell goes on: "And two days before, at Agassiz's, — the Autocrat giving an account of his having learned the fiddle, his brother John, who sat opposite, exclaimed, 'I can testify to it; he has often fiddled me out of the house, as Orpheus did Euridice out of the infernal regions.' Is n't that good? It makes me laugh to look at it now I have written it down. The Autocrat relating how Simmons,[1] the Oak Hall man, had sent 'the two finest pears' — 'of trousers?' interrupted somebody. But can one send poured-out champagne all the way to New York and hope that one bubble will burst after it gets there to tell what it used to be? A dinner is never a good thing next day. For the moment, though, what is better? We dissolve our pearls and drink them nobly — if we have them — but bring none away. Nevertheless, we live and dine and die."

[1] The enterprising pioneer of the ready-made clothing business, and of extensive advertising, in Boston.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

The dates of election to membership in the Club suggest now and then curious questions. Why this or that man was not chosen sooner is sometimes a puzzle. On the other hand, considering the natural preference for a dinner company of manageable conversational size, the conservatism of middle-aged gentlemen long grown fond of one another's society, and the dread power of the black-ball, one wonders how certain members, whatever their individual virtues may have been, could possibly have been elected at all. In the case of Prescott, however, the only surprise is that he should not have been numbered among the original members of the Saturday Club. No man in Boston was a greater favourite in society, and while the delicate state of his health, throughout his entire working life, was such as to deprive him of many general social pleasures, he was peculiarly fond of such intimate intercourse with a few friends as the new Club afforded. Many of the original members, like Longfellow and Holmes, were particularly attached to him, and his younger fellow-historian, Motley, who had good reason for the warmest gratitude to Prescott, was also in the first list of members. Yet Prescott, for some reason not now discoverable, though very likely through his own hesitation to undertake even the most attractive of new social obligations until his unfinished book, the *History of Philip the Second*, should be completed, did not join the Saturday Club until 1858. In February of that year he suffered a slight shock of apoplexy, was put in consequence upon a vegetarian diet, and was forced to even more than his customary self-denial of social pleasures. It is uncertain whether he actually attended any dinners of the Club. In January, 1859, he succumbed to a second stroke of apoplexy. In our Club records, the name of William Hickling Prescott was thus the first to be marked with an asterisk.

A passage from Longfellow's journal expresses the universal



Wm H. Prescott

sense of loss among Prescott's friends: "January 29th, 1859. The first thing that catches my eye in the morning paper is the death of Prescott. Mournful news! He was well at twelve o'clock; at two, he was dead. So departs out of our circle one of the most kindly and genial men; a man without an enemy; beloved by all and mourned by all." "We shall see that cheerful, sunny face no more!" Wrote Longfellow to Sumner: "Ah, me! what a loss this is to us all, and how much sunshine it will take out of the social life of Boston!"

On the 31st of January, the poet wrote in his diary: "Prescott's funeral was very impressive and touched me very much. I remember the last time I spoke with Prescott. It was only a few days ago. I met him in Washington Street, just at the foot of Winter Street. He was merry, and laughing as usual. At the close of the conversation he said, 'I am going to shave off my whiskers; they are growing gray.' 'Gray hair is becoming,' I said. 'Becoming,' said he, 'what do we care about becoming, who must so soon *be going?*' 'Then why take the trouble to shave them off?' 'That's true,' he replied with a pleasant laugh, and crossed over to Summer Street. So my last remembrance of him is a sunny smile at the corner of the street."

Sumner's answer to Longfellow's letter shows not only his own affection but the esteem in which Prescott was held in Europe.

MONTPELLIER, March 4, 1859.

DEAR LONGFELLOW, — Yes, it *was* your letter which first told me of Prescott's death. The next day I read it in the Paris papers. Taillandier announced it at the opening of his lecture. The current of grief and praise is everywhere unbroken. Perhaps no man, so much in people's mouths, was ever the subject of so little unkindness. How different his fate from that of others! Something of that immunity which he enjoyed in life must be referred to his beautiful nature, in which enmity could not live. This death touches me much. You remember that my relations with him had for years been of peculiar intimacy. Every return to Boston has been consecrated by an evening with him. I am sad to think of my own personal loss. . . . There is a charm taken from Boston.

Its east winds whistle more coldly round Park Street Corner. They begin to tingle with their natural, unsubdued wantonness.

Ten years earlier, Longfellow's journal had given this pleasant glimpse of Prescott as he appeared at the age of fifty-three, unsubdued in mind or body by his infirmity: "September 4, 1849. A lovely morning tempted me into town. In the street, met Prescott, rosy and young, with a gay blue satin waistcoat, gray trousers, and shoes."

"Rosy and young," indeed, was the impression made by this rare spirit, from first to last, upon his contemporaries. If there is little to be said about Prescott's brief connection with the Club upon whose roll of membership his is still one of the most honoured names, something must nevertheless be indicated as to the social group which he represented, and as to his personal characteristics. His place as an American historian is too well known to need discussion here.

In addition to many essays and monographs, two lives of Prescott have been written. One was by his lifelong friend George Ticknor, published in 1863. The old scholar of Park Street composed a stately biography, full of invaluable matter, in which one beholds an eminent historian decorously robed and posed for the gaze of posterity. Mr. Rollo Ogden has written a briefer and more informal book for the "American Men of Letters" series, but his work is soundly documented with some materials inaccessible to Ticknor, and conveys, more vividly than was possible for the historian of Spanish Literature, Prescott's personal charm. Yet from neither of these books one gets a clear impression of the secure, opulent, high-minded society into which William Hickling Prescott was born in Salem in 1796. This grandson of Colonel "Prescott the Brave" of Bunker Hill fame, and the son of Judge Prescott, first of Salem and after 1808 of Boston, took his place in a world very much to his liking, a world cultivated and serene, with noble traditions and agreeable companionship. His college classmate, President Walker, of Harvard, said at the memorial meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held after Prescott's death in 1859: "My recollections of him go back to our col-

lege days, when he stood among us one of the most joyous and light-hearted, in classic learning one of the most accomplished, without any enemies, with nothing but friends." The boy lived in 11 Hollis, like his father William before him, and his son William after him, and when he was graduated in 1814 Judge Prescott gave him a Commencement "spread" in a tent large enough to allow five hundred guests to sit down to a sumptuous dinner. The undergraduate frolic in the Commons, which cost young Prescott the sight of his left eye and was to impair so seriously his working powers for the remainder of his days, had taken place in his junior year. The boy who threw that piece of bread, Ticknor tells us, never expressed any contrition or sympathy for the sufferer, but Prescott knew his name, and later in life rendered him a signal kindness. The irreparable physical disability, and the brave and sweet spirit that triumphed over it, now became for Prescott, as later for Parkman, the fundamental conditions for his career. The story of Prescott's heroic achievement is fortunately a familiar one, and need not be retold here except by way of reminder of the nature of the man whom the Saturday Club, after his long fight had been won, desired to have among its members.

How he spent two years in Europe for his health, after graduation, and how he came home in 1817 to subject himself to the most rigid physical and intellectual discipline in the literatures of England, France, Italy, and Spain, is well known. He made a most happy marriage with Susan Amory. His father gave him an ample allowance. He could purchase books without stint, employ secretaries, secure copies of manuscripts from foreign archives. From boyhood he had been a great favourite in Boston society, and as early as 1818 he was one of the founders of a social or literary club which he enjoyed for forty years. Ticknor gives a list of the members, but Prescott's, as it happens, is the only name that appears also upon the Saturday Club list. It may be that Prescott's loyalty to this older organization was the reason for his not joining the Saturday Club at its beginning.

His taste for historical studies developed early. In a letter to Dr. Rufus Ellis in 1857 he said: "I had early conceived a strong passion for historical writing, to which, perhaps, the reading of

Gibbon's *Autobiography* contributed not a little. I proposed to make myself a historian in the best sense of the term." Yet for years he hesitated between various tempting historical fields, and it was not until January 19, 1826, that he wrote in his diary: "I subscribe to the 'History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.'" Mr. Ogden tells us that over against this entry Prescott added in 1847 the words: "A fortunate choice." After ten years' labour the manuscript was ready for the printer. Scarcely any one outside of Prescott's family knew that he had been writing. Finally Judge Prescott remarked: "The man who writes a book which he is afraid to publish is a coward," and the book appeared at Christmas-time in 1837. This was the year of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, a work, by the way, which Prescott thought "perfectly contemptible" in both form and substance. The Scotchman's groanings and objurgations as he gave birth to his masterpiece are in curious contrast with Prescott's serene comment upon his own task. "Pursuing the work," he wrote, "in this quiet, leisurely way, without over-exertion or fatigue, or any sense of obligation to complete it in a given time, I have found it a continual source of pleasure."

Not until the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, fifteen years afterward, did any book rouse such a furor in Boston. It was "the fashionable Christmas present of the season." Ten days after publication, Prescott wrote to Ticknor, who was then in Europe: "Their Catholic Highnesses have just been ushered into the world in two royal octavos. The bantling appeared on a Christmas morning, and certainly has not fallen still-born, but is alive and kicking merrily. How long its life may last is another question. Within the first ten days half the first edition of five hundred copies (for the publishers were afraid to risk a larger one for our market) has been disposed of, and they are now making preparations for a second edition, having bought of me twelve hundred and fifty copies. This sale, indeed, seems quite ridiculous. . . . The small journals have opened quite a cry in my favour, and while one of yesterday claims me as a Bostonian, a Salem paper asserts that distinguished honour for the witch-town." And then Prescott goes on to make this singularly inter-

esting remark, illuminating the literary conditions of America as they were in the very year of Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa Address: "But, after all, my market and my reputation rest principally with England, and if your influence can secure me, not a friendly, but a fair notice there, in any one of the three or four leading journals, it would be the best thing you ever did for me, — and that is no small thing to say."

The English notices, upon which the success of an American book were then thought to depend, were not only fair and friendly, but they gave Prescott at once that seat at the high table of historians which he still occupies. The cautious Henry Hallam warned Prescott that "a book published in a foreign country" would not make its way rapidly in the English market, yet he expressed his belief that Prescott's work would "acquire by degrees a classical reputation." Time has ratified this judgment. The verdict of fellow-historians and the long list of Prescott's memberships in the learned societies of Europe are less eloquent of his fame, to most readers, than the charming sentences with which Thackeray began *The Virginians:* "On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America, there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the King, the other was the weapon of a brave and honoured Republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honoured in his ancestor's country and his own, where genius such as his has always a peaceful welcome."

Prescott went serenely forward to his *Conquest of Mexico*, a theme surrendered to him through the generosity of Washington Irving, who had expected to work that rich mine himself. The correspondence between the two writers does honour to them both, but it bears out Mr. Ogden's impression that "Prescott did not fully realize what it cost Irving to abandon the project. The grace of the surrender hid its bitterness." But there was no bitterness, surely, in Prescott's own surrender, a few years later, of a portion of his Spanish field to Motley. This was before the publication of Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*, and when only a few men knew that he intended to write the *History of Philip the Second*. Motley

wrote in 1859 to William Amory, Prescott's brother-in-law, and, like Prescott and Motley, a member of the Saturday Club, a full acknowledgment of Prescott's courtesy in offering him every possible aid. "He assured me," said Motley, "that he had not the slightest objections whatever to my plan [of writing *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*], that he wished me every success, and that, if there were any books in his library bearing on my subject that I liked to use, they were entirely at my service." And Motley concludes this letter, which was written from Rome on the day he heard of Prescott's death, with these words: "Although it seems easy enough for a man of world-wide reputation thus to extend the right hand of fellowship to an unknown and struggling aspirant, yet I fear that the history of literature will show that such instances of disinterested kindness are as rare as they are noble."

Yet this nobility of tone in Prescott, evidenced by the lesser as well as by the greater acts of his life, seemed, and was, the normal expression of his nature. "You have had," wrote Dean Milman to him once, "I will not say the good fortune, rather the judgment to choose noble subjects." Perhaps "instinct" would have been a better word than either "good fortune" or "judgment," the instinct of a happy man viewing the world in all its length and breadth with a generous eye. "He could be happy in more ways," said his friend Theophilus Parsons, "and more happy in every one of them, than any other person I have ever known." This is also the testimony of his friends William H. Gardiner, Sumner, and Longfellow. He radiated happiness as spontaneously as other men diffused gloom. He did not possess what is called a philosophic mind, either as a historian or a man, but once, at least, he tried to analyze in his diary the secret of his enjoyment of life. It was dated May 4, 1845.

"My forty-ninth birthday," he says, "and my twenty-fifth wedding-day; a quarter of a century the one, and nearly half a century the other. An English notice of me last month speaks of me as being on the sunny side of thirty-five. My life *has* been pretty much on the sunny side, for which I am indebted to a singularly fortunate position in life; to inestimable parents, who both,

until a few months since, were preserved to me in health of mind and body; a wife, who has shared my few troubles real and imaginary, and my many blessings, with the sympathy of another self; a cheerful temper, in spite of some drawbacks on the score of health; and easy circumstances, which have enabled me to consult my own inclinations in the direction and the amount of my studies. Family, friends, fortune, — these have furnished me materials for enjoyment greater and more constant than is granted to most men. Lastly, I must not omit my books; the love of letters, which I have always cultivated and which has proved my solace — invariable solace — under afflictions mental and bodily, — and of both I have had my share, — and which have given me the means of living for others than myself, — of living, I may hope, when my own generation shall have passed away. If what I have done shall be permitted to go down to after times, and my soul shall be permitted to mingle with those of the wise and good of future generations, I have not lived in vain."

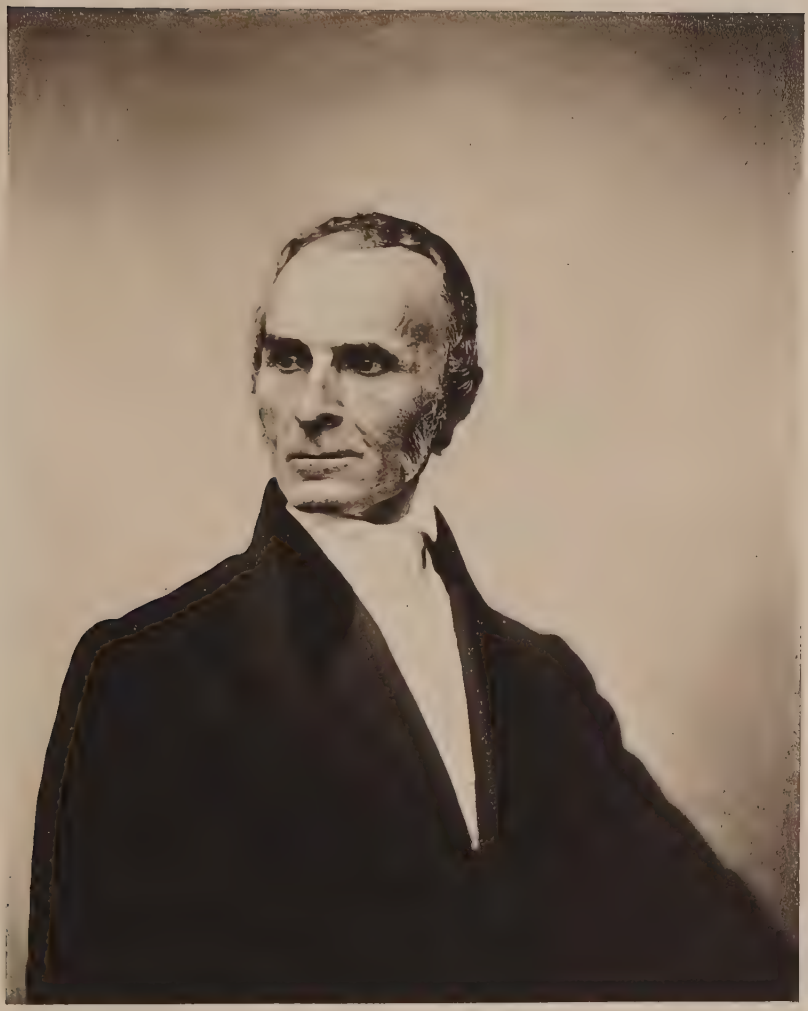
That sounds, somehow, as if Cicero had written it. But one could never be sure that Cicero quite meant what he said, and one feels sure that Prescott is telling the simple truth, in noble fashion.

B. P.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The records of the Club inform us that Whittier was elected in 1858, the same year in which Prescott became a member. But he seems to have been reluctant to avail himself of his privilege of membership, and it is curious that Emerson, after the lapse of half a dozen years, seems to have been under the impression that Whittier had never joined the Club at all. In Emerson's journal for April, 1864, there is an account, to which allusion is made elsewhere in this book, of the Club's celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakspeare. Whittier's name appears in Emerson's list of "outsiders" who were invited to be the Club's guests upon this occasion, and in Emerson's account of the celebration, under the date of April 24, he instances Whittier, together with Bryant and others, as having accepted the Club's invitation, although prevented from attendance. These careful entries in the journal are sufficient evidence that Whittier had not, up to 1864, really identified himself with the Club, and though his name continued to be borne upon the rolls until his death, his actual *status* seems to have been that of an "honorary member" who habitually avoided the Club dinners. Mrs. James T. Fields, whose gracious hospitality in Charles Street gave keen pleasure to Whittier in his later years, records that "he was seldom, if ever, persuaded to go to the Saturday Club, to which so many of his friends belonged." His well-known shyness in company, his excessive modesty with regard to his own literary reputation, his ascetic habits and delicate health combined to make him feel out of place in the cheerful confusion of the Parker House gatherings. Yet he had many points of friendly contact with individual members of the Club, particularly with Sumner, Lowell, Whipple, and Fields, and he was made aware, in many ways and upon notable occasions, of the respect and admiration felt for him by men of letters in whose actual company he was never quite at his best.

To understand this social diffidence lurking in one of the most



courageous and public-spirited of Americans, one must bear in mind the peculiar circumstances of Whittier's earlier life, the ostracism which he had tacitly accepted during the darkest days of the anti-slavery cause, and a kind of fiery reluctance toward conventionalism, which was inherited from his Quaker ancestry and which flashed out in the old man's eyes from time to time until death closed them. He had fought the "Cotton Whigs" of State Street too bitterly to stretch his legs under respectable Boston mahogany and feel quite at ease in Zion. He liked, indeed, to sit on a barrel in an Amesbury grocery shop and talk politics with his neighbours. For many a year he was a skilful lobbyist for good causes at the State House in Boston. James G. Blaine, himself an astute political card-player, thought Whittier the shrewdest natural politician he had ever known, and Senator George F. Hoar speaks of him in the *Autobiography* as "one of the wisest and most discreet political advisers and leaders who ever dwelt in the Commonwealth." But the Quaker's delicate manipulation of men and measures was mainly through the medium of personal correspondence and private interviews. He avoided public gatherings as far as possible, though it is well known that he was prouder of having his name upon the list of members of the Anti-Slavery Convention of 1833 in Philadelphia than of having it upon the title-page of any book. But though Whittier preferred to live a secluded life, he was no mere recluse, and he was by no means averse in the eighteen-fifties to bookish talk with a few Boston friends. In a letter to Miss Nora Perry, in 1887, he gives a pleasant picture of a little company in which Whipple was a leading figure: —

"Whipple was one of the first to speak a good word for me in the *North American Review*. I used to meet him whenever I came to Boston, and he and Fields, and Haskell, editor of the Boston *Transcript*, and I used to get together at the 'Old Corner Book-Store' or at a neighbouring restaurant, where we got coffee and chatted pleasantly of men and books. There were others doubtless with us — I think probably Underwood and Starr King, and later, J. R. Osgood. I used to think Whipple said his best things on such occasions."

Whittier's friend and biographer Underwood, the real originator

of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the tireless promoter of those *Atlantic* dinners which were long confused with the Saturday Club dinners, notes Whittier's reluctance to attend formal gatherings:—

"The publishers, Phillips, Sampson & Co., had handsome quarters on Winter Street, and Abolitionists, who gathered there, — Whittier, Emerson, Mrs. Stowe, Edmund Quincy, Professor Lowell, Theodore Parker, and others, as well as the more purely literary contributors, such as Longfellow, Holmes, Prescott, Motley, Norton, Cabot, and Trowbridge, — made the place an attractive centre. . . . The leading writers of the *Atlantic* were social, and were accustomed to dine together once a month; but Whittier, who was abstemious from necessity and habit, seldom came to the dinners. On account of delicate health he had accustomed himself to simple fare, and he never tasted wine or used tobacco; so that the meeting, so attractive to others, had few charms for him beyond social converse."

The late Colonel T. W. Higginson, another biographer of Whittier, seems to imply a more frequent attendance at these Atlantic Club dinners, where Higginson noted that Whittier "was one of the few who took no wine among that group of authors. . . . At the dinners of the Atlantic Club, during the first few years of the magazine, I can testify that Whittier appeared, as he always did, simple, manly, and unbecomingly shy, yet reticent and quiet. If he was overshadowed in talk by Holmes at one end and by Lowell at the other, he was in the position of every one else, notably Longfellow, but he had plenty of humour and critical keenness and there was no one whose summing up of affairs was better worth hearing. . . . His unmoved demeanour, as of a delegate sent from the Society of Friends to represent the gospel of silence among the most vivacious talkers, recalled Hazlitt's description of the supper parties at Charles Lamb's, — parties which included Mrs. Reynolds, 'who being of a quiet turn, loved to hear a noisy debate.'"

Miss Nora Perry records a characteristic conversation with Whittier about winning personal recognition through one's writings. "I don't like notoriety," said the old poet. "I don't like that part of personal recognition, which, when I get into a car,

makes people nudge their neighbours and whisper, 'That's Whittier!'" Genuine as was this desire to avoid publicity, there is also no question that Whittier's good sense often told him that he paid some penalty for his detachment from the intellectual life of cities. "I feel myself," he wrote to Bayard Taylor in 1871, "the need of coming into nearer relations to the great life of our centres of civilization and thought, and if I were younger and stronger I should certainly spend my winters in Boston."

Whittier seems, indeed, to have enjoyed his occasional attendance upon the meetings of that Radical Club which has been agreeably described by Mrs. John T. Sargent. It was here that he made one of his very few speeches, at the memorial service after Charles Sumner's death. Colonel Higginson has described this quaint utterance of the shy poet: —

"If he had any one firm rule, it was to avoid making a speech, and yet when, being called on unexpectedly to speak at a private service on the death of Charles Sumner, he rose and told offhand a story of the interment of a Scotch colonel, with military honours. By mischance an unfriendly regiment had been detailed to fire a salute over his grave, seeing which, an onlooker said, 'If the Colonel could have known this, he would not have died.' — 'So I feel,' said Mr. Whittier, 'if my friend Sumner could have known that I should have been asked to speak at his memorial service, he would not have died.'"

Whittier's acquaintance with Sumner dated from the latter's undergraduate days at Harvard, and had ripened into the warmest admiration. When the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1873, passed a vote of censure upon Sumner for his proposal that the colours of the national regiments should not bear the names of the battles of the Civil War in which they had been carried, Whittier, with his old political skill, drew up and circulated a memorial to the Legislature asking that the vote be rescinded. Longfellow and other members of the Saturday Club signed the memorial, and in 1874 the unjust resolution of censure was expunged.

The bond between Whittier and Sumner was their passion for the cause of anti-slavery. Whittier's friendship for Lowell had the same origin. Lowell had urged Whittier in 1844 "to cry aloud

and spare not against the cursed Texas plot," and the result was Whittier's stirring "Texas: Voice of New England." Four years later came Lowell's well-known lines on Whittier in "A Fable for Critics":—

> "All honour and praise to the right-hearted bard
> Who was true to The Voice when such service was hard,
> Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave
> When to look but a protest in silence was brave."

The friendship lasted to the end. When Lowell became editor of the *Atlantic* he called constantly upon Whittier for contributions. There is a pleasant note from Whittier to his editor about one of these poems, just after the Massachusetts Legislature had made Whittier an overseer of Harvard in 1858. "Let me hear from thee in some way," wrote the Quaker to the dilatory editor. "If thee fail to do this, I shall turn thee out of thy professor's chair, by virtue of my new office of overseer."

Whittier's relations with Emerson were friendly, but never intimate. He had welcomed Emerson's "Concord Address" of 1844 in an editorial which recorded his impatience that Emerson had not spoken out earlier on the anti-slavery issue: "With a glow of heart, with silently invoked blessings, we have read the address whose title is at the head of this article. We had previously, we confess, felt half indignant that, while we were struggling against the popular current, mobbed, hunted, denounced from the legislative forum, cursed from the pulpit, sneered at by wealth and fashion and shallow aristocracy, such a man as Ralph Waldo Emerson should be brooding over his pleasant philosophies, writing his quaint and beautiful essays, in his retirement on the banks of the Concord, unconcerned and 'calm as a summer morning.' . . . How *could* he sit there, thus silent? Did no ripple of the world's agitation break the quiet of old Concord?" But Emerson's later attacks upon the slave power, in magnificent verse and prose, were more than full atonement, Whittier thought, for his initial tardiness.

Although Whittier wrote poems about several members of the Saturday Club, — Sumner, Fields, Lowell, Agassiz, — and although the last poem he ever composed was addressed to Oliver

Wendell Holmes, it remains true that he never came into very close personal relations with any of them, unless an exception be made of Whipple and Fields. He was respected and admired by the Club group, but after all he had had to fight his own battles single-handed in his youth, and in his old age he remained a man apart from confidential intimacies with other men. Mrs. Fields doubtless understood him better than her husband did.

"His most familiar acquaintances," said his biographer George R. Carpenter, "were almost invariably women; and this was natural. Ascetic in life, not touching wine or tobacco, unused to sport, frail of health, isolated in residence, without employment that brought him into regular contact with his fellows, reticent and shy, there was no line of communication open between his life and that of men of robust and active habits, whose peer he really was. Women understood better his prim and gentle ways, his physical delicacy, his saintly devotion to spiritual ideals. His most frequent correspondents were women — Lucy Larcom, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Celia Thaxter, Gail Hamilton, Mrs. Stowe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edith Thomas, Sarah Orne Jewett, Edna Dean Proctor, Mrs. Fields, Mrs. Claflin — and his letters to them show sincere friendship and community of spirit. In old age his was the point of view, the theory of life, of the woman of gentle tastes, literary interests, and religious feeling. The best accounts of his later life are those of Mrs. Claflin and Mrs. Fields, in whose houses he was often a guest; and they have much to say of his sincere friendliness and quiet talk, his shy avoidance of notoriety or even of a large group of people, his keen sense of humour, his tales of his youth, his quaintly serious comments on life, his sudden comings and goings, as inclination moved, and of the rare occasions when, deeply moved, he spoke of the great issues of religion with beautiful earnestness and simple faith. And it is pleasant to think of this farmer's lad, who had lived for forty years in all but poverty for the love of God and his fellows, taking an innocent delight in the luxury of great houses and in the sheltered life of those protected from hardship and privation. After his long warfare this was a just reward."

Many members of the Saturday Club were present at the

dinner given by Whittier's publishers in honour of his seventieth birthday on December 17, 1877. A homely anecdote related by a kinswoman of the old poet gives an amusing picture of his reluctance to make a public appearance. "I shall have to buy a new pair of pants," he complained; but finally he accepted the invitation and sat gravely through the ordeal. The dinner owes much of its fame to-day to the ill-success of a humorous speech attempted by Mark Twain, whose biographer, Mr. Paine, has given a veracious account of Mark's daring effort to describe how three disreputable frontier tramps tried to pass themselves off upon a lonely miner as Longfellow, Emerson, and Holmes. All three of these gentlemen were guests at the Whittier dinner, and though none of them seems to have resented Mark's elaborate joke, it proved a ghastly failure with the audience. His remarks are given in full in Mr. Paine's edition of his *Speeches*, and the *Life* of Mark Twain gives unsparing record of the humourist's contrition, his apologies to Emerson, Holmes, and Longfellow, and finally the delightful revulsion of feeling in which, many years later, he confirmed his faith that it was really a good speech after all! Mr. Howells, who presided at the dinner, and introduced Mark Twain, had his own sorrows over the catastrophe, as he has recorded humorously in his *My Mark Twain*. Not the least amusing aspect of the affair is the fact that Mr. Clemens did not quite dare to send to the guest of honour a copy of the letter of apology which he addressed to the other poets.

"I wrote a letter yesterday, and sent a copy to each of the three. I wanted to send a copy to Mr. Whittier also, since the offence was done also against him, being committed in his presence and he the guest of the occasion, besides holding the well-nigh sacred place he does in his people's estimation; but I did n't know whether to venture or not, and so ended by doing nothing. It seemed an intrusion to approach him, and even Lily seemed to have her doubts as to the best and properest way to do in the case. I do not reverence Mr. Emerson less, but somehow I could approach him easier." This letter is a curiously interesting evidence of the impression made by Whittier's personality upon a reckless man of genius of the younger generation.

The celebration of Whittier's eightieth birthday, in 1887, called forth many tributes from his old friends of the Saturday Club. Senator George F. Hoar spoke of him with noble eloquence at a banquet in Boston: there was a testimonial signed by representatives of every State and Territory in the Union; and there were verses by Holmes, Lowell, Parkman, Hedge, and George F. Hoar of the Saturday Club, as well as poems by Walt Whitman and other well-known writers. Whittier spent the day at Oak Knoll, Danvers, and was able to receive a great company of distinguished guests.

For nearly five years longer the aged poet survived. His last poem was written for Dr. Holmes's eighty-third birthday on August 29, 1892; and on September 7 of that year he passed away. Holmes's pathetic memorial verses close with this stanza: —

> "Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless stone;
> Smooth the green turf, and bid the tablet rise,
> And on its snow-white surface carve alone
> These words, — he needs no more, — *Here Whittier lies.*"

For that generation, indeed, there was no need to say more. "Whittier was not," as I have written elsewhere, "one of the royally endowed, far-shining, 'myriad-minded' poets. He was rustic, provincial; a man of his place and time in America. It is doubtful if European readers will ever find him richly suggestive, as they have found Emerson, Poe, and Whitman. But he had a tenacious hold upon certain realities: first, upon the soil of New England, of whose history and legend he became such a sympathetic interpreter; next, upon 'the good old cause' of Freedom, not only in his own country but in all places where the age-long and still but half-won battle was being waged; and finally, upon some permanent objects of human emotion, — the hill-top, shore, and sky, the fireside, the troubled heart that seeks rest in God. Whittier's poetry has revealed to countless readers the patient continuity of human life, its fundamental unity, and the ultimate peace that hushes its discords. The utter simplicity of his Quaker's creed has helped him to interpret the religious mood of a generation which has grown impatient of formal doctrine. His hymns are sung by almost every body of Christians, the world over. It

is unlikely that the plain old man who passed quietly away in a New Hampshire village on September 7, 1892, aged eighty-five, will ever be reckoned one of the world-poets. But he was, in the best sense of the word, a world's-man in heart and in action, a sincere and noble soul who hated whatever was evil and helped to make the good prevail; and his verse, fiery and tender and unfeigned, will long be cherished by his country-men."

B. P.

Chapter VI

1859

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!

. . . . . .

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

WHITTIER

THE notable event in the first month of this year was the celebration on January 25 of the centennial birthday of Robert Burns. Whether or no the Saturday Club were the movers, it is certain that many of the members were there, and brought tributes to Scotland's Poet of the People. Holmes, Lowell, Whittier had written poems, and Emerson spoke. He so warmed to this occasion that many of those who heard him believed that his words were given him on the moment of utterance. Yet he never trusted himself on important occasions in *extempore* speech, and the manuscript remains as evidence.[1]

Longfellow wrote to Fields: "I am very sorry not to be there. You will have a delightful supper, or dinner, whichever it is; and human breath enough expended to fill all the trumpets of Iskander for a month or more.[2] Alas! . . . I shall not be there to applaud! All this you must do for me; and also eat my part of the

[1] Printed in the *Miscellanies* in the Riverside and Centenary Editions of Emerson's *Works*.

[2] The reference is to a poem by Leigh Hunt, which was a favourite of Longfellow's. Its title is "The Trumpets of Doolkarnein." Iskander was an Asiatic version of Alexander.

haggis which I hear is to grace the feast. This shall be your duty and your reward."

This is Holmes's poem: —

"His birthday. — Nay, we need not speak
The name each heart is beating, —
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek
In light and flame repeating!

"We come in one tumultuous tide, —
One surge of wild emotion, —
As crowding through the Frith of Clyde
Rolls in the Western Ocean;

"As when yon cloudless, quartered moon
Hangs o'er each storied river,
The swelling breasts of Ayr and Doon
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

"The century shrivels like a scroll, —
The past becomes the present, —
And face to face, and soul to soul,
We greet the monarch-peasant.

"While Shenstone strained in feeble flights
With Corydon and Phyllis, —
While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's heights
To snatch the Bourbon lilies, —

"Who heard the wailing infant's cry,
The babe beneath the sheeling,
Whose song to-night in every sky
Will shake earth's starry ceiling, —

"Whose passion-breathing voice ascends
And floats like incense o'er us,
Whose ringing lay of friendship blends
With labour's anvil chorus?

"We love him, not for sweetest song,
Though never tone so tender;
We love him, even in his wrong, —
His wasteful self-surrender.

"We praise him, not for gifts divine, —
His Muse was born of woman, —

His manhood breathes in every line, —
Was ever heart more human?

"We love him, praise him, just for this:
In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,
He saw his fellow-creature!

"No soul could sink beneath his love, —
Not even angel blasted;
No mortal power could soar above
The pride that all outlasted!

"Ay! Heaven had set one living man
Beyond the pedant's tether, —
His virtues, frailties, He may scan
Who weighs them all together!

"I fling my pebble on the cairn
Of him, though dead, undying;
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn,
Beneath her daisies lying.

"The waning suns, the wasting globe,
Shall spare the minstrel's story, —
The centuries weave his purple robe,
The mountain-mist of glory!"

Two days later, the Club lost from its desired membership William Hickling Prescott, brave, genial and well-beloved man, and devoted scholar, in spite of his cruel loss of sight. It is not surely known whether he had yet attended one meeting of the Club. His loss was sorely felt in the Boston and Cambridge community.

Sumner, grieved at the loss of this dear friend, and neighbour in Boston, wrote from Montpellier, in France, that his death was announced in all the Paris papers. "The current of grief and praise is everywhere unbroken. Perhaps no man so much in people's mouths was ever the subject of so little unkindness. How different his fate from that of others! Something of that immunity which he enjoyed in life must be referred to his beautiful nature in which enmity could not live."

The *Atlantic* was now growing in fame and circulation. Lowell was writing articles on Shakspeare. A neatly hidden joke lay in one of these, as follows: "To every commentator who has wantonly tampered with the text, or obscured it with his inky cloud of paraphrase, we feel inclined to apply the quadrisyllabic name of the brother of Agis, King of Sparta." Felton was able to explain the joke. Agis's brother was called Eudamidas.

The Club celebrated Lowell's fortieth birthday, February 22. Dr. Holmes had written a poem which I do not find included in his volume.

Emerson was anxious not to fail in his tribute, but had difficulty with it; yet at length it came, not, however, satisfactory to him. The prophecy, at its end, of Lowell's public service of the Country seems remarkable, and may justify its presentation here.

BIRTHDAY VERSES FOR JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

As I left my door
The Muse came by; said, "Whither away?"
I, well pleased to praise myself
And in this presence raise myself,
Replied, "To keep thy bard's birthday."
"Oh happy morn! Oh, happy eve!"
Rejoined the Muse. "And dost thou weave
For noble wight a noble rhyme,
And up to song through friendship climb?
For every guest
Ere he can rest
Plucks for my son or flower or fruit
In sign of Nature's glad salute."
Alas! Thou know'st,
Dearest Muse, I cannot boast
Of any grace from thee.
To thy spare bounty, Queen, thou ow'st
No verse will flow from me.
Beside, the bard himself, profuse
In thy accomplishment,
Does comedy and lyric use,
And to thy sisters all too dear,
Too gifted, than that he can choose
But raise an eyebrow's hint severe
On the toiling good intention

Of ill-equipped inapprehension.
"The bard is loyal,"
Said the Queen
With haughtier mien,
"And hear thou this, my mandate royal;
Instant to the Sibyl's chair,
To the Delphic maid repair;
He has reached the middle date.
Stars to-night which culminate
Shed beams fair and fortunate.
Go inquire his horoscope,
Half of memory, half of hope."

From Pâques to Noel
Prophets and bards,
Merlin, Llewelleyn,
High born Hoel,
Well born Lowell, —
What said the Sibyl,
What was the fortune
She sung for him?
Strength for the hour.

Man of sorrow, man of mark,
Virtue lodged in sinew stark,
Rich supplies and never stinted, —
More behind at need is hinted;
Never cumbered with the morrow,
Never knew corroding sorrow;
Too well gifted to have found
Yet his opulence's bound;
Most at home in mounting fun,
Broadest joke and luckiest pun,
Masking in the mantling tones
Of a rich laughter-loving voice,
In speeding troops of social joys,
And in volleys of wild mirth
Pure metal, rarest worth,
Logic, passion, cordial zeal
Such as bard and martyr feel.

Strength for the hour,
For the day sufficient power,
Well advised, too easily great
His large place to antedate.

But, if another temper come,
If on the sun shall creep a gloom,
A time and tide more exigent,
When the old mounds are torn and rent,
More proud, more strong competitors
Marshall the lists for emperors, —
Then the pleasant bard will know
To put the frolic mask behind him
Like an old, familiar cloak,
And in sky-born mail to bind him,
And single-handed cope with Time,
And parry and deal the thunder-stroke.

In March, Emerson's journal shows that he read his lecture "Clubs"[1] at the Freeman Place Chapel in Boston, which showed how much he, a secluded scholar, valued the opportunity and refreshment which they gave; and also how he realized the necessity of carefully considered membership which should prevent heart-burnings in those not chosen.

Longfellow records, in his diary, "Agassiz triumphant with his new Museum, having a fund of over two hundred thousand dollars." And, in June, that Agassiz goes to Switzerland, "where he is to pass the summer with his mother at Lausanne."

Early in May, Dr. Howe wrote to Mr. Forbes, speaking highly of "Captain" John Brown, evidently wishing that he should have an opportunity to interest Mr. Forbes in the Free-State cause in Kansas. Mr. Forbes sympathized with the Northern settlers in their brave struggle, but, as an important officer in the new Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, in Missouri, could not show this openly. He, however, invited Brown out to Milton to spend the night, and gathered his good neighbours to hear his story of the Kansas bloody persecutions. He gave Brown one hundred dollars for use in the Free-State cause, little knowing of the use he would make of it for his secret Virginia plans in a few weeks.

Brown had to go by a very early train. In a letter written soon after, Mr. Forbes tells that when the parlour girl rose early to open the house, "she was startled by finding the grim old soldier sitting bolt upright in the front entry, fast asleep; and when her

[1] Printed in *Society and Solitude*.

light awoke him, he sprang up and put his hand into his breast-pocket, where, I have no doubt, his habit of danger led him to carry a revolver." He then mentions how, by an odd chance, the very next day Governor Stewart, the pro-slavery Governor of Missouri (who had set a price of $3,250 on John Brown's head), "appeared on railroad business, and he too passed the night at Milton, little dreaming who had preceded him in my guest room."

In this year Governor Banks appointed Judge Hoar a justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

August brought an anniversary promising in its kind, and happy in its celebration. Fifty years had made good the record of the son whose birth his Reverend father had so unappreciatively entered in his journal. Yet the love and honour felt for Holmes in 1859 the more than a third of a century of life still before him was to increase.

Longfellow writes in his journal: "Drove up to town to dine with Dr. Holmes's friends on his fiftieth birthday. Felton presided. A delightful dinner. Holmes made a charming little speech with some verses at the end to round it off; after which I came away, having to drive back to Nahant."

Mr. Emerson had evidently been asked to make the address, which he read, as follows: —

"Mr. President, — When I read the *Atlantic*, I have had much to think of the beneficence of wit, its vast utility; the extreme rarity — out of this presence — of the pure article. Science has never measured the immense profundity of the Dunce-power. The globe of the world — the diameter of the solar system — is nothing to it. Everywhere, a thousand fathoms of sandstone to a teaspoonful of wit. And yet people speak with apprehension of the dangers of wit, as if there were or could be an excess.

"We all remember, in 1849, it was thought California would make gold so cheap that perhaps it would drive lead and zinc out of use for covering roofs and sink-spouts, but here we have had a Mississippi River of gold pouring in from California, Australia, and Oregon for ten years, and all has not yet displaced one pewter basin from our kitchens, and I begin to believe that if Heaven had sent us a dozen men as electrical as Voltaire or

Sidney Smith, the old Dulness would hold its ground, and die hard.

"Why, look at the fact. Whilst, once, wit was extremely rare and sparse-sown, — rare as cobalt, rare as platina, — here comes the Doctor and flings it about like sea-sand, threatens to make it common as newspapers, is actually the man to contract to furnish a chapter of Rabelais or Sidney Smith once a month — bucketfuls of Greek fire against tons of paunch and acres of bottom. Of course the danger was that he would throw out of employment all the dunces, the imposters, the slow men, the stock writers; in short, all the respectabilities and professional learning of the time. No wonder the world was alarmed. And yet the old House of Unreason stands firm at this day, when he is fifty years old, and he is bound to live a hundred in order to spend the half of his treasure.

"Sir, I have heard that when Nature concedes a true talent, she renounces for once all her avarice and parsimony, and gives without stint. Our friend here was born in happy hour, with consenting stars. I think his least merits are not small. He is the best critic who constructs. Here is the war of dictionaries in this country. In England, a philological commission to draft a new lexicon. All very well; but the real dictionary is the correct writer, who makes the reader feel, as our friend does, the delicacy and inevitableness of every word he uses, and whose book is so charming that the reader has never a suspicion, amid his peals of laughter, that he is learning the last niceties of grammar and rhetoric.

"What shall I say of his delight in manners, in society, in elegance, — in short, of his delight in Culture, which makes him a civilizer whom every man and woman secretly thanks for valuable hints?

"What, then, of his correction of popular errors in taste, in behaviour, in the uncertain sciences, and in theology, attested by the alarm of the synods?

"And this is only possible to the man who has the capital merit of healthy perception, who can draw all men to read him; whose thoughts leave such cheerful and perfumed memories, that when the newsboy enters the car, all over the wide wilderness of Amer-

ica, the tired traveller says, 'Here comes the Autocrat to bring me one half-hour's absolute relief from the vacant mind.'

"Now, when a man can render this benefit to his country, or when men can, I cannot enter into the gay controversy between the rival Helicons of Croton and Cochituate, but I desire all men of sense to come into a Mutual Admiration Society, and to honour that power. The heartier the praise, the better for all parties. For, really, this is not praise of any man. I admire perception wherever it appears. That is the one eternal miracle. I hail the blessed mystery with ever new delight. It lets me into the same joy. Who is Wendell Holmes? If it shines through him, it is not his, it belongs to all men, and we hail it as our own."

In October, Charles Sumner — after three years of suffering and disability and the enduring of very painful treatment in Paris in the endeavour of Dr. Brown-Sequard to restore his nervous system from the disastrous effects upon it of the brutal assault on him in the Senate Chamber — returned to America "a well man," and was soon to become a member of the Club.

At the end of that month the Country was thrown into a state of great political excitement, portending, and hastening, the great conflict that was to follow so soon — John Brown's raid in Virginia and seizure of the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry. This act of desperate courage, and of treason, undertaken by a few men for humanity at the bidding of their consciences, moved many Northern men; but especially did so the wounded John Brown's constancy and dignity during his trial and, at the end, his simple and high statement of his motives, surpassing Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech.[1] Mr. Emerson spoke in public on his behalf;

[1] Because of the interest of many of our members in John Brown's character and his unselfish fight against human slavery for years; also because Redpath's *Life* of Brown is now rarely seen or read, I here introduce the greater part of his final speech in Court: —

"Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved . . . had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference — it would have been all right, and every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. . . . That teaches me that all things 'whatsoever I would that men should do unto me I should do even so to them.' It teaches me further, to 'remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.' I endeavoured to act up to that instruction. I say I am

Governor Andrew was counsel for one of his men, and Dr. Howe was probably one of the few men in a general way aware that Brown had some such aggressive plan in mind. Howe's impatient spirit and early ventures as a militant Christian and patriot, and active helper of the helpless, made him look forward to some armed attack upon Slavery, instead of tolerating Border Ruffian outrages upon Freedom such as had been allowed in Kansas by President Pierce during his administration.

Hawthorne, who had gladly resigned his office as Consul at Liverpool in 1851, had with his family lived first in Florence, and, in the autumn of 1858, they went to Rome for the winter. There his daughter was dangerously sick with malarial fever, so, as soon as they were able, they moved to England in the summer of 1859. They were at first at Leamington, and later moved to Redcar on the east coast, where they passed the winter. The *Marble Faun* possessed Hawthorne's brain, and he worked out the romance during the winter. He had been apprised of his election to the Club in the summer or autumn, but he did not come until the next summer.

As usual when November's long evenings came, the lecture courses began, and several of our members found a hearing near or afar. In this year, Whipple began, in the Lowell Institute, his course on "Literature of the Age of Queen Elizabeth."

yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right.

"Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments — I submit: so let it be done."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

In the fourth year after the birth of the Club, three new members were chosen, well chosen, — strangely differing types of men, but for that very reason, as adding romance, wit, energetic virtue duly tempered by tact, this tripod-stay reënforced the quality, charm, stability of this institution.

First on the list was Hawthorne, but lately returned from Liverpool and Manchester, corrected by Rome and Florence, to his Concord home snugly placed under the southeasterly slope sheltering the Boston Road for its first mile from the village, and looking over a broad expanse of meadows to Walden afar. There, like his neighbour, the woodchuck, with his second hole for safety, he rejoiced in his back door which gave him secure flight to the birch and pitch-pine grove on the hill. Here was the peace of solitude after the years of unsuitable office work or insistent cultivated society. Almost certainly it was a shock to him when he learned in England, months before his return home (June, 1860), if our records are right, that he was chosen a member. He had tarried there, after leaving Italy, for nearly a year working on the *Marble Faun*. Very likely his friends hoped by this token of regard to lure him home. Mrs. Fields tells a story which shows that the solitary romancer had hesitated before taking the plunge. Mr. Fields, as publisher, necessarily had advantages in coming into relations even with such shy authors as Hawthorne and Whittier, and his geniality and his wife's charming hospitality won them to come to their pleasant home where they were likely to meet the next-door neighbour Dr. Holmes. The lady says: "He met Hawthorne for the first time, I think, in this informal way. Holmes had been speaking of Renan, whose books interested him. Suddenly turning to Hawthorne, he said, 'By the way, I would write a new novel if you were not in the field, Mr. Hawthorne.' 'I am not,' said Hawthorne, 'and I wish you would do it.' There was a moment's silence. Holmes said quickly, 'I wish you would come to the Club oftener.' 'I should like to,' said Hawthorne, 'but I

can't drink.' 'Neither can I.' 'Well, but I can't eat.' 'Nevertheless, we should like to see you.' 'But I can't talk, either,' after which there was a shout of laughter. Then said Holmes, 'You can *listen*, though; and I wish you would.'" Holmes had his desire; Hawthorne at Club ate his dinner and mainly listened.

I think it was Fields who said, "A hundred years ago Henry Vaughan seems almost to have anticipated Hawthorne's appearance when he wrote that beautiful line, —

'Feed on the vocal silence of his eye.'"

Norton said that, in choosing seats at table, Hawthorne tried to put himself under Longfellow's protection, or Emerson's.

It should be in the natural order of things to place before the Exodus of this spinner of rare webs from his retired lodge, his Genesis. A poet had thus described it, years earlier: —

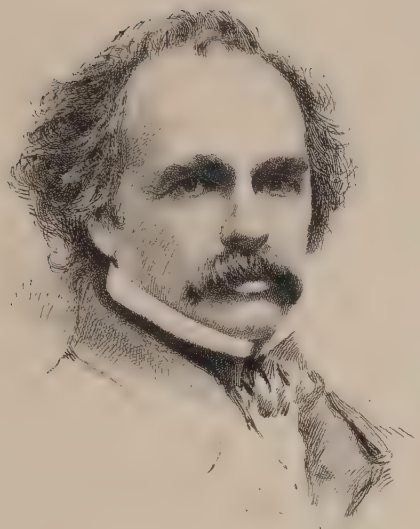
"When Nature created him, clay was not granted
For making as full-sized a man as she wanted,
So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
Of some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared,
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man."[1]

In picturing the members of the Club whose fame has caused their stories to be most often told, it would seem impertinent here to follow closely the thread of their lives.

But in considering Hawthorne's ruling solitary instinct in connection with inevitable social life, certain points may be brought up. First, we find the boy of fourteen, an awakening period, his father just dead, brotherless, and with his widowed mother and one sister, withdrawn from a busy seaport town to a lonely spot in Maine on the shores of Sebago Lake. Skating alone late in the evening on its ringing ice among the dark hills or wandering in the afternoons in the forest, the boy came face to face with his soul, and with Nature, too, before he was plunged among college boys. He said later, "It was there that I first got my accursed habit of solitude." Yet it is hard to think that he did not, in other mood, rejoice in those days.

At Bowdoin, Longfellow was his classmate, but their temper-

[1] Lowell, in "A Fable for Critics."



aments differed so widely that he was never a crony, as were Horatio Bridge, Cilley, and (though in an upper class) Franklin Pierce. These seem to have initiated the boy into a probably rather mild conviviality with some fair Madeira, and thus brought him out of his shell. We are told that Hawthorne, still a boy, said to his mother that he would not get his living by the diseases, the quarrels, or the sins of men, so the author's profession was the only one open to him. He gratefully gives to Bridge, after the *Twice-Told Tales* came out, the credit of his becoming an author, first, by his faith in his writing; later, by his early aid Hawthorne's name was brought more prominently before the public than theretofore.

Bridge says of Hawthorne, "Though taciturn, he was invariably cheerful with his chosen friends, and there was much more of fun and frolic in his disposition than his published writings indicate." He also speaks of his "absolute truthfulness, loyalty to his friends, abhorrence of debt, great physical as well as moral courage, and a high and delicate sense of honour," and, in that connection, vouches for the remarkable tale of the young paladin, moved by a lady's complaint of rudeness or wrong from one of his friends, journeying to Washington to fight him in her cause. Happily the matter was easily cleared up without blood.

Hon. Robert Rantoul has kindly contributed the following memories to this sketch:—

"Of Hawthorne I had some personal knowledge. He frequented my father's office. I came to Salem as a denizen in 1856, and in 1865 I became Collector of the Port. Naturally the place was redolent of 'Hawthorne' tradition. The barrels of papers in the Custom-House attic, in which he professed to have discovered the 'Scarlet Letter,' remained *in statu quo*, — undisturbed in my day. The delightful tale of his old neighbour and landlord, Dr. Benjamin Franklin Brown, was not worn threadbare then. Hawthorne told Dr. Brown, — they were fellow-Democrats and Hawthorne hired his near-by house of the Doctor, and fled to him, by the back door, for refuge when cornered by an unwelcome caller, — Hawthorne told Dr. Brown that of course he had the 'Scarlet Letter' and would show it to him some day. Pressed repeatedly

to 'make good,' he finally said: 'Well, Doctor, I did have it, but one Sunday afternoon, when we were all away at meeting, the children got it and threw it into the fire.'

"When Sir James Barrie was in Salem, it devolved upon me to show him about. He was wholly unprepared to find that there was such a piece of legislation on the statute books as the 'Scarlet Letter' law. I showed him the Colonial statute in the original type. He had thought of it, up to that time, only as a creation of Hawthorne's fancy. Another bit of realism in Hawthorne always interested me. The 'Eastern Land Claim,' which figures so largely in the *Seven Gables*, was an actual claim existing in his family for more than a century, and purporting to vest in 'the heirs of John Hathorn, merchant, Esquire,' a considerable tract 'lying between Dammaris Cotta and Sheep's Cutt Rivers, by the inley Winnegance and the Sea.' Robin Hood, an Indian Sagamore, made a deed of it, recorded in our registry in 1666." [1]

It was surely a strange fall of the dice that made Hawthorne an official in the customs and consular services of the Government, varied and exacting, for a large fraction of his adult life. And almost equally strange seems his early volunteering in experimental community life. In the last, however, he found sustenance, for the time, and much to gratify his sense of humour; also material for a romance which is mistaken for a history.

After that episode, when Hawthorne, newly married, had come to Concord for a time, Emerson notes: "Hawthorne boasts that he lived at Brook Farm during its heroic age; then all were intimate and each knew the other's work; priest and cook conversed at night of the day's work. Now they complain that they are separated and such intimacy cannot be; there are a hundred souls."

The kindly respect for each other of the two who, in different degrees, prized their solitude, always existed, yet they seldom really met. Once, in all the years, there was a success when Emerson, in the ripeness of September, invited this new acquaintance to join him in a two days' walking excursion.

[1] Other allusions to Hawthorne as a Salem citizen and as a United States Custom-House official may be found in Mr. Rantoul's article on *The Poet of Salem* in vol. x of the Essex Institute's Historical Collection for 1870.

Of this pleasant sauntering in golden-rod season, between the orchards where the apple-heaps lay, or under green pines and red maples, Emerson wrote to Ward, on the last day of September, 1842: "Hawthorne and I visited the Shakers at Harvard, made ourselves very much at home with them, conferred with them on their faith and practice, took all reasonable liberties with the brethren, found them less stupid and more honest than we looked for, found even some humour, and had our fill of walking and sunshine."

This word of praise of Hawthorne's work, usually all too gloomy for Emerson's liking, is worth recording in that same year: "Not until after our return did I read his 'Celestial Railroad' which has a serene strength which we cannot afford not to praise in this low life."

The words of two geniuses of the place may also find room here. Emerson writes in his journal: "Ellery Channing made me laugh very heartily one day with equivocal compliments to Hawthorne: 'that he had the undeniable test-faculty of narration, one event to every one hundred and forty pages; a cough took up ten pages, and sitting down in a chair six more.'"

And Thoreau, teaching in Staten Island in that same summer, wrote in a home letter: "Hawthorne, too, I remember as one with whom I sauntered, in old heroic times, along the banks of the Scamander, amid the ruins of chariots and heroes. Tell him not to desert, even after the tenth year."

When, under Emerson's guidance, Hawthorne came into the Club's dining-room at Parker's, he probably hardly knew anybody there except his classmate Longfellow and Whipple; Lowell and Holmes perhaps slightly, and, of course, during his two short residences in Concord he must have met Judge Hoar. Longfellow, when a young professor of *Belles-Lettres* at Harvard, had generously and eagerly called an indifferent public's attention to *Twice-Told Tales*. Fields tells the following story showing that Hawthorne had been drawn under Longfellow's hospitable roof early: "Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow, and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner the friend said: 'I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story,

based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; a legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital, when both were old.' Longfellow wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him: 'If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?' To this Hawthorne assented, and moreover promised not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. And we have *Evangeline* in beautiful hexameters, — a poem that will hold its place in literature while true affection lasts. Hawthorne rejoiced in this great success of Longfellow, and loved to count up the editions, both foreign and American, of this now world-renowned poem."

Longfellow saw and ministered to his friend's owl-like instinct, when, from far Lenox, or from Concord, he ventured near the crowded city and took refuge in the Cambridge mansion. Mr. William Winter quotes Longfellow as saying: "Hawthorne often came into this room, and sometimes he would go there, behind the window-curtains, and remain in silent revery the whole evening. No one disturbed him; he came and went as he liked. He was a mysterious man."

This strange Cornelius Agrippa showing to his readers in his magic glass, darkly, yet with a sombre dignity and beauty, phases of the Puritan New England life, had yet another side which they might only guess at, but not realize, unless they had had the fortune at ten to devour the *Wonder-Book* or *Tanglewood Tales*, or better, while playing with his children, to have chanced on Hawthorne in his own house. For something of the Eustace Bright of the Lenox early home always remained. His smile when we suddenly came upon him was delightful; for children were not to him little half-moulded and untamed lumps of creation, but rather estrays from Paradise bringing some of its airs with them, important in saving the human man from corruption. It was the unshaken belief in the winged horse of the little boy by his side that kept the half-doubting Bellerophon true to his watch — and thus the Chimæra was slain. The gloom of Hawthorne's

tapestries is redeemed by the gold thread that the child or the young girl brings in. Though his first instinct was to flee when a visitor came to the house, if escape was too late he faced his duties of hospitality and even enjoyed the meeting. His consular bread-winning in England was valuable, for through meeting all sorts of people and undergoing public dinners he was prepared for the lionizing in London and the more congenial social life in Rome which the Brownings and Storys made easier. His debt to his friendship with Longfellow he thus acknowledges: "You ought to be in England to gather your fame . . . . I make great play at dinner parties by means of you. Every lady — especially the younger ones — enters on the topic with enthusiasm; and my personal knowledge of you sheds a lustre on myself. Do come over and see these people!" In that same year, Longfellow wrote in his journal: "A soft rain falling all day long, and all day long I read the *Marble Faun*. A wonderful book; but with the old, dull pain in it that runs through all Hawthorne's writings."

But a Hawthorne differing from any estimating of the man that has appeared — except that Mr. Fields briefly touches on this new facet of this rare crystal — is found in the tragic story of Miss Delia Bacon,[1] and this story must find a place here. This lady of keen intelligence and nobility of character became utterly absorbed in the philosophy of the works attributed to Shakspeare. After profound study of Bacon's writings, Miss Bacon became sure the plays and sonnets were the work of the latter and his friends. The secret of the real authorship she believed would be found in Shakspeare's coffin, but, unlike other advocates of Bacon's claims, she cared less about this point than that the world should, through her promptings and interpretations, learn the true science of all things, which the plays were written to unfold. On the slenderest means she went to England to complete her researches and perfect her work on this, to her, all-important service to the race.

In poverty and solitude she worked. When strength and sup-

[1] See *Delia Bacon*, by Theodore Bacon (Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1888), and various mentions of this remarkable woman, in the *Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence* and Hawthorne's *English Note-Books* and Emerson's *Journals*.

plies were failing, for her family could no longer abet a fanaticism which they saw wearing her life out, she turned to the American Consul, a stranger to her, for aid.

Hawthorne read her difficult manuscript and the long letters which she constantly wrote him. Her genius he recognized at once, but could not go with her the length of her conclusions. But from his own means he gave her aid, — and this most delicately, — without which she would have perished, and, what was more to her, showed sympathy and interest.

He procured her a publisher and wrote a respectful and appreciative preface to her book. Through long months he gave his aid and furtherance and time, and this with utter patience, chivalrous courtesy, and, finally, forbearance, when, her body prostrated and her mind deranged, she turned against him, her chief benefactor. Miss Bacon actually obtained permission from the church authorities at Stratford not only to spend a night by Shakspeare's grave, but to open it in the presence of two witnesses, yet at the last minute her courage failed, and the tomb keeps its secret. Soon after this, Miss Bacon had to be placed in an asylum and, not long after, gave up the life she had worn out in her mission.

Hawthorne loved Leigh Hunt, but he said, after his return to Concord and his cordial reception into the Club immediately following thereon, "As for other literary men of England, I doubt whether London can muster so good a party as that which assembles every month at the marble palace [Parker's] on School Street."

Hawthorne was fortunate in his unusually happy relation with Mr. William D. Ticknor and Mr. James T. Fields, the heads of the leading publishing house, for he was dependent upon his pen for support, and, though firm enough when occasion demanded, and with a proper sense of his rights, he was modest about his writings and rather helpless as a business man. They were true friends as well as publishers and knew how thoughtfully to float him over barren times.

Mr. Fields, in his *Yesterdays with Authors*, dedicated to this Club, opens his notes on Hawthorne by a paragraph in which he

speaks of him as "the rarest genius America has given to literature — a man who lately sojourned in this busy world of ours, but during many years of his life

'Wandered lonely as a cloud.'

. . . His writings have never soiled the public mind with one unlovely image."

Of Hawthorne's presence at the Club Mr. Norton said: "It was always interesting. I was always glad to sit by him. There was individuality and difference in his talk which made it very attractive. I recall sympathetic expressions of his in regard to the war. His lack of sympathy with Sumner was marked. He disliked his magisterial tone."

Mr. Norton said: "On one of the last occasions when I met Hawthorne at the Club during the War, I got into a discussion with Judge Hoar — perhaps about some doings at Washington — Mr. Sumner's attitude, or the like — and the Judge was rather rough in arguing. When the controversy was over, Hawthorne turned to me and in his shy way said, 'I'm glad you did n't give in.'" But the Judge took pleasure in having Hawthorne as his guest, with Emerson, in the drives home from Waltham, which have been mentioned and was glad of this, to him, only opportunity, outside the Club, of meeting his shy townsman, attractive, even if a Democrat.

The delightful letter of Henry James to Emerson, after seeing Hawthorne for the first time at the Club dinner, is reserved for the sketch of this astonishing and witty philosopher.

It should be remembered that Hawthorne, returning from Europe in 1860, and dying in May, 1864, belonged to the Club but for a few years and these of increasing feebleness, troubled too by the war.

This sketch shall end with the tribute of William Allingham, the refined and lovable Irish and English poet: "I sometimes love Hawthorne. The shy man, through his veil of fanciful sketch and tale, shows me more of his mind and heart than any pen-dipper of them all. What a pensive, sympathetic humanity makes itself felt everywhere. He is no pessimist, save as regards men's efforts

to alter the natural conditions of human life, and the natural effect of human actions. His fixed faith is that man is a spirit with his real life flowing from and to a finer world than that of the senses. Sometimes I don't love him so well; his attitude of *spectator ab extra* strikes a chill."

E. W. E.

THOMAS GOLD APPLETON

The Appletons were establishing themselves in Ipswich five years after Boston was founded, but their adventurous courage was not exhausted, for as soon as the French and Indian War was over they founded New Ipswich among the hills in the northern forest. Again, when manufacturing began to compete with agriculture, two of the brothers moved to Boston. Nathan, years later, interested in the power loom, became in turn a founder, with others, of a great industrial city, Lowell. So young Thomas, his older child, became a Beacon Hill Bostonian, on the occasion of his birth in 1812 on the last day of March. He used to say, "I just missed being an April fool."

Dr. Holmes, in his *Life* of Motley, tells of the happy companionship of those notable men who in their boyhood were neighbours near the head of Chestnut Street. They loved to dress up as heroes and bandits and act exciting scenes in the garret. "If one with a prescient glance could have looked in, . . . in one of the boys he would have seen the embryo dramatist of a nation's life-history, John Lothrop Motley; in the second, a famous talker and wit who has spilled more good things on the wasteful air in conversation than would carry a 'diner-out' through half a dozen London seasons, and waked up, somewhat after the usual flowering time of authorship, to find himself a very agreeable and cordially welcomed writer — Thomas Gold Appleton. In the third he would have recognized a champion of liberty, known wherever that word is spoken; an orator whom to hear is to revive all the traditions of the grace, the commanding sway, of the silver-tongued eloquence of the most renowned speakers — Wendell Phillips." In after years, travelling divergent roads, the early bond was not entirely broken, though Phillips may have strained it, and the dramatic gift was still common property.

Tom had the fortune to be sent to Round Hill School, wonderful for its day. John M. Forbes, who was there with him, speaks of him as then being a crack archer, — he kept some skill with the

long bow through life, — but the standards of character, taste, and reading that Mr. Cogswell strove to implant were a cause for young Appleton's gratitude in his later wandering life.

Naturally he was sent to Harvard College, and without doubt was an amusing and popular classmate. When he graduated in 1831 there was no pressing need of engaging in work or studying a profession immediately. So of course he went to Europe, and her charm, constantly drawing him back, prevented his ever doing either.

His father, a successful manufacturer, wished his son to follow in this promising path, but Tom said, "No, thank you! Arts and letters are what I care for. I will not waste my life." But in these he did not succeed. He used to say of himself, "I have the temperament of genius without the genius. That is the unfortunate thing." From youth to age the social instinct and talent mastered him. Eyes, ears, mind, were open and finely tuned to all that was beautiful, witty, interesting. From this material his quick appreciation and original mind and wit, sometimes unhallowed, would turn out a fabric amusing, charming, even startling to his company. Yet his wit seldom left a sting, for Appleton was very human and of quick sympathies. A lady who knew him well said that in telling a story of suffering to her he choked and the tears ran over. "Don't mind me," he said, "I get that from my mother." Mr. Dana, in his diary, thus characterizes him: "Tom is the prince of rattlers. He is quick to astonishment, and has humour and thought and shrewd sense behind a brilliant fence of light works."

Appleton, in spite of being born a patrician, or, at any rate, an *eques* in Boston, was very independent of Beacon Street. He was the first young man in Boston who dared wear a mustache. His uncle William Appleton growled, "Tom, don't come into this room with that brush on your lips."

Soon after graduating he went abroad for eighteen months. His joy surpassed that of a child, at each new experience in England. "We are full to repletion with ideas that no one has time to digest — none but an anaconda could, such is the glorious rush of impressions. I came over in a Trollopian spirit, but my first drive sank the cynic in the boy. I am in love with this my fatherland."

After his mother's death, Tom went a second time to Europe with his father and two of his sisters, and two years were pleasantly passed on the Continent. The family travelled in their own carriage for the most part, though Tom sometimes left them, to walk part of the way, rejoining them at appointed places. On one of these occasions he found young Mr. Longfellow of Portland in his place in the carriage. Neither of them could see, far in the future, the brotherly relation between them, perhaps due to that chance of travel. At Mainz they were detained for weeks by the illness of one of his sisters, but in that time Tom got more than enough of that remoter fatherland. He detested the coarse and guttural language, absurd beds, and wrote with vigour of the food. One evening he persuaded his reluctant father to go to the theatre and see "Hamlet" acted in German. He records, however, "We were both much edified and the tears came into our Appleton eyes."

One of Appleton's friends, a lady, told of his delightful little bursts of temper when he would allow himself to run on, and became even dramatically imaginative. He once was denouncing Germans at the Club before Mr. Sam Ward, who valued them. Irritated by his amused silence, Appleton ran on about their manners, their speech, their over-praised literature, and at last burst out with a tale of a call made by his father, he accompanying, on a German from whom they had every reason to expect at least courtesy, but the absence of this amounted to positive rudeness. Mr. Appleton had never experienced such a reception and hardly knew what to say, but Tom said that, boiling over with indignation, he stepped before him and shouted to the German, "Sir! Choose which of your features you wish to preserve, and I will take care of the rest!"

In 1844, Appleton, after having spent twelve years in his "shuttlecock" life, — delightful sojourns in Europe, whence love for his family and Boston drew him home for months, — found himself full of tastes and interests and human relations, but without a profession, occupation, or even a commanding interest. In the presence of his father, active worker in private and public affairs, he felt with some mortification his difference from other

young Bostonians. Yet he could not bring himself to assume duties for which he had no taste and felt no fitness. "And yet," he wrote to his father, "I cannot see that a man improving his character and mind, living modestly on a moderate income is wholly despicable. If he tries to do good, and to find the truth and speak it, I cannot see that he is inferior to a man who only toils, nobly, to be sure, but still without leaving himself time for much of these. . . . My ambition is my own, and it is as strong as any man's, but it has no triumphs which the world can appreciate or behold. It may not be a lofty or very useful one, but it is to the best of my abilities."

So again the man with "the temperament of genius" followed his call, which was to enjoy, and then, happy, entertain or give pleasure to others with his social gift or cultivated taste, sometimes also generous help. But he wrote in serious mood: "If an ardent wish to do good and be of some use indicates anything, I feel that some day I shall be better understood and loved for other reasons than at present. . . . It is too late to achieve strict habits of business, but I shall be able to handle my talents so as to satisfy a little the natural demands of society upon me."

So abroad again he went, bent upon the study of art in such time as he could spare from the delightful human race. He fell in with the young William Hunt and Richard his brother and travelled in Greece with them and their mother. There he was proud to find that the eyes of men sparkled as they spoke of his townsman Dr. Howe. He sent word to his sister from Constantinople, "Tell her the old enchantment lingers about these shores; that Fairyland begins with the blue entrances to the Dardanelles." Years later he wrote in the *Atlantic*,[1] "The Greeks made an ideal for us all. Our best eyes see the world as Homer saw it; we ourselves seem to have built the Parthenon in some lucky dream."

Mr. Appleton loved art and practised as an amateur. I do not know with whom he studied. But late in life he very much amused the unregenerate youth in one of the French *ateliers* by his remarks and by his efforts in the life-class. He early copied Raphael's Madonna della Sedia with some success. He made also

[1] "The Flowering of a Nation," *Atlantic Monthly*, v, 28, 216.

water-colours on the Nile, and at Nahant, his summer home. He made friends of Kensett, Church, Akers, Allen Gay, Darley, and other artists, and with William Story in Rome. He had a generous idea of a critic's function; did not look first for faults, but had a quick eye and a genial word for some happy stroke in a picture even of a painter yet unrecognized. It was the same with books, "He was a most indulgent critic, making all allowance for the intention of the workman."

Appleton and Emerson were both in Paris during the revolution of 1848, but they met, perhaps for the first time, very pleasantly on their return voyage to America in that year.

Emerson wrote in his sea-journal, "In the cabin conversations about England and America, Tom Appleton amused us all by tracing all English performance home to the dear Puritans, and affirming that the Pope also was once in South America, and there met a Yankee, who gave him notions on politics and religion."

On each of his returns from the European paradise Appleton found increasing friction in America on the moral issue of Slavery. He seems to have been early freed from "Cotton Conservatism," his generous spirit revolting at the steady encroachments of the slave power, and more at Boston subserviency. Though not an Abolitionist, he kept some friendship for Sumner, and admired his heroic stand for Freedom. In the presidential campaign of 1856, Appleton wrote from Paris to his father that if Buchanan should come in, and follow Pierce's methods, "we could not, in Europe, pretend to love liberty." The gradual enslavement of the North "would be hard to bear, but might make us more humble and more willing to look after our sins." When at last the flag of his Country was fired upon, his angry patriotism flamed out. He was past the limit of military age, but he helped his friend Governor Andrew with the sinews of war and with active sympathy.

But, to go back into the decade before the war; Appleton's visits to Europe were less frequent because of the pleasure he found in being near his sister and Longfellow, now a brother, and presently of being "Uncle Tom," and he proved an ideal uncle.

He had for some time a house in Phillips Place, Cambridge, to be near the family, and, in the summer, he shared a cottage with the Longfellows at Nahant for coolness, which pleasant and fashionable resort he baptized "Cold Roast Boston."

One of his friends says that Mr. Appleton always had an active sense of the nearness of those who had left this life. "His faith in the unseen ran, like a bright thread, through all his currents of thought." This made him ready to investigate the so-called "spiritualism" of Hume and others, but he wearied of such manifestations, as coarse and material, yet held fast his theory "that the spirit world is ever close to the world of matter"; this made the memory and presence of lost friends ever near to him. Appleton's interest in the so-called "spiritual manifestations" brought him into relations with the believers. Thus, from London, he writes to Longfellow in 1856 about meeting Mrs. Browning and says: "She is a little concentrated nightingale, living in a bower of curls, her heart throbbing against the bars of the world. I called on them, and she looked at me wistfully, as she believes in the Spirits and had heard of me. Lady Byron, too, has sent for me to talk about it; but I do not know that I shall find time to go." Writing to Longfellow, *à propos* of some book on Immortality, he said: "There seems great soreness in the world at the place where soul and body dovetail. I recall an expression of Mr. Theodore Lyman to me, years ago: 'The bother of the Yankee,' said he, 'is that he rubs badly at the junction of soul and body.' As true a thing as was ever said; and he not much of a sayer of such things."

Mr. Norton told a story showing Appleton's strong attraction to artists and his impulsive generosity. In Venice as he strolled through the Accademia, he spied a young man making a good copy of a picture. "Hullo! hullo!" said he; "that's doing pretty well." The young man flushed, surprised at this opening. "No," went on Appleton, "that's not bad at all." After a little chat, during which the artist said he knew he must be Mr. Tom Appleton of whom he had heard, the latter said, "Look here, have you had any chance to see anything? Been to Egypt?" The young artist was pleased with this attention, and Appleton, finding that he had his family

in Venice, said, "Take me home to dinner and let me see the wife and daughter." He went, was pleased with the lady; said, "You'll give me some American pumpkin pie? You'll go to Egypt with me?" All went on an ideal voyage on the Nile in a *dahabeah*, and later through Syria, both of which journeys Mr. Appleton very pleasantly chronicled in books.

Mr. Appleton was often moved to write verses inspired by his camping or yachting excursions in his native land. Whatever may be said of his poems, his prose style, when moved, is charming and artistic.

He writes to Longfellow: —

MINEAH, EGYPT, February 13, 1875.

DEAR HENRY, — Behold me returned from a descent into Africa, where was no post and no railroad, but only Nature and History. I went as into a cloud; but, oh! the silver and gold lining of it, as the sun or the moon shone. It was weird and wonderful, and put me in relation with Speke and Grant and the other great travellers. I kept a faithful journal, and made endless sketches, all in water-colour. My friend Mr. Benson was very active, and in oil has a store of beauties. He and his family have proved delightful companions, and enjoyed every moment; not a sunset, nor a dish, was thrown away upon them. Oh, that you had our spring instead of the sulky, reluctant visitor I so well remember! Before my eyes is a sheet of green, such as only Egypt knows, and set in the gold of sand and cliff which doubles its beauty. You must get Mr. Gay to tell you of these wonders; my space can do them no justice.

None but a goose can see this country and not feel as if he were saluting a mother. At Beni-Hassan yesterday, I saw Homer and the Bible painted on the walls; and yet the life of to-day. These Egyptian children were indeed the fathers of all of us men since. Life here cannot escape from the old conditions. Our dethroned mast (for we row only, now) rests on a semicircle of iron identical with one I saw yesterday on a boat of five thousand years ago. To walk in the shadow of such a date gives grandeur to life. Would you were here, and we should have a poem with a

fine old-crusty-port flavour. I have shut up my exuberant Muse in sonnets, and "my brain is still spinning more."

Faithfully,

T. G. Appleton.

Here, by contrast, is a poem of Appleton's with the breath of Katahdin in it; no slightest hint of quiet, smooth England, gay Continental cities, or the ancient East can be felt.

THE LOON

When, swinging in his silent boat,
The sportsman sees the happy lake
Repeat the heavens which o'er him float,
A quiet which no whispers break —
Then, ah! that cry
Drops from the sky
In mournful tones of agony.

The spirit of the lonely woods,
Of wastes unseen and soundless shores,
The genius of the solitude
In that complaint appealing pours —
One voice of grief,
Appealing, brief,
As hopeless ever of relief.

When evening breathes with perfumed air
Delicious sadness, longings high,
A pensive joy, untouched by care,
Then hark, a laugh falls from the sky —
A mocking jeer
Floats o'er the mere,
And Eve-born sorrows disappear.

'T is thus when Nature overhears
Our human needs of joy and woe
Too much, these link it to our tears
And shame us in their overflow;
That laugh, that cry,
To us come nigh
And solitude's society.

Mr. John T. Morse tells that Dr. Holmes "wrote, one day, to his friend, 'Of course your worst rival is your own talk, with which

people will always compare whatever you write; and I do not know that I can say more of this book than that it comes nearer your talk than anything else you have written.'" Of course he shone at the Club. In a little book in which Mr. Emerson jotted down some notes of his friends I find the following: —

Appleton gave Bancroft's stepson, Alexander Bliss, the sobriquet of Arabia Felix.

He said, "All good Bostonians expected when they died to go to Paris."

When Longfellow offered his guests green turtle soup, Appleton asked, if that was not "some imitation of mock-turtle?"

He advised some young ladies at Fields's house to carry horse-chestnuts. He said : "I have carried this one in my pocket these ten years, and in all that time have had no touch of rheumatism. Indeed, its action is retrospective, for I never had rheumatism before."

To the old collegians proposing a club to meet only once in a decade, he offered the title, "*Boors drinking after Teniers.*"

When it was proposed to put a chime of bells on Dr. Channing's church-tower, he said, they might play "*Turn again, Huntington,*" alluding to the recent conversion of the last pastor to the Church of England.

Appleton said at dinner: "Canvas-back ducks eat the wild celery; and the common black duck, if it ate the wild celery, is just as good, — only, damn 'em, they won't eat it!"

Mr. Norton in his later years wrote to Horace Furness: "I fear that you never knew the delightful Tom Appleton. His memory is becoming faint, except in the hearts of a few old men like myself. This is the common fate — the common fate of the man whose charm is specially social and whose wit is the wit of the dinner-table. Well, Tom, who was a true *bon-vivant*, intellectually as well as physically, and had a most cultivated sense of taste himself, used to say that we in New England suffer more in regard to that special sense from our Puritan tradition of the sinfulness of worldly delights, than in respect to any other of the senses. In Philadelphia and Baltimore that sense has had its rights more carefully preserved. Yet every now and then there has been an

exceptional instance of delicacy of taste among these restrained New Englanders, as, for instance, was Leverett Saltonstall's capacity of discrimination of sherries, about which there is a good story which I will tell you some day."

But it is not right that Appleton should be remembered only as a *bon-vivant* and society wit. He was a loyal friend and a most affectionate son and brother, and, in his later years enjoyed to the utmost his Longfellow nieces and nephews, and, after their mother's terrible death, the wish to be in their neighbourhood made him less a wanderer. The Appleton ready sympathy ran through his life. He enjoyed seeing others enjoy and arranging pleasures for them.

Appleton was public-spirited and actively interested in the growth and improvement of Boston. He was early one of the trustees of the Athenæum in its Pearl Street days. The Public Library and the Museum of Fine Arts were just the kind of advances in the community which he desired, and had the benefit of his services. The development of the Back Bay lands interested him. As soon as Commonwealth Avenue emerged from the marsh he built, near its head, a comfortable home at last, made attractive by his books and pictures.

From Miss Hale's pleasant biography, to which I am indebted, we learn that Mr. Appleton's correspondence for the later years was largely made up of letters to him acknowledging sums for all sorts of enterprises from those of large patriotic weight, philanthropic importance, or æsthetic attraction, to private gifts lifting loads from the humblest homes. He not only gave, but he made others give. Miss Hale well describes her friend thus, "A man accomplished in the difficult art of generous living."

E. W. E.

JOHN MURRAY FORBES

With the shy romancer and the cheerful, unabashed wit and traveller there came into this company of men of letters, science, and law a man of a different stamp. Born at Bordeaux by chance of travel, of American parents, in 1814, he used to say, "I am assured my title to American citizenship is as good as anybody's," and he is best described as a great private citizen. What a force, and always for good, he was in the Country was known to few.

His father, Ralph Forbes, was not successful in business, and died after a long sickness, still comparatively young, leaving his brave wife with seven children in narrow circumstances.

When John Forbes, at fifteen, having finished his official schooling, left Round Hill, Northampton, really better educated than many college graduates, to be boy in the counting-room of his maternal uncles, the Perkinses, his admirable teacher, Mr. Cogswell, wrote to his mother: "It is not mere length of time in which he has been my pupil that attaches me strongly to him. A stronger tie is the uncommon worth and irreproachable character he has maintained in this relation." He was allowed small ventures in his uncles' China-bound ships, and by careful nursing, his capital, when, at seventeen, he sailed for China, amounted to a thousand dollars. Russell and Company, a house in Hong Kong allied with the Perkinses, accepted him as a clerk. After two years' responsible work he went home to recruit his health. He was married before he was twenty-one and returned to China to settle his affairs there and then make a home here, but on his arrival he found himself, to his dismay, a member of the firm and could not get away for three years. The four months' voyages of those days in slow vessels around the Cape of Good Hope made long and dull chapters in eager lives. There was danger, but also continuous weeks of quiet sailing. Happily Mr. Forbes had another than the business side to his mind. In calms, or trade-wind sailing he betook himself to books. His taste for literature was good,

and the Highlander in him loved poetry and songs. Copying his favourite verses into his commonplace-book was a great resource.

It is interesting to trace the strong and varied traits in Mr. Forbes's character back to his ancestry. Strathdon in Aberdeenshire, where the Highlands meet the Lowlands near the eastern coast, was the Forbes country. They, like the Grahams and Gordons, their neighbours, were not a Gaelic clan and, probably, like many of the coast families, had a dash of Viking blood, but they had intermarried with Highlanders, notably the Camerons, the race of Lochiel, and had estates in various parts of north-eastern Scotland, but never far from the sea. Thus Highland hardiness and valour, romantic imagination and love of nature were added to the Lowland industry and logic, while Lowland shrewdness and dourness were corrected by Highland generosity and fire. The remarkable history of Lord President Forbes (Duncan of Culloden), faithful, wise, forcible, and humane in the troubled times of Scotland in the eighteenth century,[1] repeats itself with strange coincidence in that of his remote kinsman here, John Forbes of Milton, in the nineteenth.

Mr. Forbes settled on Milton Hill whence he could see his ships come and go, and continued for some time in the China trade, taking great interest in the new clipper ships which brought home to Boston the first news of their own arrival in China, and were always chosen even by English passengers. When, in 1836, his brother Robert Bennet had suggested that he should put some money into the new railroads, he wrote from China with speed, "By no means invest any funds of mine in railway stocks, and I advise you to keep clear of them." He always held that it was good advice then, and in his *Reminiscences* proceeds to tell how, ten years later, he took hold of railroads, little dreaming of the load he was assuming for the coming years. From the time when, with a few merchants, he bought the forty miles of primitive strap-iron Michigan Central, till the latter years of his life when the great Chicago, Burlington & Quincy system, of which he was president, with seven thousand miles of well-laid road connected

[1] See in *Edinburgh Review* (1816, No. 11), "The Culloden Papers."

California and the great corn country with the markets of the world, he never was out of that harness. When English investors were justly bitter about the results of their American adventures, Mr. Forbes's character and credit with the Barings floated this railroad through stormy business crises.[1]

Mr. Forbes kept things in their proper relations, remembered that he was a man, and business his horse, — kept it *under* the saddle. Thus mounted he looked at things largely. In the long struggle between Northern and Southern civilizations and political and ethical codes which culminated in war, he steadily played the good citizen. When Webster deserted the cause of Freedom in 1850, Mr. Forbes left the Cotton Whigs and always strove to present the urgent issues of the time plainly and soberly to his friends, North and South. He himself considered the wrong and mischief of slavery, but could show to one who did not, in the most good-natured and clear way, the practical situation. He helped the Free-State men in Kansas, but had to do so very quietly, because of his official position in the management of other people's property, the first railroad in Missouri. Thus it happened when Dr. Howe sent John Brown out to see him and tell the story and make the appeal of Kansas, that on the following night the pro-slavery Governor of Missouri occupied the same bed, which, the night before, had held the man for whose head he and the President had offered a great reward.

The words of one of the old partners of Russell and Company may well be quoted concerning his relation to business: "He never seemed to me a man of acquisitiveness, but very distinctly one of constructiveness. His wealth was only an incident. I have seen many occasions when much more money might have been made by him in some business transaction but for this dominant passion for building up things. The good also which he anticipated for business and settlers through opening up the country also weighed much with him."

Of this China merchant and rising railroad man, Mr. Emerson used to speak with pleasure on his return from his Boston lec-

[1] The interesting and creditable story of Mr. Forbes's railroad services is told by Mr. Henry Greenleaf Pearson in *An American Railroad-Builder*.

tures, some years before the Club gathered, — "That good creature John Forbes was there, with his wife, and brother Bennet, and they wanted to take me out with them to Milton." Here was a "man who could do things," and knew and was part of the great doings in the busy world of which Mr. Emerson coveted to know, and yet cared for such wares as this "transcendentalist" was furnishing.

Mr. James T. Fields, before his own membership, said that when he was at the Club as a guest, soon after Mr. Forbes, proposed by Emerson, had been chosen a member, the advantage of this fresh and strong stimulant introduced into this group of scholars and *savants* was manifest. His sponsor was sure of the success of his nominee. He had written, "In common life, whosoever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius will have remarked how easily he took all things along with him — the persons, the opinions, and the day, and Nature became ancillary to man." Mr. Forbes was very modest, and singularly tactful, and his influence in making the Club a point of departure for remarkable service, and in many ways, to the Country in the dark days soon to follow, also in securing comfort, permanence, and usefulness to the Club itself, was held in reserve.

Meantime Mr. Forbes enjoyed it greatly, and always was present, if possible, usually with an interesting guest, or else would bring in some young man. For he, always young in spirit, liked to have young people about him, test them, too, while giving them pleasure.

The doors were widely open at Naushon, his island, its "good greenwood" and billowy sheep-downs stretching for miles between the blue Bay and Vineyard Sound. In the large hospitality that he exercised, beautifully seconded by his wife and family, the widest range of persons shared, men of letters, or of affairs, or of science, the statesman, the poet, the artist, the reformer; in short, men and women of character who were doing the work of the world in varied ways. The idle, the selfish, and the unsound were conspicuously absent. Also the beginners were there, students and clerks, boys and girls: children of old friends he remembered with a loyalty extending over three generations. None were abashed;

they were drawn out, put on a horse or given an oar, or he talked with them quietly, used them on small commissions, saw if they had courage and common sense in such chances as occur on land or sea, also whether they could observe and report accurately. A week under Mr. Forbes's roof was worth more than a year at college to many a boy. Every one was put on his mettle by the astonishing performance of the chief. Sitting by the fire in the room full of family and guests, all talking freely, he concentrated his thought and wrote rapidly on matters of great moment for the Country or for his railroad; then, suddenly looking up, would call for a song, "Bonny Dundee" or "McGregor's Gathering"; then for a set at "California All Fours." Weather he ignored, rode daily on his fine horse to Boston seven miles and back. Secretary Stanton, during a visit, exclaimed to Miss Forbes, "What a major-general that man would make!" His yachts were not for ornament or racing, but for use; often to speed the public business. Some of his most important letters were written in the cabin in a gale. For him, as for Cæsar, storm and obstacle existed to be overcome.

> The lightning gleam and the roaring gale
> Sped his ship to the bay.

Not only did Agassiz, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, William Hunt, Grant, Sheridan, Stanton, Cleveland, and many distinguished Englishmen find refreshment at the island, but wounded officers and other convalescents, and tired teachers and householders.

Mr. Forbes had extraordinary tact in conversation, and in his wide correspondence, his letters, all written by his own hand, having a great but quiet influence in matters of private business or public policy. He wrote or inspired numberless newspaper articles and affected wholesomely much legislation, but never let his name appear in print. In all his generous, wise, and effective public service during the war he managed to keep his name out of the newspapers. "So that the thing is done," he would say, "it is of no consequence who does it." Besides important services to the State and Country, especially in the unpreparedness at the outset of the war, he did a great deal to enlighten the public

opinion in England, then dangerously favouring the Confederacy. He was the valued counsellor of three successive Secretaries of the Treasury and of the Secretary of the Navy. Yet he never held a political office.

His daughter has well described his methods thus: —

"Impatient . . . of sloth, incompetency, and above all hypocrisy, I have seen him . . . exhibit an endless patience and long-suffering with the foibles most distasteful to him; so that a cousin who had had many opportunities of watching him under very trying circumstances once exclaimed, 'The most patient *im*patient man I have ever seen!'[1]

"He never liked to have it known that he wrote editorials, or inspired editors with his views, or that he drew up bills for Congressmen; and he always declined any nomination for office. 'Let them feel that I want nothing but the good of the Country, and then I shall be trusted; if it is fancied that I work for any personal end I shall lose influence.'"

His daughter said truly: "Perhaps his strongest point was his power of 'putting through' work. . . . He never thought the removal of a poor official, representative, or senator, too great an undertaking. No political machine ever made him fear to set about such a business. . . ."

At home or afield Mr. Forbes reminded one of the best of the old cavaliers or Highland chiefs in Scott's novels which he loved so well, yet to high mind and courage he added a democratic spirit. Always remarkably plainly clothed, though personally neat, and confident and human in address, he did not disaffect working-men in advance, and was loyally served. His face was strong, though very plain, with a humorous expression, often lurking in its seriousness. His wealth had no ostentation; the housekeeping simple, but refined. He defined intemperance well, as "eating or drinking what you did not want because it was there, or because you had paid for it." His manifold activities, many of them in connection with the Club, will appear in the general narrative.

[1] From *Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes*, vol. I, edited by Sarah Forbes Hughes.

I find this entry in Mr. Emerson's journal in 1869: —

"The few stout and sincere persons, whom each one of us knows, recommend the Country and the planet to us. 'T is not a bad world this, as long as I know that John M. Forbes, or William H. Forbes,[1] and Judge Hoar, and Agassiz, . . . and twenty other shining creatures whose faces I see looming through the mist, are walking in it. Is it the thirty millions of America, or is it your ten or twelve units that encourage your heart from day to day?"

E. W. E.

[1] Colonel William Hathaway Forbes, who married Mr. Emerson's younger daughter.

Chapter VII

1860

Wisdom is like electricity. There is no permanently wise man, but men capable of wisdom, who, being put into certain company, or other favorable conditions, become wise for a short time, as glasses rubbed acquire electric power for a while.

Emerson

MR. FIELDS, himself not a member of the Club for four years more, but in constant literary and friendly relations with members because of the *Atlantic Monthly*, tells that Hawthorne, in England, was constantly demanding longer letters from home; and "nothing gave him more pleasure than monthly news from 'The Saturday Club,' and detailed accounts of what was going forward in literature." In these letters, Hawthorne is often inquiring for Whipple, who, he hopes, is coming out with Fields.

Longfellow, on the 1st of March, writes in his journal: "A soft rain falling, and all day long I read the *Marble Faun*. A wonderful book, but with the old dull pain in it that runs through all Hawthorne's writings."

Motley, having won a name in Europe by his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, begun about the time of the formation of the Club, issued in this year the first two volumes of his *United Netherland* and received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and of LL.D. from Harvard.

Norton now had launched himself as a man of letters in his *Notes of Study and Travel in Italy*.

In this year, too, Whipple, the versatile lecturer and essayist and bright talker, published his *Life of Macaulay*.

In June, Mr. Forbes was chosen Elector-at-large for President. It is interesting to read his good estimate of Lincoln at a time when New England was greatly troubled at the failure of their idealized Seward to win the nomination. He sends to a friend in England a copy of the speeches of Douglas and Lincoln in their fight for the

Illinois senatorship, saying: "From such of them as I have read I get the idea of a rough, quick-witted man, persistent and determined, half educated, but self-reliant and self-taught. . . . These speeches . . . show that Lincoln originated in these latter days the utterance of the irrepressible conflict — and, what is more, stuck to it manfully." After telling that Seward had killed himself by associating himself with corrupt politicians, ignoring the coming conflict, and smoothing things over, he says, "I think on the whole the actual nominee will run better, and be quite as likely to administer well when in."

In June, Hawthorne landed with his family, after an absence of seven years, happy to be once more at home and free from uncongenial business and a degree of public and private sociability very trying to his shy and solitary nature. He went to his hillside, "Wayside," home in our quiet village still untouched by suburbanism, found the trees he had planted, especially larches with their purple blossoms, large enough to screen the path from the first corner of his land to the house, and forthwith began to build at the top of the house, a tower of refuge from the world. He could sit, irresponsive, in his chair on the trapdoor affording the only access.

Still, he was interested and curious about the Club which had chosen him a member. He was most cordially received. There, as everywhere, Hawthorne was mainly a listener, though he would make shy remarks to his next neighbour. Mr. Norton thought that he always wanted to put himself under Lowell's or Emerson's protection.

The meetings were pleasant, and the company broke up reluctantly, but there was then no late train to Concord. Judge Hoar solved the difficulty pleasantly by having his man, or, quite often, his son Sam, then a boy, — later to be our associate, — bring his carryall and big black horse down to Waltham, to which a later train ran. Thus the three townsmen, so different, yet so interesting one to another, had a pleasant ten-mile drive on the cool country road, moonlit or starlit, after the hours at the gay banquet in Parker's hot room. But for this, Hawthorne and the Judge would have seldom met, unless they sat together at

the Club, and there Hawthorne was mainly a handsome picture with living eyes. Emerson, too, though his chance for acquaintance was better, probably met his recluse neighbour hardly half a dozen times in Concord after the formation of the Club. Fortunately the Club gathering always put the Judge in his most genial mood. He remembered, too, his position as host, and so, even in war time which soon followed, softened his asperity toward this harmless Democrat. Thus the conditions for his townsmen to get somewhat acquainted with their shy and secluded neighbour were the best. Escape for him was impossible, and the twilight or darkness made it easier for him to talk, especially after a meeting full of such various suggestion and wit.

In Longfellow's September diary is written: "29th. Breakfast with Fields, with Bryant, Holmes, and others. Could not persuade Bryant to dine with the Club" — no reason assigned for this reluctance, but evidently it was Bryant's loss, for Longfellow adds: "We had Richard Dana just returned from a voyage around the world with very pleasant talk about China and Japan, amusing and instructing us a good deal." Dana had broken down suddenly in health the year before from overwork and confinement, and was forced to take his doctor's prescription of a voyage around the world, not unpalatable to him. On the fifth day from his sailing from San Francisco, rejoicing in voyaging on the Pacific once more, the ship took fire, and burned up rapidly. Happily an English ship, bound for Australia, was close at hand, and all were saved, the friendly English captain agreeing at once to land the shipwrecked company at the Sandwich Islands, whence it was necessary to return to San Francisco and sail again for Hong Kong. Mr. Adams gives, in the biography, Dana's highly interesting account, written day by day, of the experiences in China, Japan, and India. Among these is the entertaining story of the dinner-party which Dana enjoyed at the house of a Chinese Mandarin. When Mr. Emerson came home from that meeting of the Club, I remember the pleasure and amusement with which he repeated Dana's story of that occasion, much more vividly told than in his journal.

President Eliot says that Dana helped greatly in promoting

general conversation in the Club, a matter in which there is a sad falling-off in the last generation. He was very strong on international law, a branch which the oncoming war was soon to make of great importance. Dana told Eliot, on his return from his second voyage in both of the great oceans, at the age of forty-five, that he was troubled to find that the Sandwich Islands had been ruined morally and physically by Captain Cook's discovery and the coming of his successors.

The summer had brought the momentary issues of the Republican Convention before the people, though few could believe that secession of the South from the Union was involved. Yet the rule of the slave-holders with constant effort for the extension of their institution evidently had to be resisted before conditions became worse.

The nomination of Lincoln was a surprise and disappointment to New England Republicans who knew little of him.

There is no record of any adoption of Rules by the Club before 1875, of which a copy exists. These were superseded by By-laws in 1886.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

In the troubled year leading on to the great war, Norton was the only man invited to join the Club. To us it may seem strange that his friends and neighbours in Cambridge, literary and scientific, had not chosen him before, but he was nearly nine years younger than Lowell, the youngest member, and went to Europe the year that the Club gathered, up to that time having been regarded as a business man. He came home when the storm-cloud preceding the coming struggle was thickening. That year the *Atlantic* was born. Lowell knew Norton's quality, and how first the spell of India, then of Greece and Italy had worked upon him, and gladly took his contribution to the first number of the magazine, — his recognition as a rising star.

Norton had good friends in college among the attractive young Southerners and had visited them in their homes and received them at Newport, but he, with clear eyes, saw the great coming issue in the country. The guns of Sumter shook up the hot, chaotic mass of discordant opinion. Public sentiment crystallized. The air cleared and was breatheable once more. Men showed their colours. Norton had not been an agitator, and war in advance would have seemed an unspeakable calamity, but, like his fathers, he was born to stand for Higher Law. Delicate in health, he could not have served a month in the field, but he served in every way that he could. In his two years in Europe he had regained fair health; he had learned much. His outward and his inward eyes were opened to natural beauty and the spiritual beauty of which that was the symbol. Ruskin's books had stirred him already when by chance he met the man on the Lake of Geneva, and their friendship increased through the years. Ruskin even then did him some service; Italy did more. Yet he did not wish to stay there; first and last he was an American. He knew that his countrymen and women needed all the elevating influences that he joyed to feel working on him, and were already awakening to them. Now he had turned his back on mercantile

business to become a man of letters. It was not conceit. He naturally went home to work, as one scholar more, in a community that needed such. He wished to do his part. He had already produced his *Notes of Study and Travel in Italy*, an attractive book to-day, showing history-in-the-making as well as the study of the Past, and, as always with him, the ethical goes hand in hand with the æsthetic. But the war, he held, brought duties as commanding to him who stayed at home as to him who stood in the battle front. In the depression which followed the mortifying rout of the Union army at Bull Run, Norton wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Advantages of Defeat," to make Northern people rightly estimate the greatness of the problem, and feeling that it must be dealt with wisely, steadily, and bravely, if the Country and the cause of Free Institutions were to be saved. Soldiers' Aid Societies sprang up in every town, and Mr. Norton gave his personal work at Cambridge; also to help that admirable agency, the Sanitary Commission. He was one of those who strengthened the hands of our noble War Governor, assuring him of the joy of all good citizens in his service in having "kept Massachusetts firmly to her own ideals, and himself represented all that was best in her spirit and aims."

After the Peninsular Campaign, when the war began to drag, in August, 1862, that indefatigable patriot, John Murray Forbes, saw how it would help the vigorous prosecution of the war to collect clippings from all sources to encourage the people and the soldiers, and spread doctrines of sound politics, honest finance, efficient recruiting, the dealing with "contrabands," refugees, and spies, and send broadsides made up of these clippings all over the land. Mr. Norton took charge of this work with admirable helpers, and these broadsides of the New England Loyal Publication Society were sent out once a week. Country editors gladly availed themselves of them, and it is thought that they reached one million readers. A few years later, Mr. Norton was an active member of the "Committee of Fifty" alumni who planned and carried out the building of the Hall on the Delta in memory of the Harvard men who gave their lives for their Country.

In May, 1862, Mr. Norton was happily married to Miss Susan

Sedgwick. A lady beautiful and gracious, she made perfect that home, already of unusual charm and refining influence in Cambridge. Every evening the doors of that house stood open with widest hospitality to all. Madam Norton, of the Eliot family, a queen in kindly dignity, erect in her chair, welcomed young or old, bashful or brilliant, and her son, his wife, and his remarkable sisters, made every guest at home and brought the company together.

Dante Rossetti, who had been in America, wrote — a divination from its name of what the Norton home was — "Your 'Shady Hill' is a tempting address, where one would wish to be. It reminds one somehow of the *Pilgrim's Progress* where the pleasant names of Heavenly places really make you feel as if you could get there if the journey could be made in that very way — the pitfalls plain to the eye, and all the wicked people with wicked names. I find no shady hill or vale, though, in these places and pursuits which I have to do with."

Henry James, Jr., speaking of the ripened relations which his family had with the Nortons after moving to Cambridge, in 1865, tells of "The happy fashion in which the University circle consciously accepted, for its better satisfaction, or, in other words, just from a sense of what was, within its range, in the highest degree interesting, the social predominance of Shady Hill and the master there, and the ladies of the master's family. . . . That institution and its administrators, however, became at once, under whatever recall of them, a picture of great inclusions and implications; so true is it . . . that a strong character, reënforced by a great culture, a culture great in the given conditions, obeys an inevitable law in simply standing out. Charles Eliot Norton stood out, in the air of the place and time — which, for that matter, I think, changed much as he changed, and could n't change much beyond his own range of experiment — with a greater salience, granting his background, I should say, than I have ever known a human figure stand out with from any: an effect involved, of course, in the nature of the background as well as in that of the figure. He profited, at any rate, to a degree that was a lesson in all the civilities, by the fact that he represented an amplier and

easier, above all a more curious, play of the civil relation than was to be detected anywhere about, and a play by which that relation had the charming art of becoming extraordinarily multifold and various without appearing to lose the note of rarity. . . . In the achieved and preserved terms of intercourse it was that the curiosity, as I have called it, of Shady Hill was justified — so did its action prove largely humanizing. This was all the witchcraft it had used — that of manners, understood with all the extensions at once, and all the particularizations to which it is the privilege of the highest conception of manners to lend itself. What it all came back to naturally, was the fact that, on so happy a ground, the application of such an ideal and such a genius *could* find agents expressive and proportionate, and the least that could be said of the ladies of the house was that they had in perfection the imagination of their opportunity."

In spite of living with open door and in wide social relations, Norton was always a worker, remembering that *Horæ pereunt et imputantur*, — but to better purpose than in the counting-room or mart. First, it pleased him to edit the two volumes of the translation of the Gospels which his father was finishing when death overtook him; also the son gathered the miscellaneous essays of his father, and printed a little volume of his hymns and poems. Born into easy circumstances himself, he thought about the hard lot of the helpless poor, and early wrote in the *North American Review* on improved dwellings and schools for them, having personally investigated the shocking condition of Boston tenement houses, into which the immigrants were crowding, almost past belief now. His article was illustrated by plans of model tenements in England. He urged good people to look into the condition of their poor neighbours; recommended the formation of a board of health and also sanitary legislation. In Cambridge, young Norton worked for the establishment of evening schools, and himself taught the newly arrived Irish settlers.

In some autobiographical notes, Mr. Norton wrote: "During my years in the counting-house, a casual acquaintance with Frank Parkman developed into a friendship which lasted through life. He was then printing in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, if I remember

rightly, his first book, *The Oregon Trail*, and when it was to be published as a volume he asked me to revise the numbers, and many an evening when there was not other work to be done was spent by me and him in the solitary counting-room in going over his work."

Once a week on Wednesday evenings of 1865–66, Lowell and Norton came to Longfellow's, at his request, to hear him read his renderings of Dante into English verse as literal as might be, and better them if they could. They knew their friend's sincerity, sweetness, and modesty, and so well that they obeyed the rule given by Ecclesiasticus, "And be not faint-hearted when thou sittest in judgment." So all went well and the work was helped. "They were delightful evenings," said Mr. Norton, "the spirits of poetry, of learning, of friendship were with us."

His own love of Dante and insight into the deep meaning of the great poem were quickened by these studies of the friends, and the demonstration by Longfellow's magnificent attempt of the difficulty of rightly rendering a subtile line of a poem in a Latin tongue by a line of a language largely Teutonic — especially its poetic words — made him feel that he must translate the *Divina Commedia* into faithful and poetic prose. This he did later with best success. He had already made charming translation of *La Vita Nuova*.

Now came a long break in Norton's attendance at the Club. In the summer of 1868, he went to Europe, taking with him his wife and little children, his venerable mother and his two sisters. The family remained abroad five years, at first in Italy, later in Germany and England. During that time Norton was in constant relation with Ruskin, by letters when they were not together.

The first three years were most happy. The family life in far cities in pleasant lands alive with associations; freedom from outside duties, so exacting at home; the sense of the rapid growth of his power to see beauty; the increasing love and reverence for Dante; the study of the minds and aspirations of mediæval men through their works, and in the original records, which he diligently studied; the many profitable acquaintances — all these made the days pleasant.

But this was to change. In the autumn of 1871, Mr. Norton

took his family to Dresden to spend the winter. There the great sorrow of his life fell on him in the death of his wife, a woman beautiful in all ways. She left to him six little children, and love and care for these were to help through the first darkness of the following years. Yet tenderness to his family and friends seemed to be but strengthened; and those less near, who visited Mr. Norton and his family in their lodgings in England, found in that temporary home from which a light had gone out, and where a gracious presence was missing, the essence of home still there — courage and kindness made more real by the testing they had undergone; the cheerful lending of attention and sympathy to others, and duties done, and labours bravely pursued.

Ruskin, older, more restless and sadder, was there; for that which was unbeautiful and dark in life now occupied this sensitive soul more than art. These things wrought havoc with his mind and conscience, yet he would not cease from manifold studies and works. More than once his brain and body gave way in the succeeding years, yet his friend soothed, counselled, pleaded, and was his helper, as far as he could be helped, to the end; but that did not come for years.

Norton found a friend in William Morris, the dreamer turned brave worker, but was especially drawn to Burne-Jones by his earnest and thoughtful life and work. His old friend Stillman, of versatile mind and gifts, brave friend of Greece and Crete in their troubles, was there. But, for the first time, Mr. Norton met Carlyle, now sad with a bereavement like his own and broken with age and palsy. Carlyle visited him when he was convalescent from pneumonia, and wrote of "Norton, a man I like more and more." Again, "He is a fine, intelligent and affectionate creature with whom I have always had a pleasant, soothing, and interesting dialogue when we met."

When the Nortons sailed for home in May, 1873, Carlyle wrote: "I was really sorry to part with Norton. . . . He had been, through the winter, the most human of all the company I, from time to time, had. A pious, cultivated, intelligent, much suffering man. He has been five years absent from America and is now to return *one*, instead of *two*, as he left."

In 1873, in latter May, the doors of the ideal home at Shady Hill were once more opened to sunlight and to friends. This must have lightened the shadow left by his loss on Mr. Norton's mind. Also an event occurred which proved helpful to him in the way natural to him — helping others. The College close by was changed, for there was a new President. That institution had offered to youth a "liberal education" for two hundred and thirty-eight years, and had created Bachelors and Masters of Arts, but the Fine Arts had had no recognition except by allusion. Mr. Norton was invited to give some lectures, and in 1875 was made Professor of the Fine Arts. Some thirty-four students attended: when he resigned in 1897, the attendance had increased thirteen-fold. He ploughed a fallow ground and sowed it for a crop sorely needed. Some of the seed fell on stony ground, but the harvest was good, and many were fed, and saved good seed-corn from which harvests elsewhere in the land were to spring. The studies of the old-time compulsory curriculum used to be called "The Humanities," and with reason. Now the humanities were to be taught to greater numbers than by Frisbie, Everett, Ticknor, Longfellow, Felton, and Lowell, and with a freer hand; and this was the more important as the opening sciences made their claim good, and popular feeling for the time was unfavourable to the classics.

When this class had so many applicants that the lecture had to be given in Sanders Theatre, Mr. Norton entered, looked on the throng of students and began, — "*This is a sad sight.*" He knew how large a fraction were idle boys who chose what they thought would be an easy course. As his friend Professor Charles H. Moore said: "Norton drew aside a curtain and showed to thoughtless or immature boys a glimpse of the vast hall of being in which they or their ancestors had constructed a little hut and yard, shutting out its celestial dimensions. Norton knocked a breach in these walls, and let them see Nature and what her beauties symbolized"; also the great interpreters of these as living teachers, and the relations of Poetry, History, Religion, Human Life and Conduct to Art.

Norton opened for these crude young scholars side doors showing vistas into the remote but shining Past, the deep questionings,

the songs, the oracles, and the wisdom that men had won, one thousand or two thousand years before the scream of the American eagle had been heard. This gave his hearers a better perspective, which might teach them modesty. He showed how far from dead the great are, and that they are wise for to-day, since humanity is the same, and the great laws are, in Antigone's words, "Not of now or yesterday, but always were."

The teaching was ethical. He showed the sons of poor men mines of spiritual treasure; the sons of rich men the responsibility of having; that wealth demanded helpful use, and leisure unselfish work; that to be a mere dilettante and idle collector was demoralizing. One must be a worker in some sort. All beauty is allied. "Behaviour is a fine art," he said. Death is normal; what is to be feared is death in life — the sin against the Holy Spirit.

In more than he knew, the leaven that he put into the lump worked.

Certain criticisms on the trend of American activity and expression, purposely made strong to command the attention of the young generation, and recalling Ruskin's sweeping *dicta*, naturally excited dissent. These were his judgments, perhaps too severe, and fallible; the steady lesson to the class was the high plane of thought and action native to the teacher.

And many young hearers carried away little else, yet that was worth coming to college for. A year before Mr. Norton died, I heard in one day the grateful witness of three different graduates, then in full tide of useful life, to their debt to those lectures in opening their eyes to the beauty and the high possibilities of life. Another, a lawyer, writing from the activities of State Street, just after Mr. Norton's death, speaks of his instruction as the "solid acquisition" he carried from college, without which he should feel himself a "poorer man."

But Mr. Norton's relation with the University was not only as a teacher. It was administrative and advisory, and he made it human; for he was one of the Faculty, an Overseer, and for a time President of the Alumni Association. Coming back from Europe, where he had been in relation with the scholars, and at the fountains of Old World culture, he was free from that provincialism

which had so shocked Agassiz on coming to Cambridge, and which Eliot had begun to shake.

In spite of Mr. Norton's sweetness of manners and habitual courtesy, he would, at what seemed the telling moment, draw the weapon of plain speech and strike, as the occasion demanded, a *coup-de-grace*, a cut of kindness, necessary to cleave through the thick skin of inconsiderateness, or shear away the blinder of deception. An instance of this trait should be recorded. Once on an ocean steamer, on which Mr. Norton was travelling, a young man came, morning by morning, to breakfast, sour and silent. One day, Mr. Norton made occasion to walk with him on deck and said: "I am going to take the liberty of making a personal remark and suggestion to you. It is this: — that you make an effort to come into the breakfast room in the morning with a cheerful expression on your face. You do not know what a difference such things make. Your manner, thus far, has cast a shade on the company about you, and made the meal and day begin less cheerfully than it should. If you would change this, you would see a surprising difference. I hope you mean to be married. You do not know what a difference such a practice will make to your wife and in your home." The young man took it well, made some effort during the rest of the voyage, and, years afterwards, wrote his thanks to Mr. Norton for having done him and his a service great and lasting.

I recall a Chinese poem which runs thus: —

> "Happy is the wise man who behind the mountains
> Delights in the noise of cymbals:
> Alone on his couch and awake, he exclaims, —
> 'Never, I swear it, shall the vulgar know the sources
> Of the happiness which I enjoy.'"

Behind the hills of Franklin County, Norton had, about 1867, established, in the independent little village of Ashfield, not a summer cottage, but another home. Unlike the Chinese poet, he went there feeling that he must take part in its lot, be a neighbour, share all he knew with them, instead of using them and calling them "Natives." Soon after, George William Curtis, visiting his friend, decided to make a home there, in the like spirit,

for part of the year. Their good feeling and wishes were met by the people of the town.

Both kept a warm relation to Ashfield for the rest of their lives. They lent themselves to its service in all ways, and once a year at a village banquet drew admirable and eminent guests thither to meet the Ashfield people.

Norton was much misapprehended, ridiculed even, in his day; not by those who really knew him. Certain mannerisms, some strong statements taken alone or misquoted; standards of taste or public duty differing from their own; ignorance of his kindness, his faithful work, and earnest concern for the right, led some persons variously to suppose him a dilettante, a carper, out of sympathy with his age and country, irreligious and a pessimist. It is true he was impatient of optimism, being too sensitive to the evils of his day and the dangers already looming even over America, results of low standards in politics, trade, culture, conduct, to be content in waiting for things to work out right in secular time. He felt the duty to warn as well as to work.

Mr. Charles Howard Walker says of his revered teacher, "His pessimism, so-called, was but a patient sadness at the spectacle of the achievements of ignorance, and his faith in the dissipation of that ignorance grew with his years — and he, if any man, did his utmost to encourage appreciation of the best." No passive railer, but a scholar who had read the lesson of history and knew the wisdom, never outgrown, of the great spirits of the Past, he, in his day, worked for the right with tongue and pen — and showed its beauty. Thus he was, from first to last, an eminently good citizen of Cambridge and of the world.

Surely here was a "pessimist" of a new and useful kind, who could find in his insecurity as to new opportunities after death this moral: "When men learn that the mystery of the universe and of their own existence is insoluble, that this life is all, they will perhaps find that with this limitation has come a new sense of the value of life to the individual, and his infinite unimportance to the universe. He will learn that he can be a help or a harm to his fellows, and that is enough."

Norton, though, like Montaigne, saying of the Future, "*Que*

sais je?" was not a man without God in the world. Catholic in the best sense of the word, he respected honest and devout believers. Speaking in his pious ancestor's church in Hingham, at its two hundredth anniversary, he said: —

"A continuous spiritual life runs through the centuries. . . . The path of duty . . . trodden by the common men and women of every period, is the thread of light running unbroken through the past up to the present hour. Creeds change, temptations differ, old landmarks are left behind, new perils confront us; but always the needle points to the North Star, and always are some common men and women following its guidance."

E. W. E.

Chapter VIII

1861

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Well if it do not roll our way.
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!

Tennyson

THE New Year opened with hardly credible signs of imminent war. Five days before Christmas, hot-headed South Carolina had passed an ordinance of secession from the United States, and the fire was spreading to her neighbour States. Instead of a blast of indignation, Dr. Holmes wrote this affectionate appeal, from which I select four verses: —

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE

She has gone, — she has left us in passion and pride, —
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one, —
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

. . . . . .

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with Fate that can never be won!
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana fell away from their allegiance in January and, on the first day of February, Texas. Yet the North could not yet believe what was coming; that the South, having fairly lost the game at the November election, "would n't play" any longer. Conservative Boston Whigs were at last tired of being used, and despised. Almost all of the Club members were strong anti-slavery men, had voted for Lincoln, and were ready as good citizens to sustain him.

John A. Andrew, born in Maine, not of Boston blue blood, a brave and courageous lawyer, had been chosen Governor by the largest popular vote ever cast for a candidate up to that time. He had been in the South in the autumn before as valiant counsel for one of John Brown's men, and had decided that now, as commander of the Massachusetts Militia, it was his clear duty, in some measure, to prepare for war. He, through the Adjutant-General's office, quietly had captains instructed to weed their companies of such men as were unwilling or unfit to serve. He also had four thousand caped overcoats got ready, a measure considered foolish extravagance at the time. In April, they proved invaluable to our soldiers.

Mr. Forbes saw the vigour and wisdom of the Governor, and, as will presently be told, became his able and useful helper, but meantime had duties at Washington, for he had been chosen a delegate to a "Peace Congress." Having served as Presidential Elector-at-large, he saw there a danger that must be provided against. On a day in February it was the duty of Vice-President Breckinridge, an open disunionist, as President of the Senate, to march at the head of that body to the Chamber of Representatives carrying the electoral votes. Until these had been opened and counted, and the result declared, Lincoln could not become President. Washington was full of traitors with whom Breckinridge was in full sympathy. Old General Scott had hardly one thousand men in the District forts, etc. Should a body of disunionists seize and destroy those ballots, the Southern party in Congress, now desperate, might claim that Buchanan and his Cabinet still had the power. Mr. Forbes quietly arranged with Captain (later, General) Franklin, who had charge of the Capitol extension, to be

in the building early that morning with a force of workmen, to make sure that no body of conspirators were lurking about. Nothing happened — but the danger was real and of great moment.

It soon appeared to the Massachusetts delegation to the Peace Congress that concessions to the slave power were expected, sacrificing all that had been gained in years of struggle, and this would only lead to more unreasonable demands; so the discussions only served the valuable purpose of gaining time before the inevitable war, and considering what could be saved of the Government's points of vantage and property. Mr. William H. Aspinwall, of New York, told Mr. Forbes that General Scott was very anxious, for he knew that Major Anderson was not only short of ammunition, but was mainly dependent for his food-supply on the Charleston market. Aspinwall and Forbes made plans to send a vessel with adequate relief in powder and food, advancing the money at their own risk. The vessel was to be ostensibly consigned to Charleston merchants, and defended by schooners in tow on each side loaded with hemp. Lieutenant Gustavus B. Fox, afterwards Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was willing to go in charge. The old General was delighted, but it was deemed necessary to take the Navy Department into counsel, of which Toucey, of doubtful loyalty, was Secretary. This made hopeless publicity and delay, so the carefully and generously made plan fell through.

The flag was fired upon April 12, and the fort surrendered after thirty-six hours' bombardment. The air cleared, and a degree of public unanimity crystallized which would have seemed impossible in the months before. It was expressed by a blossoming of city and village in flags. Our member Horatio Woodman, lifted out of himself by this cheering sight, wrote these fine lines: —

THE FLAG

Why flashed that flag on Monday morn
  Across the startled sky?
Why leapt the blood to every cheek,
  The tears to every eye?
The hero in our four months' woe,
  The symbol of our might,

Together sunk for one brief hour,
To rise forever bright.

The mind of Cromwell claimed his own,
The blood of Naseby streamed
Through hearts unconscious of the fire
Till that torn banner gleamed.
The seeds of Milton's lofty thoughts,
All hopeless of the spring,
Broke forth in joy, as through them glowed
The life great poets sing.

Old Greece was young, and Homer true,
And Dante's burning page
Flamed in the red along our flag,
And kindled holy rage.
God's Gospel cheered the sacred cause,
In stern, prophetic strain,
Which makes His Right our covenant,
His Psalms our deep refrain.

Oh, sad for him whose light went out
Before this glory came,
Who could not live to feel his kin
To every noble name;
And sadder still to miss the joy
That twenty millions know,
In Human Nature's Holiday,
From all that makes life low.

Before midnight on Monday, the day of Sumter's fall, the Governor had sent his summons to a part of the militia, and on Tuesday had the Sixth and Eighth Massachusetts Regiments, armed, uniformed, and provided with the new overcoats, in Boston ready to start for Washington.

The transportation must be provided. Mr. Samuel M. Felton (President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad, and brother of our member, the President of Harvard), whose wise management had secured the safe passage of Lincoln to Washington in spite of plots to assassinate him on the way, had shown Mr. Forbes the danger of the burning of the railroad bridges between Baltimore and Washington. This now happened, but Mr. Forbes, used to railroads and ships, promptly engaged one

steamer in Boston, another at Fall River by telegraph, had them provisioned, and sent his best clipper-ship captain to the latter; got them both off with their regiments on the 17th of April, saying, "Massachusetts must be first on the ground." [1]

Mr. Forbes, with no public office or commission, except letters and orders from the Governor, and well backed by patriotic merchants and bankers, helped the Governor, the State, the Country, with experience, energy, common sense, influence, and money. Some one called him the "Secretary of the Navy for Massachusetts," but he was far more. He worked through others, well chosen, and kept his name out of the newspapers.

Charles Francis Adams was sent to England in May, as Minister from the United States, there to remain for seven years of great import and trial, serving his Country with wisdom and great firmness. He was chosen a member of the Club after his return.

Judge Hoar, at the request of the Governor, went to Washington to perform the important service of acting as friend and adviser of the Massachusetts soldiers, and mediator between them and the Government in that period of trial and unpreparedness. It is needless to say that he did this voluntary service well.

Dr. Howe also gladly consented to go to investigate the health of our men, report on the sanitary conditions and urge on the Government to do promptly what was necessary. He wrote: "There is more need of a health officer than a chaplain; and the United States knows no such officer. . . . Soap! soap! soap! I cry, but none heed. . . . Washerwomen are needed more than nurses."

These efficient and influential envoys did what they could at the time when the need of a Sanitary Commission was not yet realized.

Professor Peirce was at this time Consulting Astronomer to

[1] Mr. Forbes tells, in his *Reminiscences*, that when the second of these vessels, the State of Maine, commanded by the admirable Captain Eldridge, arrived promptly at Fortress Monroe, Colonel Dimmock, a fine old West Point officer, was almost moved to tears of joy on seeing the reënforcements pour in upon his ill-defended post, the most strategic post upon our whole coast commanding, as it did, the entrance to Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond.

the Coast Survey, the work of which, before and during the war, under Bache, was of the greatest importance. The coast-line from Chesapeake Bay to the Rio Grande was enemy's country, to be immediately blockaded, with landing expeditions soon to follow, involving accurate knowledge of tides, currents, shoals, harbours, and forts. The *Nautical Almanac and Ephemeris* (as has been mentioned in the sketch of Peirce), a remarkable and important work, was due to his brother-in-law, Captain Davis (later, Admiral) and himself. In spite of his having been a pro-slavery Democrat with close friendship with many Southerners, after the fall of Sumter Professor Peirce was a strong Union man.

Motley arrived in Boston in early June, bringing "very brilliant accounts of our English relations," which, however, later events in the year did not confirm. The blockade was not yet effective and, as yet, no cotton famine disturbed the British manufacturers.

For a successful blockade, and for transportation, it immediately appeared that the Navy must be supplemented by a large force of vessels and men. Mr. Dana drew up carefully a "Bill for a Volunteer Navy," for which Mr. Forbes, in constant relation with the admirable Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Fox, made the rough draft. Mr. Adams wrote of its importance to check privateering by the Confederacy.

As will be seen in the sketch of Dr. Asa Gray, not yet one of our members, that alert and kindly man served, although fifty years old, in the company enlisted hastily to guard the arsenal at Cambridge.

Elliot Cabot, the scholar, youngest member of the Club, was forty years old. He did not consider himself likely to be useful in the field, but joined the excellent Boston Drill Club on the chance of later emergencies.

Ward, as representative of the Baring firm of English bankers, was important in giving them information of the true situation here, and the attitude and resolve of our people.

The scholars, writers, poets of the Club loyally did their various parts with pen, or such personal service as they could do for the soldiers, or in stimulating public opinion. In November, Motley

was appointed Minister to Austria, a position which he held for six years.

Longfellow took the war very hard. On Sunday, April 28, he writes: "I am glad the pulpit did not thunder a war-sermon to-day. A 'truce of God' once a week is pleasant. At present the North is warlike enough, and does not need arousing." But, eleven days later, we find in the journal the poet swept into the military current: "9th. A delightful morning. . . . In the afternoon went with Felton to the Arsenal to see the students drill — a dress parade. As the Major did not arrive, Felton and I were requested to review them! Which we did, by marching up and down, in front and rear."

He bears, soon after, this witness to Agassiz's loyalty to the land of his adoption: "July 1st. Agassiz comes to dinner. He has a new offer from the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, to be the head of it, if he will only pass three months there yearly; but he declines."

That summer brought upon Longfellow the deep wound and sorrow of his life, the death of his wife by an accident with fire. He bore this overwhelming grief with courage and silence, but the healing came very slowly.

July brought to the Country the astounding shock of the defeat and rout of its untrained militia — most of whom had never rammed a ball-cartridge down the smooth-bore of their Springfield muskets — at Bull Run. But now the North had already awakened to the fact that this was no six-weeks' war, and Massachusetts regiments and batteries were being rapidly raised, and trained as well as might be, before being hurried to the front where General McClellan was doing excellent organizing work.

Lowell was stirred heart and soul by the war, its cause, and its hoped-for issue. The views expressed through the mouth of his young Hosea Biglow on war in general, on the occasion of the unrighteous Mexican War, had then had no saving qualifications. He had said, —

> "As for war, I call it murder;
> There you hev it plain an' flat;
> I don't hev to go no furder
> Than my Testament fur that."

Now, Hosea in middle age began to believe that there were righteous wars — this one eminently so; and it became his missionary work to show England that it was.

Two of Lowell's brother's sons and one son of his sister were early commissioned in the Army, as well as other youths of his kindred less near. The head of Governor Winthrop on the *Atlantic Monthly* was now replaced by the American flag, and its patriotic articles and poems stirred the public. In the end of October another disastrous battle was fought at Ball's Bluff, in which Lowell's nephew William Putnam was killed, and young Wendell Holmes severely wounded.[1] Early in November, the seizure by Captain Wilkes, U.S.N., of the commissioners of the Confederacy from an English vessel, and their imprisonment at Fort Warren, delighted the North and greatly irritated England. War seemed imminent, but President Lincoln decided that they could not rightly be held, and it was averted. This incident gave occasion to Lowell, through the mouth of his more mature Hosea Biglow, to bring out his admirable "Jonathan to John": —

"It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John, —
Your cousin, too, John Bull!
Ole Uncle S., sez he, 'I guess
We know it now,' sez he;
'The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet's fit for you an' me.'

. . . . . .

"We own the ocean, too, John,
You mus'n' take it hard
If we can't think with you, John,
It's jest your own back yard.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, 'I guess
Ef thet's his claim,' sez he,
'The fencin'-stuff will cost enough
To bust up friend J. B.
Ez wal ez you and me!'

. . . . . .

[1] See Dr. Holmes's very human, yet professional, article in the *Atlantic* of December, 1862, "My Hunt after the Captain."

"We give the critters back, John,
'Cos Abram thought 't was right;
It warn't your bullying clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, 'I guess
We've a hard row,' sez he,
'To hoe jest now; but thet, somehow,
May happen to J. B.
Ez wal ez you an' me.'"

. . . . . .

United States Marshal John S. Keyes, of Concord, by official orders released the prisoners January 2, 1862. Dr. Holmes recalled in later years that "One of the most noted of our early guests was Captain (later, Commodore) Charles Wilkes of the San Jacinto, who had just taken Mason and Slidell from the Trent, and was made a hero of for his blunder."

Among these memories of the sad or exciting events of the first year of war, two others of quite another flavour should be set down in our book: —

Longfellow, on the 23d of February of this year, writes: "At the Club old President Quincy was our guest; and was very pleasant and wise." He had just entered on his ninetieth year.

In Mr. Scudder's *Life* of Lowell he has, in one of his letters, an entertaining picture, from the good old days of the Club, of a single combat between a famous British heavy-armed champion and a diminutive, but gallant and agile, New Englander. The date is September 20, 1861, when Lowell writes: —

"I dined the other day with Anthony Trollope, a big, red-faced, rather underbred Englishman of the bald-with-spectacles type. A good, roaring positive fellow who deafened me (sitting on his right) till I thought of Dante's Cerberus. He says he goes to work on a novel 'just like a shoemaker on a shoe, only taking care to make honest stitches.' Gets up at five every day, does all his writing before breakfast, and always writes just so many pages a day. He and Dr. Holmes were very entertaining. The Autocrat started one or two hobbies, and charged, paradox in rest — but it was pelting a rhinoceros with seed-pearl: —

"*Dr.* You don't know what Madeira is in England.

"*T.* I'm not so sure it's worth knowing.

"*Dr.* Connoisseurship in it with us is a fine art. There are men who will tell you a dozen kinds, as Dr. Waagen would know a Carlo Dolci from a Guido.

"*T.* They might be better employed!

"*Dr.* Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

"*T.* Ay, but that's begging the whole question. I don't admit it's *worse* doing at all. If they earn their bread by it, it may be *worse* doing (*roaring*).

"*Dr.* But you may be assured —

"*T.* No, but I may n't be asshŏred. I *won't* be asshŏred. I don't intend to be asshŏred (*roaring louder*)!

"And so they went it. It was very funny. Trollope would n't give him any chance. Meanwhile, Emerson and I, who sat between them, crouched down out of range and had some very good talk, the shot hurtling overhead. I had one little passage at arms with T. *à propos* of English peaches. T. ended by roaring that England was the only country where such a thing as a peach or a grape was known. I appealed to Hawthorne, who sat opposite. His face mantled and trembled for a moment with some droll fancy, as one sees bubbles rise and send off rings in still water when a turtle stirs at the bottom, and then he said, 'I asked an Englishman once who was praising their peaches to describe to me what he meant by a peach, and he described something very like a cucumber.' I rather liked Trollope."

The founding of an institution in this year, great, beneficent, and effective, in which members of the Club were interested, and for which they gave generously, and some did personal service, must not be forgotten. The National Sanitary Commission, an idea originating in New York, was zealously taken up in Boston, and an organization for Massachusetts made, with J. Huntington Wolcott as head. It extended throughout the loyal States. Rev. Henry W. Bellows was the head of the general Commission, but the practical work was through the head and hands of Frederick Law Olmsted (later, one of our associates) and his excellent deputy, Frederick N. Knapp, of Plymouth. The Secretary of War named

for service on this Board Dr. Samuel G. Howe, Dr. Jeffries Wyman, and Professor Wolcott Gibbs, all of them, in time, members of the Club.

This first year of the Civil War proved a touchstone of the metal of the citizens. Its threatenings had already influenced the membership of the Club; its continuance did so even more. It was a sundering sword in each community. The Cause was not only an urgent matter for discussion, but for immediate and varied action. The elders at home could no more escape from their share of speech or work than the boys in the field from military duties.

In this year four new members were chosen. One was a quiet scholar, but of clear sight and firm character; one a patriot of widest scope, a reformer, not by speeches, but by great and difficult deeds genially done; the third a Unitarian minister of influence, a professor at Harvard, and a notable metaphysician; the fourth a physician by education, but attracted from the profession towards promoting modern public enterprises; brave and outspoken also in the cause of Freedom.

JAMES ELLIOT CABOT

James Elliot Cabot was born in Boston in 1821. His father, Samuel Cabot, was, at the time, the active partner of the firm of the Perkins Brothers engaged in trade with the Orient. Mr. Cabot married Eliza, eldest daughter of Colonel Thomas Handasyd Perkins, perhaps the leading citizen, as well as merchant, of Boston in his day, and its benefactor as the founder of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and, with others, of the Massachusetts General Hospital and the Athenæum.

Elliot entered college well prepared at the age of fifteen. In the autobiographic sketch which he wrote at his son's request in his later years, from which I shall quote freely, he says that he took little interest in his studies, which his instructors conducted in a dead-and-alive way. He speaks of Edward Channing's value for good English, but lack of needful enthusiasm; "The rest were pedants, with the exception of Jones Very, our Greek tutor, a man of high and noble character and full of religious enthusiasm, but somewhat morbid and unbalanced."

"In college," Cabot says, "I was something of a transcendentalist, a great admirer of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, and had conceived a contempt for the working-day world. I was without the enticement of ambition or the sting of poverty, and, though I had a respect for learning and read all sorts of abstruse books, . . . rather despised the official standards, without ever being idle or dissipated." His special intimates were William Sohier and Henry Bryant, eager as sportsman and ornithologist respectively. All together they scoured the Fresh Pond and Brick Yard Marshes, the first two doing most of the shooting, and Cabot the skinning of the specimens, which skins he forwarded to the equally zealous brother Sam, then studying medicine in Paris, to exchange for French bird skins.

On graduating he joined Dr. Sam in Switzerland and they saw Italy together with interesting adventures such as befel travellers in the Apennines in those days, and then went to Paris to study.

Elliot followed courses on Natural History at the Jardin des Plantes and on Literature at the Collège de France. But with spring came an attractive proposal. Three of his classmates wrote urging him to "join them at Heidelberg for a conquest of German philosophy in its application to law, which we were all of us expecting to make our profession."

"My life in Heidelberg was a delightful episode of hard work upon German, varied by long walks over the beautiful hills and dales, excursions up the Neckar, and pleasant society at the Howitts', who were living there. With a view mostly to the language we attended lectures on History and Philosophy of Law." Thence the friends proceeded to Berlin. Cabot attended the course of Steffens, the leading representative there of Schelling's philosophy. He describes it as "a sort of transcendental physical geography and geology, an application of Schelling's doctrines to natural science." Schelling himself came there during the winter, it was said, for the purpose of extinguishing Hegel. His course was on "The Philosophy of Mythology."

The winter of 1842–43 Cabot spent at Göttingen with his Virginian crony, Heath, studying Kant, and also taking a course in the Physiological Laboratory of Wagner, but always enjoying the Lieberkränze of the students, and even learning to fence with the "schläger." He always loved the walking excursions, which he and his friends took along the Rhine and among the Alps.

But in later years Mr. Cabot wrote: "As I look back upon my residence in Europe, what strikes me is the waste of time and energy from having had no settled purpose to keep my head steady. I seem to have been always well employed and happy; but I had been indulging a disposition to mental sauntering and the picking up of scraps, very unfavourable to my education. I was, I think, naturally inclined to hover somewhat above the solid earth of practical life and thus to miss its most useful lessons." It is interesting to see how, in reviewing each episode of his life, Mr. Cabot's humility and his high standards make him blame himself frankly for shortcomings, while in his quiet way and according to his gifts he did many things well, and, more, *was* so much to those around him. His happiness was his approval.

On his return from his three years of study in Europe, Mr. Cabot joined his family at Nahant. His great-grandfathers — Norman-French in blood — came from the Channel Islands, and thereafter the family had been Boston merchants, trading far over sea, as had the Perkinses, his mother's family, and so Elliot always lived near the shore, Brookline, in winter, being the farthest inland of his homes through life. So he enjoyed, during the summer, the family schooner-rigged boat; when autumn came, he entered the Harvard Law School. He received his Bachelor's degree in 1845. For a year he was in the office of William D. Sohier, and then joined Mr. Francis Edward Parker in establishing a law firm. Mr. Cabot modestly writes: "It was at his request, and he insisted that my name should be first on the sign. As he must have been aware of his great superiority to me in business capacity, I can only explain his desire for the position by the belief that my name would attract more attention, and that my connections would bring us more business than he saw his way to elsewhere." But it is probable that Parker knew what a clear head Cabot had, also his power of concentration on abstruse subjects. Mr. Cabot goes on: "I think that we were in business together for about a year, and that we paid our expenses, which were greater in the way of furniture, position, etc., than I should have indulged in, from his idea (which I have no doubt was well founded) that it was good economy. Parker then — 1847 — had an offer from R. H. Dana to take a room next him and to be in some way connected with him in business. Partly to facilitate this step, which he hesitated to take, but also because I felt no real inclination to the profession, I retired from it."

In a letter written to Ward, December, 1844, Emerson says: "I have an admirable paper on Spinoza sent me months ago for the *Dial* by a correspondent whom I have just discovered to be Elliot Cabot, in the law school at Cambridge, son of Samuel Cabot. Do you know him? He seems to be a master in the abstruse science of psychology." This shows that the philosophic tendency and the studies in Germany already bore fruit. Cabot's name also had already been found among the attendants of the Symposia mentioned in the first pages of this book. After the death of the

Dial, mainly at the urgency of Theodore Parker and some others who felt that the young literature and the crying reforms of New England required an organ — Parker said "a *Dial* with a beard" — the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review* was started, but lived only two years. During that time Cabot was its corresponding secretary.

Agassiz had, in the year after his arrival here, decided to make America his home, and been appointed to the professorship of geology and zoölogy in the Scientific School, Mr. Lawrence's new gift to Harvard. Cabot was one of his first pupils, and, in the summer of 1848, followed the master, one of his twelve pupils, in his expedition to explore the Lake Superior region. By the camp-fire in the evenings after a long day exploring the cliffs or catching the fish, Agassiz lectured to the company, Cabot taking careful notes. He also kept a narrative journal of the expedition which was published on their return.

The Boston Athenæum was to have a worthy building at the head of Beacon Street, and Edward Cabot's plan for it had been accepted in 1848. He wished, however, to go abroad and study some fine buildings to improve his detail, and gladly left Elliot in charge of the business concerns of the office and in relation with Mr. George Dexter, the engineer. Mr. Cabot, in the autobiographical notes, says: "I thought I might help Edward to systematize his accounts and methods. Anyway, I went there and got interested in learning something of the business, and even managed to run the office, and to put up some houses. . . . At that time there were no architects or hardly any, and people had not got in the way of employing anybody but the carpenter, under the owner's direction. I soon became able to help those who knew less than I, and, with the collaboration of your uncle Harry Lee, built the offices now occupied by the Cunard Line, also the rear part of the Union Building, his Brookline house, and many others." When, in 1852, the builder of the Boston Theatre got into difficulties with the design, Colonel Lee, one of the directors, got the business turned over to the Cabots, although he himself had some part in the design. Mr. Cabot says, "I worked hard at

the Boston Theatre plans to settle the curves of the boxes and other points concerning the auditorium, and also at the building of sundry houses." Yet he says that "this episode was interesting, and filled the time agreeably, but hardly worth while, if it was not to be taken in hand more firmly."

In 1857, Mr. Cabot was most happily married and, with his wife, Elizabeth Dwight, spent a year abroad, mostly in Italy. He built his house in Brookline on their return, his last architectural work, except the summer cottage in Beverly Farms. Thereafter his life was passed at home, always a student, and doing faithfully such duties as were laid upon him by those who knew his quality. Though he joined the Drill Club which, in 1861, gave some preliminary training to men afterwards distinguished as officers in the war, he, feeling no fitness in himself, only did so to be prepared in case a *levée en masse* was required, but worked hard for the Sanitary Commission in Boston. He served on the Brookline School Committee for many years; lectured on Kant at Harvard the first year that "University Lectures" were established, and was also made "Instructor in Logic" to criticize seniors' "forensics." The Alumni chose him as Overseer in 1875, and he served diligently for six years as chairman of the Committee to visit the College. This visitation by outside experts of the different departments, and their reports to the Government, might well seem, then and now, likely to be distinctly serviceable in criticisms and suggestions, but Cabot found that "nothing of the kind was wanted by any considerable number of persons, most of the Overseers preferring to leave things in the hands of the Faculties and Corporation, reserving only a right to protest" — in which view he came to concur. Meantime, he did much advisory work at the Athenæum Library and the new Museum of Fine Arts. He was an eminently fit member of the Managing Board because of his classic taste and true artistic instinct.

In a letter to Henry James, Sr., Mr. Cabot made an interesting remark on Clubs; but he was speaking of quite another one than the Saturday Club: "How is it that Clubs and meetings are so apt to grow abortive in the direct ratio of their numbers? — I

mean of the number of members. There are many pleasant men there, but they seem paralyzed by coming together at a table."

Henry James, Jr., speaks of having: "A considerable cluster of letters addressed by my father to Mr. Cabot, most accomplished of Bostonians, most 'cultivated' even among the cultivated, as we used to say, and of a philosophic acuteness to which my father highly testified, with which indeed he earnestly contended. The correspondence in question covered, during the years I include, philosophic ground and none other."

Emerson quotes with pleasure this sentence from Cabot: "The complete incarnation of spirit, which is the definition of Beauty, demands that there shall be no point from which it is absent, and none in which it abides."

From the days of the Symposium Mr. Emerson had an admiration for Cabot, though they did not often meet. He used to say, "Elliot Cabot has a Greek mind." He was disappointed when he did not find him at the Club, for Cabot did not often come, — and so in his last years when his memory began to fail, he rather counted on sitting by him.

But a closer and very happy relation with this friend was soon to come. Mr. Emerson in 1871 was struggling under annoying pressure to revise and arrange some essays for a promised volume. It was now beyond his powers. He had learned that a London publisher meant to gather various occasional addresses and essays by him, unprotected by copyright, and print them for his own advantage as a new volume of the *Works*. Through the loyal help of Mr. Moncure D. Conway this project was stopped on condition that Mr. Emerson would revise this material and contribute other lectures and essays. He had begun the task, no longer easy for him, when his house was nearly destroyed by fire, and from the shock, the exposure, and fatigue he became weak and ill. His memory had already begun to fail to some degree, making composition more difficult. Through the determined kindness of a host of friends his house was rebuilt, and he, meantime, sent to Europe and to the Nile with his daughter. He returned looking well and in good general health, but the English firm pressed him for the new book which, when he attempted to go on with it,

hung like a dead weight upon him. It became evident that he was no longer equal to the task.

In the year before, the question of who should deal with his manuscripts when he was gone had been in his thought, and Mr. Cabot's name was the one which he wistfully mentioned, but felt that the favour was so great that he could not venture to ask it from his friend. But now the case became urgent. So, Mr. Emerson's family, with his permission, presented the matter for Mr. Cabot's consideration. With entire kindness he consented to give what help he could, and thus lifted the last load from Mr. Emerson's shoulders. The relief was complete and rendered his remaining years happy. At last he could see and come near to the friend whom he had valued at a distance for years. Mr. Cabot's frequent visits, often for several days at a time, were a great pleasure. Just how large Mr. Cabot's share in preparing for the press *Letters and Social Aims* was he tells with entire frankness in the preface to that volume. Mr. Emerson furnished the matter, — almost all written years before, — but Mr. Cabot the arrangement and much of the selection. All was submitted to Mr. Emerson's approval, but he always spoke to his friend of the volume as "your book."

The last measure of relief was Mr. Cabot's promise to be his literary executor when the time should come. This great task, a labour of years, dealing with the correspondence, and setting in order the writings, private and public, of more than half a century — confused, too, from Mr. Emerson's habit of using sheets in different lectures — was done as nearly perfectly as was possible. Although Mr. Emerson lived ten years after the burning of the house, and sometimes read lectures, his production ended with that event.

On the afternoon of his death and conscious of its near approach, Mr. Emerson was told that his loyal friend had just arrived. With a joyful smile he exclaimed, "Elliot Cabot, Praise!" took his hand as he came to the bedside, and soon after became unconscious.

Mr. Cabot's final and excellent service was the writing the *Life* of his friend. In his autobiographical notes he speaks of

the memoir thus modestly, "Into it I put a good deal of diligent work, though when I came to look at it as a whole after it was done, I agreed with the critics, who thought it would have been benefited by a freer tone and a more assured utterance."

Cabot goes on with an account of his later years: "If you were to ask me at this present moment what then I was doing, or aiming to do, from that time to this . . . I might say perhaps that I was seeking satisfactory solutions to the great problems of life, and that I, upon the whole, succeeded in satisfying myself, but never got any conclusion into shape for any statement that seemed worth while. Very likely I lacked the power of concentration, and, in the endeavour to grasp the whole, let things slip before I had done with them. Hence I was much better as critic than as constructive workman. . . . However this may be, my discursive habit of mind, though it has been fatal to success, has not much, if at all, disturbed my enjoyment of what the day has sent. My life has, thus far, been a very happy one, and very much because of the varieties of my interests and sympathies. In my younger days, 'culture,' which is the cultivation of this tendency, seemed to many persons the end of education. Nowadays the stream runs the other way, and 'liberal culture' is called 'dilettantism'; I have come to think the modern way, upon the whole, nearer the truth; but it ought not to prevent us from seeing that deliverance from narrowness and prejudice is one of the constituent elements of education."

Elliot Cabot was a man clean-cut in features, body, and mind; hence in speech. He was a man perfectly upright morally, and almost of the ascetic type, but this was from natural hardihood and simple tastes. Like his race, he was not afraid, but he was not aggressive. His manners were perfect. He was alert, of quick and delicate perception, and did immediately the right thing. He seemed a little reserved, and, while one talked to him, his face was under so complete control that it began to seem a little Rhadamanthine — when suddenly his smile or genial laugh would come assuring of interest and appreciation. Though critical, he was kindly so, being, withal, singularly modest, overmuch so in his

appreciation of his own work and probably quite unconscious of his elevating influence. It was my good fortune to see much of him in my father's house and in his own family during the last twenty years of his life.

Even had he not done any of the excellent and varied works that interested, or were given to him to do, along the pathway of his life, it was a cause of active joy to see him whether at my father's house, in his own study, or surrounded by his wife and children in his charming home. It was good to know that such a man existed. Doing was there, but being seemed enough.

E. W. E.

SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE

"It has fallen to my lot to know, both in youth and in age, several of the most romantic characters of our century; and among them one of the most romantic was certainly the hero of these pages. That he was indeed a hero, the events of his life sufficiently declare." These sentences, written by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn in the preface to the biography of this great man, are true. Here was a Helper and an Illuminator from youth to age. He may well be likened to the heroes of the myths of the race, Prometheus bringing celestial fire to warm benumbed humanity and illuminate their darkness, or the militant saints who slew dragons and giants to free the imprisoned or enslaved. Fearless in fighting armed foes, or, far harder, against fortified oppressions, ill-usage due to ignorance and to apparently hopeless physical defects, he showed the truth of another brave fighter's [1] word, "The world advances by impossibilities achieved." Yet his striving and his conquests all were forced on him by compassion for the wronged and helpless, or those in bonds, or born, —

> "Oh, worst imprisonment!
> A dungeon to themselves."

Mrs. Howe, in her memoirs of her husband, tells us that he was born in Boston, on Pleasant Street, in 1801, the son of Joseph N. Howe, shipowner and proprietor of a rope-walk, and Patty Gridley, a beautiful woman and tender mother. Here follow two anecdotes showing the inborn courage of the boy: —

At the Latin School, Master Gould undertook to ferule him until he shed tears, and kept on until he almost reduced his little hand to a jelly.

On an occasion of great political excitement, all the boys in school were Federalists but two, and undertook to force those two to come over to their side; one did, but little Sam Howe would n't, and was thrown downstairs, head first.

[1] General Charles Russell Lowell.

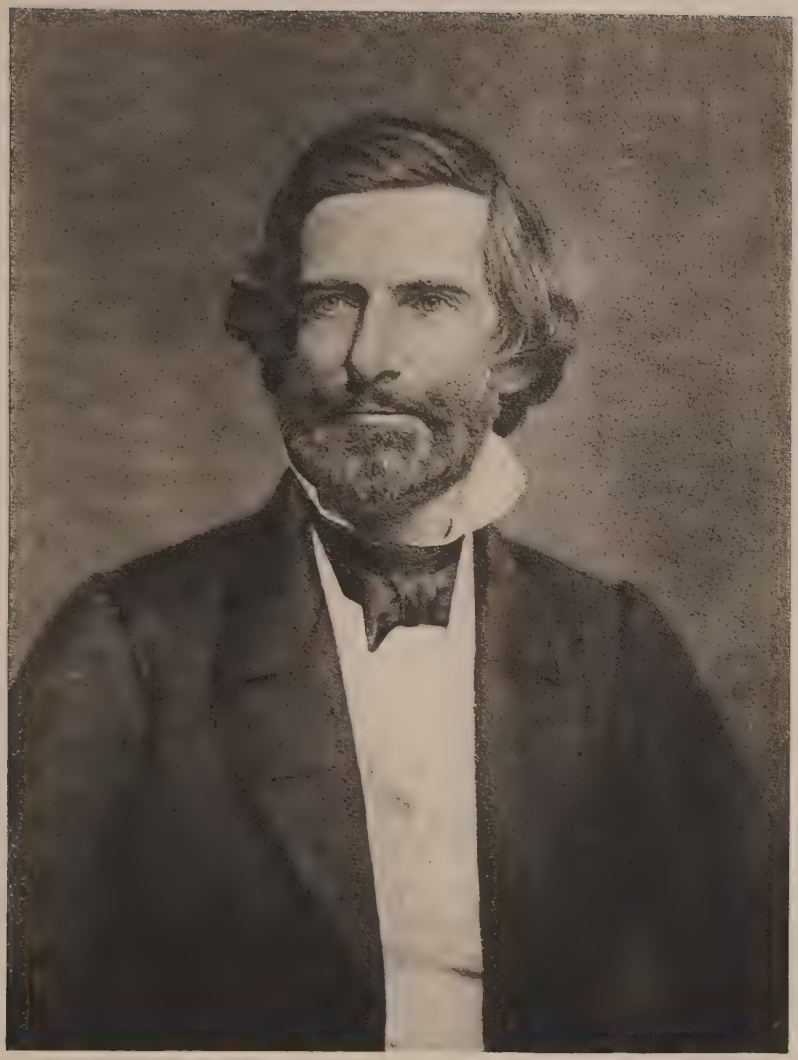
At Brown University, Howe was principally distinguished for enterprising and daring mischief. Nevertheless, he brought away good drill in Latin, graduated in 1821, and studied medicine in Boston under Drs. Ingalls, Jacob Bigelow, Parkman, and John Collins Warren, taking his degree in 1824.

When Greece revolted against Turkish tyranny and misrule, and young Howe, who had now his medical degree, heard that Byron had gone to her aid, he too sailed as a volunteer in her cause, but did not arrive until his hero had died at Missolonghi.[1] He joined the patriots, shared with courage and good common sense their dangers and hardships, acting as surgeon, but also personally fighting. He tried to organize hospitals and ambulances, but soon the regular Greek army broke up before the energetic and fierce Ibrahim Pacha, and thereafter it was only guerilla warfare. Howe liked the Greeks, allowed for their shortcomings due to want of drill and long years of bondage to Turkey. He praised their temperance and hardihood and stood by them in their mountain warfare or short expeditions in small vessels, while the resistance dragged on in spite of the interference of the European Powers, who in 1827 defeated the Turkish fleet. After six years, he saw that his best service to this brave people, whose resources were exhausted, was to plead for them in America, and his eloquence won for them $60,000, clothing and supplies. He also established on the Isthmus of Corinth an exile colony. Greece still cherishes his memory.

On Dr. Howe's return from Europe in 1831, not quite thirty years old, it was a question to what purpose he should turn his splendid activity. But before relating his difficult enterprises and beneficent deeds, it is well to picture this young Arthurian knight of New England. He was tall, spare, and strong. His daughter, from testimony of those who knew him then, says that he seems to have foreshadowed Kipling's fine description of a youth: —

> "He trod the ling like a buck in Spring,
> And he looked like a lance in rest."

[1] My uncle, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, who was Howe's friend, told me that Byron's helmet hung on the Doctor's hat-tree, and was so small that few people could put it on.



His soldierly bearing was marked through life, and, though his naturally fair complexion was browned by long exposure to sun and wind, fine colour shone through. His hair was jet black. The eager, deep-set eyes — blue — are very striking in his pictures. In youth he was clean-shaven. The redundance of hair and beard in the latest photographs masks his fine head and face.

But to the works that waited the coming man. While Howe served in Greece, our Legislature had sanctioned the plan of the New England Asylum for the Blind. Next year, Dr. John Dix Fisher, who had just returned from Paris greatly moved by seeing the schools for the blind of Abbé Hauy, sought for the right man to take charge of the Boston school. Mrs. Richards writes: "Walking along Boylston Street one day in company with two other members of the committee, they met my father, and Dr. Fisher's search was over. 'Here is Howe!' he said to his companions; 'the very man we have been looking for all this time.' It was the meeting of flint and steel; the spark was struck instantly. Doubt, hesitation, depression vanished from my father's mind like mist before the rising sun. 'In a few days,' he says, 'I made an arrangement to take charge of the enterprise, then in embryo, and started at once for Europe, to get the necessary information, engage teachers, etc.'" Rejoicing in what he found in France, Howe wrote to his Trustees: "There can be no more delightful spectacle than is presented by these establishments, where you may see a hundred young blind persons, changed from listless, inactive, helpless beings into intelligent, active, and happy ones; they run about, and pursue their different kinds of work with eager industry and surprising success; when engaged in intellectual pursuits, the awakened mind is painted in their intelligent countenances."

But while Howe was preparing in Paris to do a similar wonderful work in America, Lafayette, knowing that he was to visit Berlin, asked him to go farther and carry food and clothes to the suffering Polish refugees. Howe was seized by Prussian authorities and kept in prison for five weeks, and then only was rescued, after severe treatment, by the chance discovery by an American friend of his arbitrary seizure. His release was demanded by the United States Minister in Paris.

Howe returned, and with kindness, endless patience, and great spirit began his work as Superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, for Colonel Thomas Handasyd Perkins [1] had given his fine house and grounds in Pearl Street to the Asylum. Dr. Howe personally taught pupils and with increasing success.

Then came the case of Laura Bridgman, eight years old, with every sense but touch, smell, and taste absolutely shut off from early infancy — all avenues by which any but the lowest material for thought could enter seemingly barred beyond hope. If any one would gain, or refresh, knowledge of Howe's miraculous success with this case let him read Dickens's moving account of it in his *American Notes*. Later, Dr. Howe made a plea for such a case, when, visiting an English workhouse, he found an old woman deaf, dumb, and crippled, though, as having sight, nothing like so bad as the case in which he had triumphed. This was his plea: "Can nothing be done to disinter this human soul? — perhaps not too late! The whole neighbourhood would rush to save this woman if she were buried alive in the caving of a pit, and labour with zeal until she were dug out. Now, if there were one who had as much patience as zeal, and who, having carefully observed how a little child learns language, would attempt to lead her gently through the same course, he might possibly awaken her to a consciousness of her immortal nature. The chance is small, indeed, but with a smaller chance they would have dug desperately for her in the pit, — and is the life of the soul of less import than that of the body?"

Charles Sumner and Cornelius Felton were then warm and admiring friends of Howe, though in the days of the struggle against Slavery, the latter grew cool. Both were greatly interested in Laura Bridgman's case and took Miss Julia Ward to the Blind Asylum to see her. Looking out of the window, she for the first time saw young Howe — riding fast up the hill on his spirited black horse, with crimson embroidered saddle-cloth.[2] He entered, and her future husband was presented to her. Her daughter,

[1] The uncle of four of our members, Charles C. and Edward N. Perkins, John M. Forbes, and J. Elliot Cabot.

[2] Evidently a memento of Greece.

Mrs. Richards, writes: "His presence was like the flash of a sword. There was a power in his look, an aspect of unresting, untiring energy, which impressed all who looked upon him; they turned to look again. Said a lady of his own age to me, 'Your father was the handsomest man I ever saw.' His personal modesty was as great as his personal charm, of which, be it said, he never seemed in the least aware. Absence of self-consciousness was one of his strong characteristics."

Howe welcomed and had strength for all new work. To him, worse than the darkened eyes, ears without hearing, and resultant speechless lips, seemed the crippled or aborted brain. He resolved to do all that man could to help the idiot human beings, male and female, then often treated like beasts and kept in pens — even in the barn — by their families. St. Vincent de Paul, early in the seventeenth century, had, at his Priory, tried to improve the lot of idiots; Itard, philosopher and surgeon, at the end of the eighteenth, had experimented again with slightly better results; but Dr. Edouard Seguin, his pupil, saying, "Idiocy is prolonged infancy; hence physiological education of the senses must precede psychical education of mind," made wonderful advances in the treatment of these unfortunates. His methods carried on by Dr. Howe, and Dr. Fernald, his able successor, have wrought out results in the instruction, usefulness, and happiness of these unfortunates almost beyond hope.

Dr. Howe married Julia Ward in 1843. They went for their wedding journey to Europe and the Doctor enjoyed meeting advanced physicians and philanthropists, and improved the opportunities which he found to study all sorts of humane reforms.

It should have been said that one of Howe's most valued friends was Horace Mann and each found in the other a man after his own heart. Mann was equally interested in the instruction of deaf mutes, and together they worked towards getting articulate speech from the deaf and the dumb instead of sign language, and also for lip-reading. Of Howe on the Boston School Committee, Horace Mann said: "Such work could only have been done by an angel, or Sam Howe."

After his return from Europe and establishing the School for

the Idiotic and Feeble-minded, Howe took active part in the agitation against Slavery, but also he remembered those in bonds at home, and worked for prison reform, and looked after the insane, and tried to give discharged convicts a chance in life. He then sought for the causes of idiocy, "with startling results."

The Cretans rose against the oppressive Turk. Howe, helped by Holmes, Phillips, Edward Everett Hale, and others, raised a large sum for them, and set forth to their aid. He was well-nigh shipwrecked in the Mediterranean, and largely through his ready common sense in supplying a sail from the deck awning, was the little steamer with its broken machinery saved. Though a price was set on Dr. Howe's head, he landed in Crete to examine the situation, but in a necessarily very brief visit. From youth to age Howe believed in and practised man's reserve right of revolution; as in foreign countries, so also at home when government became unjust beyond bearing. He held that the citizen must decide when that point was reached, but also must face the risk of his revolt. This he always was ready to do. He was active in the resistance to the surrender of fugitive slaves.[1] He helped supply rifles to the Kansas settlers to resist the Border ruffians tolerated by the Administration. From 1843 he believed that actual force would have to be used to get rid of slavery, and in 1859 had helped John Brown in his preparations for some such blow.

The Saturday Club chose Howe a member in the first year of the war which was to remove the reproach on Liberty to whose cause his life was vowed. Social clubs are always rather shy of reformers, as men possessed of one idea, hence kill-joys. Howe was one of the great reformers, but as a joyful and successful doer, not preacher; spirited and genial, with tact and a sense of humour. His daughter, Mrs. Richards, writes of him: "He was astonishingly *merry*, for so busy and so intense a person. The meetings of the Club were among his great pleasures. He would make a great effort, rather than miss a meeting. His most intimate friends were Sumner, Felton, Longfellow."

[1] Robert Carter, Esq., told Dana that Dr. Howe offered to lead a mob of two hundred to storm the United States Court-House and rescue Anthony Burns. Elsewhere it would appear that Rev. T. W. Higginson's valiant winning of the door, for a moment with but two or three followers, was futile because of a mistake in the signal and failure of organization, and that Howe and others, brave and determined, were too late.

Howe was well beyond the military age, but as soon as the Sanitary Commission was formed he was intelligently helpful, happy to help the cause of Freedom.

Mrs. Howe wrote of her husband that "he had a prophetic quality of mind. . . . What the general public would most prize and hold fast is the conviction so clearly expressed by him, that humanity has a claim to be honoured and aided, even where its traits appear most abnormal and degraded. He demanded for the blind an education which should make them self-supporting; for the idiot the training of his poor and maimed capabilities; for the insane and the criminal the watchful and redemptive tutelage of society. In the world, as he would have had it, there should have been neither paupers nor outcasts. He did all that one man could do to advance the coming of this millennial consummation."

Seemingly hopeless works of mercy for whole classes of helpless people which Dr. Howe dauntlessly took in hand were great successes, seemed almost like old-time miracles.

At the end of his life he might have cried, like the rejoicing Sigurd in Morris's epic, —

> "It is done! and who shall undo it of all that are left alive?
> Shall the gods, and the high gods' masters with the tale of the righteous strive?"

Dr. Henry I. Bowditch said: "With the exception of Garibaldi, I have always considered Samuel Gridley Howe as the manliest man it has been my fortune to meet in the world. . . . When such men die, even comparative strangers have a sense of personal loss."

After Howe's death, one of the South Boston pupils said, "He will take care of the blind in Heaven. Won't he take care of us too?"

This sketch cannot be more fitly ended than with these verses from Charles T. Brooks's poem in Howe's honour: —

> "He gave — with what a keen delight, —
> Eyes to the fingers of the blind,
> To feel their way with inner light
> Along the sunny hills of mind.
>
> "And as a pilgrim of the night,
> Groping his darksome way forlorn,

Shows on his kindling cheeks the light
Reflected from the breaking morn, —

"So, as along the raised highway
Their eager fingers hurried on,
How o'er each sightless face the ray
Of joy — an inner sunrise — shone!

"Nay, was there one who seemed by fate
Cut off from converse with her kind,
Death's liberating hand to wait
In threefold walls — deaf, dumb, and blind, —

"E'en there his patient love could find,
By the fine thread of touch, a way
To guide the groping, struggling mind
From its dark labyrinth into day."

E. W. E.

FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE

When Frederick Henry Hedge died, in August, 1890, at the age of eighty-five, his name stood first in order of seniority upon the list of officers of Harvard University, although he had retired from active service. He was also the oldest man of the Saturday Club circle, but as he was not elected until 1861, there were a few surviving associates — Dwight, Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier — whose actual membership in the Club was slightly longer than his. In his later years Dr. Hedge's attendance upon Club dinners was infrequent. The honorary degree of LL.D., which he had received at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard University in 1886, four years before his death, was the seal set by the community upon a singularly faithful service to scholarship and religion, but his real work had long been done.

His distinctive quality and gift, as one looks back upon his career, was due in large measure to that good fortune of his youth which sent him to Germany. For Frederick Hedge was one of the earliest of those American Argonauts who sought in the philosophy and literature of Germany, in the great Romantic epoch, such treasures as might enrich their own country. A fascinating book of intellectual and spiritual adventure may yet be written from the material furnished by the letters and journals of such pioneer students in Germany as Ticknor, Everett, Bancroft, Longfellow, and many another young man of that generation. Henry James's *Life of W. W. Story* is a masterly study of the later romantic impulse which drove young Americans to Italy. But the emigration to Germany was a more purely intellectual movement, and it affected the careers of a greater variety of men. Few of these men profited more than Hedge by his German experiences, and few made the riches of German thought more steadily useful to his American contemporaries.

He was a mere lad of thirteen when his chance came. His father, Levi Hedge, tutor and professor of Logic at Harvard, sent him abroad in 1818 under the care of young George Bancroft, of

Worcester, who had been graduated from Harvard the year before. For the next five years Frederick Hedge pursued his German studies, at first in the *Gymnasium* of Ilfeld in Hanover, and then at Schulpforte in Saxony. When he returned to Cambridge in 1823, he was able to enter the Junior class at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1825. He proceeded to the Divinity School, and was ordained a minister in West Cambridge, now Arlington, in 1825. For the next half-dozen years one constantly meets his name in the list of those aspiring young liberals of Cambridge and Boston who were soon to rejoice in Emerson's "Divinity School Address." Hedge was a leader in this group, much as young John Sterling was a leader among the English disciples of Coleridge. Transcendentalism was in the Boston air, and had not Frederick Hedge, in his lucky boyhood, drunk of the very sources of this sacred stream? He attended the very first meeting of the Transcendental Club at the home of George Ripley in Boston, in September, 1836. There was endless debate, a continual flutter of excitement, solemn symposia that occasionally bored even such a patient listener as Emerson, — for this arch-radical wrote of a symposium at Dr. Levi Hedge's in 1838: "It was good. I nevertheless read to-day with wicked pleasure the saying ascribed to Kant, that 'detestable was the society of mere literary men.' It must be tasted sparingly to keep its gusto. If you do not quit the high chair, lie quite down and roll on the ground a good deal, you become nervous and heavy-hearted. The poverty of topics, the very names of Carlyle, Channing, Cambridge, and the *Reviews* became presently insupportable. The dog that was fed on sugar died."

It was no doubt fortunate for Frederick Hedge that a call to the Unitarian pastorate in Bangor, Maine, in 1835, made him "quit the high chair" of fervid, futile Cambridge and Boston talk, and settle down to his professional duties, which were always solidly performed. Bangor was then a remote lumber town, on the edge of the Northern wilderness, but in Hedge's parish there were persons of cultivation and force. He had large leisure, after all, for his favourite German books, and there are local traditions of a pipe and occasional lapses into verse. Emerson preached for him now and then, and is thought to have written some of his poems

in the Bangor parsonage. J. S. Dwight occupied Hedge's pulpit for three Sundays in 1839, and found "much more refined society" than he anticipated. "They are an active, public-spirited people," he wrote to his sister, "and are not afraid." It is pleasant to note that in the Reverend Mr. Hedge's eloquent Fourth of July oration for 1838 he quotes effectively from his friend George Bancroft's *History of the United States*, the first volume of which had appeared in 1834. In 1841 the Bangor clergyman was the Phi Beta Kappa orator at Cambridge, delivering a polished and persuasive, though scarcely an epoch-making, address on "Conservatism and Reform," in which the skilful quotations from Goethe are perhaps the most characteristic feature. Hedge was also, in the early forties, a contributor to the *Dial*. But the chief literary result of his fifteen years in Bangor was the publication in 1848 of the *Prose Writers of Germany*, containing excellent translations from twenty-eight authors, and rendering to the American public a service comparable to that performed by Carlyle's translations from the German for the English public, a quarter of a century before. This book established Hedge's reputation as a scholar, and led, many a year later, to his appointment as Professor of German at Harvard.

In 1850 he left the quiet Bangor parish for a pulpit in Providence. "Hedge lives just across the street from me," writes George William Curtis in 1851, "and we have many a cigar and chat. He preaches superb sermons." Harvard gave him the degree of D.D. in 1852. In the following year he published, with the collaboration of the Reverend F. D. Huntington, a collection of hymns, some of which were composed by Hedge himself and are to-day in wide use by American churches. In 1856, Dr. Hedge succeeded his father-in-law, the venerable Dr. John Pierce, — chronicler of so many Harvard Commencement seasons, — as pastor of the First Parish of Brookline. A year later he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Harvard Divinity School, though he continued to reside in Brookline until 1872. One day in that year he walked into the office of the young President of Harvard College and surprised him by saying: "I understand that the professorship of German is vacant. I should like

to be appointed to that position." He added that he had grown weary of his clerical work in Brookline. President Eliot gravely promised to refer the question to the members of the Corporation, who, to the surprise of at least one person concerned, promptly voted for the appointment. Dr. Hedge accordingly removed to Cambridge and began his new duties. But he was now sixty-seven, and he held this professorship for four years only. His scholarship was unquestioned, but he seems not to have been a born teacher. In fact, one present member of the Club asseverates that Dr. Hedge was the worst teacher of German that ever lived. There are many claimants, however, for this distinction, and if Dr. Hedge is remembered as a somewhat testy and fussy old gentleman in the classroom, it should also be borne in mind that as a writer and speaker he was steadily reaching a wide and influential audience. Many of his addresses on public occasions were admirably phrased, particularly his memorial discourse on Edward Everett in 1865. As editor of the *Christian Examiner* and contributor to the *Christian Register* and *Unitarian Review* he rendered notable service to his own denomination. His book on *Reason in Religion* (1865) was a temperate plea for liberalism. A better-known volume, however, and representative of the author's ripest and wisest thoughts, is *Ways of the Spirit*, which was published in 1877, a year after Dr. Hedge had laid down his college burdens. It exhibits wide reading in history and philosophy, a sympathetic understanding of many types of Christian belief, and glows with that faith in the endless progress of the soul which characterized the spiritual leadership of New England during Hedge's early manhood. Rarely has an old man's book revealed a happier combination of youthful ardour and tested wisdom. It is reported that the good Doctor's sufferings with eczema during the last two years of his life caused him to reëxamine his philosophical tenets as to the ordering of the universe, and forced him to the conclusion that the Devil had a much larger share in the government of this world than he had previously supposed. But he did not commit these new views to writing.

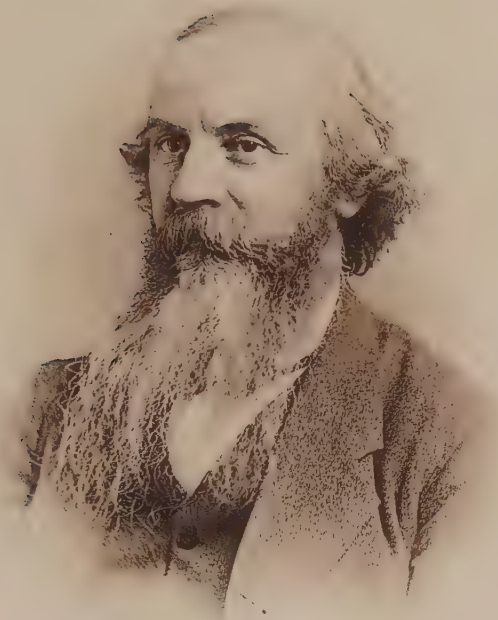
No discoverable word survives of all that Dr. Hedge may have said at the Saturday Club table during his membership of twenty-

nine years. Perhaps his voice, so sonorous in the pulpit, lost something of its authority in the presence of men more witty and brilliant than himself, more prompt in the give-and-take of informal intercourse. Perhaps he ate and gave thanks in silence, dreaming of that great adventure of his boyhood, when he sailed with the Argonauts to find out the secret of Germany.

B. P.

ESTES HOWE

Lovers of Samuel Johnson and of his circle of friends are never weary of speculating as to the personality of the lesser known members of the most famous of Johnson's clubs. What did Dr. Nugent, Burke's agreeable father-in-law, really contribute to the club's wit and wisdom? Was Sir John Hawkins actually "a most unclubable man"? Was Bennet Langton really too fond of "talking from books" at club dinners? Some such curiosity as this is provoked by the minor or half-forgotten names upon the roll of the Saturday Club. Dr. Estes Howe, for example, was a personable gentleman of intellectual tastes and a useful citizen of Cambridge, but thirty years after his death he is recalled chiefly as an associate of other men, — as "Lowell's brother-in-law," or as "one of the Whist Club," or as a member of the Philosophers' Camp in the Adirondacks. He was always a bit overshadowed by his associates. Yet it is pleasant to think of him, much as one thinks of Dr. Nugent and Bennet Langton, as representing those every-day virtues and courtesies of social intercourse which are the real cement of a successful dining-club. And Estes Howe, though he missed an eminent place among his contemporaries, showed qualities that were lastingly attractive to men like Lowell and Emerson. In the "Preliminary Note to the Second Edition" of "A Fable for Critics," Lowell consoles himself, in the presence of hostile criticisms of his poems, by the reminder that he can take refuge in the society of his three stanch friends of the Whist Club, Dr. Estes Howe, "Don Roberto" Carter, and John Holmes: "I can walk with the Doctor, get facts from the Don, or draw out the Lambish quintessence of John, and feel nothing more than a half-comic sorrow, to think that, they all (the criticisms) will be lying to-morrow tossed carelessly up on the waste-paper shelves, and forgotten by all but their half-dozen selves." In W. J. Stillman's account of "the Philosophers' Camp," now reprinted in *The Old Rome and the New* and again in Stillman's *Autobiography*, there are pleasant glimpses of Estes



Howe in the woods. Emerson, a fellow-camper, writes thus of him in his "Adirondack Note-Book": —

> "Not in vain did Fate dispense
> Generous heart and solid sense,
> Force to make a leader sage,
> In honour and self-honouring.
> Where thou art, society
> Still will live and best will be,
> Who dost easily and well
> What costs the rest expense of brain,
> Ancestral merits richly dwell,
> And the lost remain.
> And in thy life, the honoured sire
> Will fill his stinted chalice higher
> And Fate repair the world's mishap
> And fill the gap
> By the completed virtues of the heir."

The closing lines of this rough sketch, recalling the "stinted chalice" of "the honoured sire," refer to the untimely death of Howe's father, Samuel Howe, a distinguished lawyer of western Massachusetts. Graduated from Williams College, Samuel Howe first practised law in Worthington, where he had William Cullen Bryant as a pupil in his office. He removed to Northampton in 1820, and in 1821 was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He died in Boston in 1828 at the age of forty-three, leaving the reputation of having been one of the best-read lawyers of his day and a judge of great promise.

His son Estes was born in Worthington on July 13, 1814. Upon the removal of the family to Northampton in the boy's sixth year, he attended school there, and after Joseph G. Cogswell and George Bancroft opened their Round Hill School in Northampton in 1823, young Howe became their pupil. Many future members of the Saturday Club, among them John Murray Forbes, — who was Howe's second cousin, — John Lothrop Motley, and Samuel G. Ward, were also students at Round Hill. But Estes Howe was not happy there, and had a cordial dislike for George Bancroft. He was therefore sent to Phillips Academy, Andover, and entered Harvard College at fourteen in 1828, six months after his father's death. His mother, finding it necessary to support her

four children, removed to Cambridge and opened a boarding-house for students, at first in Dunster Street, then in Appian Way, and finally in a house she built on Garden Street, next but one to Christ Church. She was a woman of peculiar refinement and of marked conversational powers. Charles Sumner, a future Saturday Club friend of her son, boarded with her throughout his college course, and Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet, was also a guest at her table during his residence in Cambridge. The luck of the alphabet, which was responsible for so many enduring college friendships in the old days of required chapel and required studies, brought Estes Howe, for his four years with the class of 1832, to the seat next John Holmes, and they became lifelong cronies. John Sullivan Dwight was another classmate.

Howe was graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1835, and moved to the then frontier State of Ohio, where he practised medicine for a while at Cincinnati and afterward at Pomeroy, a small town on the Ohio River. Here he varied his professional duties by running a flour-mill and getting a dangerous taste for business which was ultimately to spoil his career as a doctor, and involve him, late in life, in financial disaster. He married a Cambridge lady, Harriet Spelman, in 1838, and after her death in 1843, he gave up the Pomeroy ventures and returned to Cambridge, where he soon abandoned his profession, and interested himself in Abolition politics. He was a member of the Massachusetts Free-Soil Convention in 1848, a supporter of Dr. Palfrey for Representative in Congress, and was one of the six signers of the Appeal to Freemen of the Fourth District to stand up boldly against the encroachments of Slavery. Judge Howe headed this list, and Sumner and Dana had worked in the Convention.

In these years Howe saw much of James Russell Lowell, who had married Maria White, of Watertown, one of four ardent and attractive sisters, whose home was a centre of Abolition energy. In December, 1848, Dr. Howe married the eldest of these sisters, Lois White, and thus became Lowell's brother-in-law. They made their first home in Mason Street, Cambridge, but removed in 1852 to the large house on the corner of Oxford and Kirkland Streets. This house, happily filled with children and with con-

stant guests, is pictured in Mr. Scudder's *Life* of Lowell. For it was here that Lowell left his motherless daughter, with her governess, Miss Frances Dunlap, when he went abroad in 1855. Here he returned in 1856, married Miss Dunlap in 1857, and here they continued to live until they removed, three or four years later, to Elmwood.

Estes Howe was still known as "Doctor," but he was now engrossed in the miscellaneous interests which filled the remainder of his life. He was the pioneer of Cambridge street railways, water-works, and gas-works, and served as treasurer of all these companies. He was interested in Nova Scotia and mines, in a gold mine, in various Vermont and Massachusetts railroads, was Inspector of State Prisons, and served in the State Senate. Like most of the old Free-Soilers, he was a stanch Republican, although he turned Mugwump in 1884, and had long been a Free-Trader.

Dr. Howe was elected a member of the Saturday Club in 1861, and was constant in his attendance until his death in 1887. Lowell was by no means the only Saturday Club man with whom he stood on terms of intimacy. Sumner, Andrew, and Judge Hoar were among his warm friends, and the letters of Lowell and of John Holmes give many pleasant pictures of meetings of the famous Whist Club. — After Lowell and Carter had left Cambridge, John Bartlett and Charles F. Choate took their places. Dr. Howe was a passionate lover of the theatre, was a charter member of the Union Club of Boston, and enjoyed particularly his outings with the Adirondack Club. Although in no sense a man of letters, his literary and learned companions found him an agreeable associate, with a charming talent for wide-ranging talk and a fund of delightful stories.

He met with fortitude the financial reverses which pressed heavily upon him after his sixtieth year. The temptation to visionary speculations was too strong to be resisted, and his eggs were always in too many different baskets. The end of all these multifarious and ever-hopeful activities came in his seventy-third year, after a long and obscure illness, which proved to be cancer. Both of his sons had died before him. Yet he seems to have maintained until the very close his serenity of temper, the wholesome

sweetness and confidence which had endeared him to his friends. "A genuine man," Charles Eliot Norton once called him, and Mr. Norton's phrases were fastidious. One can easily guess how this man of "generous heart and solid sense" endeared himself to his associates of the Club, and can understand why Lowell, in the sensitiveness and passion of his early years of authorship, could find comfort in "talk with the Doctor."

B. P.

Chapter IX

1862

In the dark time in the autumn of 1861 after the rout of Bull Run and before any cheering successes of the Army of the Potomac, Lowell, striving against despair, wrote "The Washers of the Shroud." The Three Fates are preparing it for what nation? He pleads with them to spare ours. They answer: —

"When grass-blades stiffen with red battle-dew,
Ye deem we choose the victor and the slain:
Say, choose we them that shall be leal and true,
To the heart's longing, the high faith of brain?
Yet there the victory lies, if ye but knew.

"Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will, —
These twain are strong, but stronger yet the third, —
Obedience. — 'T is the great tap-root that still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill.

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper?[1] 'T is not we
Denounce it, but the Law before all time:
The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril; which shall Hesper be?

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's seat
To make Jove's bolts purveyors of their maw?
Hath he the Many's plaudits found more sweet
Than Wisdom? held Opinion's wind for Law?
Then let him hearken for the doomster's feet!

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintiest rock,
States climb to power by; slippery those with gold
Down which they stumble to eternal mock:
No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell the block.

"We sing old Sagas, songs of weal and woe,
Mystic because too cheaply understood;
Dark sayings are not ours; men hear and know,

[1] That is, America, the Western star.

See Evil weak, see strength alone in Good,
Yet hope to stem God's fire with walls of tow.

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,
That offers choice of glory or of gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely his.
But hasten, Sisters! for even now the tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the abyss."

. . . . . .

"But not for him!" I cried, "not yet for him
Whose large horizon westering, star by star
Wins from the void to where on Ocean's rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden bar —
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye grow dim!

"God give us peace! not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbour sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"

So cried I with clenched hands and passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side; —
Again the loon laughed mocking, and again
The echoes bayed far down the night and died,
While waking I recalled my wandering brain.

CHARLES SUMNER was the only member chosen by the Club this year. Sumner had spoken strongly and clearly on the matter of the seizure and of the necessary giving up to England of the Confederate emissaries. Longfellow, still bowed down with his loss, wrote to his friend in January: "I have no heart for anything. There is only one thought in my mind. You know what it is. . . . We will not speak of that, but rather of your admirable speech on the Trent affair. It is very clear and thorough and statesman-like. Everybody reads it; and none reads it but to praise. Curtis was here yesterday and thinks it admirable; so does Norton; so does T. [Appleton]; so does Mrs. Kemble; . . . and these, with one or two newspaper writers, are my 'everybody.'"

Another loss was to come to Longfellow which he felt greatly: "February 27th. News comes of Felton's death at his brother's

in Chester [Pennsylvania]. I go down to see Agassiz, and find him in much distress. Dear good Felton! how much he is beloved!"

Mr. Felton was at this time President of Harvard University. May 8, Longfellow writes: "Felton is universally regretted. He had thousands of friends and not one enemy. . . . He had a wider range of scholarship than any of us; and his nature to the last was pure, genial, and sympathetic. . . . His epitaph has been written in Greek by Sophocles, himself a Greek and Professor of Greek in the University. I send you a literal translation; like the original, it is in the elegiac, or hexameter and pentameter metre: —

> 'Felton, dearest of friends, to the lands unseen thou departest,
> Snatched away, thou hast left sorrow and sighing behind!
> On thy companions, the dear ones, alas! the affliction has fallen;
> Hellas, of thee beloved, misses thy beautiful life.'"

Not many days after President Felton's death, Longfellow had met in the street this "strange, eccentric man, with his blue cloak and wild, gray beard, his learning and his silence. He makes Diogenes a possibility," he adds. He brought his elegy for Felton's gravestone, requesting Longfellow to render it in English.[1]

During the last exciting year, and the more serious, anxious one that now had begun, as the friends sat at table it sometimes happened that a burst of martial music shattered the conversation; they left their seats and from the windows saw a blue-coated regiment, the colonel and staff riding at their head, march below them from the State House, where Governor Andrew had just reviewed them, toward the wharf, or the cars, to take passage for the seat of war. Dr. Holmes, or Mr. Forbes, or Judge Hoar, or Mr. Longfellow might have seen from that balcony a son,

[1] This scholar-hermit, bred in a monastery on Mount Athos, by strange chance transplanted to No. 3 Holworthy Hall, in early middle age, lived and died there. We, who came to college during Felton's presidency, wondered and smiled when we saw this Greek professor, hardly more than five feet high, in his cloth cap and cape, taking his lonely walk; but when, as Juniors, we went up to his recitation room to read the *Alcestis*, the *Seven against Thebes*, and the *Antigone*, in what was to most of us the last opportunity to read these wonderful works in the original as literature, as inspiration, we could not be too grateful to him for letting us alone, not tripping us up at each sentence with fine points of grammar. If we had not learned them in three years' drill in school, and two thus far in college, we never should. There he sat, an Olympian Zeus. The smallness of his stature was hidden by the desk, but the splendid iron-gray head and beard, the dark eyes, deep-set under heavy brows, and above adequate shoulders, almost seemed a presence come from Thebes or Athens with thoughts beyond "ἄν with the optative."

Lowell three nephews, or Mr. Appleton his half-brother, march or ride past, as the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, the First, also the Second Cavalry, the Forty-eighth Infantry, or the Fifth Light Battery passed. Two of these sons, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and Samuel Hoar, and two of Mr. Forbes's grandsons (sons of Colonel William H. Forbes) later became members of the Club. Charles Francis Adams, Jr. (his father did not become a member of the Club until 1870), was Captain in the First Massachusetts Cavalry, later, Colonel of the Fifth. The two younger sons of Henry James [1] (chosen a member the following year) enlisted in this year, and in 1863 were officers respectively in the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Regiments (coloured):—

> Ah! many a soldier in those ranks
> How few months since was deemed a boy.

Of later members — not hereditary so to speak — Charles R. Codman was Colonel of the Forty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry; Francis A. Walker was Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of the successive commanders of the Second Army Corps, Sumner, Couch, and Hancock; Henry L. Higginson was Major, and Henry P. Bowditch Captain, in the First Massachusetts Cavalry, the latter afterward Major in the Fifth; Theodore Lyman was invited by General Meade commanding the Army of the Potomac to serve on his staff with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and did excellent service; John C. Gray served, first, as A.D.C. to General Gordon, later as Major and Judge-Advocate on the staffs of Generals Foster and Gilmore; Edward W. Hooper as Captain and A.D.C. on the staffs of Generals Saxton and Dix; Charles S. Sargent on the staffs of Generals Banks and Hurlburt, and finally with the rank of Captain on that of General Granger.

The Saturday Club cannot claim to have sent William Thomas Sampson into the Navy as its representative, but after another war they welcomed the victorious Admiral as a member — unhappily to die all too soon.

It must be borne in mind that our good and great War-Governor, John Albion Andrew, was *ex officio* Commander-in-Chief of

[1] Garth Wilkinson James and Robertson James.

the Massachusetts troops. With forethought, wisdom, and force, he raised, reënforced, and provided for them, nor did he forget them when they passed under the United States' command. In this service he spent for this country in a few years the strength that should have carried him to old age.

Mr. Emerson had evidently been reading Dr. Holmes's "My Hunt after 'The Captain'" in the *Atlantic Monthly* when he wrote in his journal: "What a convivial talent is that of Wendell Holmes! He is still at his Club, when he travels in search of his wounded son; has the same delight in his perceptions, in his wit, in its effect, which he watches as a belle the effect of her beauty; would still hold each companion fast by his sprightly, sparkling, widely-allusive talk, as at the Club table; tastes all his own talent, calculates every stroke, and yet the fountain is unfailing, the wit excellent, the *savoir vivre* and *savoir parler* admirable."

Yet Holmes was very human in his affections and stirred to the depths by his Country's cause and needs, and the way the best youth of the North had risen and were to rise to the occasion. These lines from his poem at the annual Harvard holiday show his feelings: —

> "'Old classmate, say,
> Do you remember our Commencement day?
> Were we such boys as these at twenty?' Nay.
> God called them to a nobler task than ours,
> And gave them holier thoughts and manlier powers.
> These 'boys' we talk about like ancient sages
> Are the same *men* we read of in old pages,
> The bronze recast of dead heroic ages."

But now came the mortality list of the bloody battles of the Seven Days in the Peninsula, in General McClellan's change of base, followed by his temporary deposition, and in Pope's defeat at the Second Bull Run. The Country was alarmed; volunteering was slow. Dr. Holmes came to the rescue with his "Never or Now," an appeal which surely stirred the blood and sent to the ranks at all risks many a generous boy.

> "Listen, young heroes! your Country is calling!
> Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!

Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

"You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

"Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!
Wait not till Honour lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping, —
'Off for the wars!' is enough for them all.

"Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 't is the bugle-blast, sabres are drawn!
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

"Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;
Now is the day and the hour of salvation, —
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

"Never or now! roars the hoarse throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

"From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth, —
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth, —

"From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,
Comes the loud summons: Too long you have slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump, — Never or now!"

The capture of the highly important harbour of Port Royal had caused a flight of the planters on the Sea Islands. Their slaves for the most part remained. Agents were sent by the Government to take possession of the valuable cotton crop, and to see to the planting of a new one. At the same time an Educational Commission was formed by Mr. Edward Atkinson to protect and improve the helpless black population, Edward L. Pierce of

Milton at the head of it, and Mr. Forbes interested and helpful. Among the young men and women in this missionary work, which was then unpopular, was our member Edward W. Hooper, whose quiet force and ability caused him to be placed by General Rufus Saxton on his staff with rank of Captain. The increasing difficulty of recruiting at the North, the multitude of unemployed black men within our lines, and the importance to the South, in working to feed their armies, of those who stayed on the plantations, all pointed to the obvious measure of raising negro regiments, a measure about which the Government was timid. In Mr. Forbes's journal he wrote: "In that summer I had the satisfaction of getting up the Committee of a Hundred for promoting the use of blacks as soldiers. . . . We raised, I think, about $100,000 by subscription among the most conservative Republicans. The first two Massachusetts regiments of coloured troops were in course of formation. . . ." With a view of weakening and alarming the enemy, recruiting offices were opened near the Border, to attract slaves and freedmen, by the patriotic George L. Stearns, of Medford, commissioned Major for this purpose by Governor Andrew. Such measures prepared public opinion for the Emancipation, which, on the 23d of September, Lincoln proclaimed, to take effect with the opening year. Now one reads a little sadly this letter, written on that day by Norton to George William Curtis, when we consider the present condition of the coloured race, and the attitude of so many of our people towards them. Norton wrote: —

"God be praised! I can hardly see to write — for when I think of this great act of Freedom, and all it implies, my heart and my eyes overflow with the deepest, most serious gratitude. . . . I think to-day that the world is glorified by the spirit of Christ. How beautiful it is to be able to read the sacred words under this new light: 'He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.' The war is paid for."

Brownell, the war-poet of whose introduction to the Club by Holmes the next year's story tells, voiced the eager hope that tens of thousands of our Northern people, not yet free from anxiety

as to the President's action, were feeling. I quote some verses from his appealing poem: —

"Men may march and manœuvre
And camp on fields of death —
The Iron Saurians wheel and dart,
And thunder their fiery breath —

"But one brave word is wanting,
The word whose tone should start
The pulses of men to flamelets,
Thrilling through every heart.

"O Father, trust thy children; —
If ever you found them fail
'T was but for the lack of the one just word
Which must in the end prevail.

. . . . . .

"Is it yet forgotten of Shiloh
And the long outnumbered lines,
How the blue frocks lay in winrows?
How they died at Seven Pines?

"How they sank in the Varuna
(Seven foes in flame around!)
How they went down in the Cumberland
Firing, cheering as they drowned?

. . . . . .

"And never fear but the living
Shall stand, to the last, by thee —
They shall yet make up a million,
And another, if need there be!

"But fail not, as thy trust is Heaven,
To breathe the word shall wake
The holiest fire of a Nation's heart —
Speak it, for Christ's dear sake!"

In the sketch of Mr. Norton an account has been given of a wonderfully successful enterprise conducted by him and Professor James B. Thayer in influencing healthy public opinion throughout the land, the Loyal Publication Society. Mr. Forbes was the prime mover.

In this year patriotic and liberal measures like these were

greatly forwarded by the Union Club. Up to this time the only important club in Boston of solid and well-to-do Bostonians had been the Somerset, but its tone was of patrician conservatism, only slowly moved by the rapid march of events and the corresponding needs of the Country; yet the fathers were being educated by their sons at the front. Many of our members were active in establishing the Union Club, like Mr. Ward, Mr. Brimmer, Mr. Woodman, Mr. Norton, and Dr. S. G. Howe. But the emancipation from the old pro-slavery "Hunkerism" of Boston was most cheering. Earlier in the year Longfellow had written to Sumner: "You are hard at work, and God bless you in it! In every country the 'dangerous classes' are those who do no work; for instance, the nobility in Europe, and the slave-holders here. It is evident that the world needs a new nobility — not of the gold medal and *sangre azul* order; not of the blood that is blue because it stagnates; but of the red arterial blood that circulates, and has heart in it, and life, and labour."

Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who, in the previous year, had personally urged the President to proclaim Emancipation as an act of justice and policy, and formed an association here to promote the movement, among whom our later members Edmund Quincy and James Freeman Clarke were numbered, had foreseen the next step. From Washington he wrote to Francis W. Bird: "It seems to me that what we want now is a knowledge of the actual condition of the freedmen. We must be able to present in December . . . a general and reliable *coup d'œil* of those who are actually out of the house of bondage, their wants, and their capacities. . . . I will do what I can here, . . . and should like to join you and give personal attention to their condition at Fortress Monroe and elsewhere. Meantime do something immediately and earnestly to stir up our Emancipation League."

More and more the Country came to feel that the war was not against Secession, but for human rights and democracy against slavery and oligarchy. Our quiet, but eager and brave Quaker Whittier celebrated in his "At Port Royal" the blessing to the slaves that its capture by our guns had brought. Holmes wrote his hymn with the tramp of armies in it, beginning, —

"Flag of the heroes who left us their glory
Borne through the battlefields' thunder and flame."

McClellan's sharp check to Lee's invasion of the North at Antietam cheered our people, and, in spite of the heavy losses, they were proud of the steady valour that our soldiers showed. Even the wasteful slaughter at Fredericksburg at the close of the year had this consoling element.

Again I yield to the temptation to quote from Brownell's *Somnia Cœli*, written just after that sacrifice of our young heroes:—

"Come, battle of stormiest breath
O'er meadow and hillside brown,
The long lines sweeping up to death
Mid thunder from trench and town—
. . . . . .
"Ah! never in vain, our brothers,
That dark December day
For the Truth, and for hope to others,
By slope and by trench ye lay.
. . . . . .
"Did we deem 't was woe and pity
That there in your flower ye died?
Ah, fond! — the Celestial City
Her portal fair flung wide.
. . . . . .
"The colours ye bore in vain that day
Yet wave o'er Heaven's recruits —
And are trooped by Aidenn's starriest Gate
While the Flaming Sword salutes."

And yet our people had to wait through a dreary winter and endure another serious defeat in spring, before the tide of the militant Confederacy reached its far northern limit, and was turned at Gettysburg.

CHARLES SUMNER

No adequate sketch of Charles Sumner's public career could be compressed within the limits allotted to a single memoir in this volume, and for this the reader must be referred to his biographies which are easily accessible. It is enough here briefly to recapitulate a few salient facts.

He was born at Boston in 1811 and died at Washington in 1874. His first contribution to the discussion of public questions was on July 4, 1845, when he delivered his oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations." He took no active part in politics or in anti-slavery agitation until he was roused by the annexation of Texas. His first political speech was made at the Whig Convention in Massachusetts on September 23, 1846, and he was elected to the Senate of the United States in April, 1851. He was assaulted by Preston S. Brooks on May 22, 1856, and from that time was an invalid spending most of his time in Europe where he underwent very severe treatment, and taking no active part in the proceedings of the Senate until June 4, 1860, when he delivered his great speech entitled "The Barbarism of Slavery." From then until General Grant became President in 1869 he was the recognized leader of the Senate on all questions of foreign relations and in the contest against Slavery in all its aspects. The course of the President in urging the annexation of San Domingo brought him into opposition, and he was removed from his position as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in March, 1871. The struggle over the San Domingo question was very bitter, and this, with the consequent alienation from party leaders and former friends, subjected him to a severe strain which resulted in an attack of *angina pectoris*, and from that time, though he continued at work with brief intervals until the last, he was in fact an invalid until his death in March, 1874.

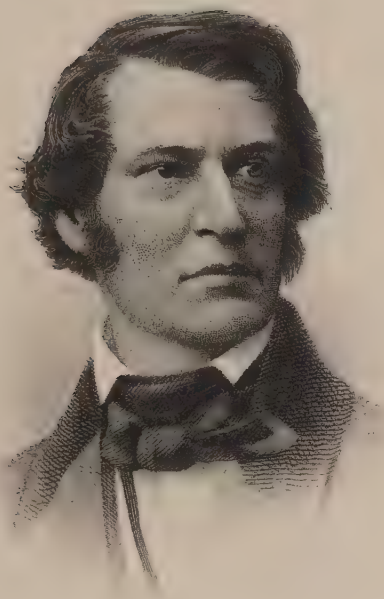
This bare outline of a great life is interesting if only because it shows in how few years his work was done. Until he was thirty-five years old the evils of Slavery never roused him to oppose it.

He was forty years old when he entered the Senate, and of the twenty-three years which elapsed from then until his death he was disabled for a third of the time. What he did for his country was done in sixteen years, during six of which he was one of a small minority, and as he never held executive office, his results were accomplished only by speech and vote.

His connection with the Saturday Club began with his election in 1862, and as its meetings were suspended during the summer months, and he was as a rule in Washington during the rest of the year, he cannot have been present regularly at its dinners. Mr. Pierce in his very full biography chronicles Sumner's election to the Club, and mentions his dining with it as a guest on April 27, 1860, and as a member at various times when in Boston during the recesses of Congress in 1864, 1865, and in 1873, but except that Mr. Chase was a guest of the Club in 1864, and William W. Story was at a dinner in 1865, he tells us nothing of interest. From Sumner's voluminous correspondence no reference to the Club is preserved, but in a letter from Professor Agassiz, written on December 20, 1863, we find: "Longfellow promised to come back to the Club next Saturday. I wish you were with us; we shall drink your health. Answer in thought when you go to your dinner that day, the 26th of December"; and Emerson recorded in his diary, early in the Civil War, after a Club dinner, "Sumner was there. He is beginning to feel his oats."

This is a slight contribution to the history of the Club, but it seems an appropriate opportunity to deal with a side of Sumner's nature which has often been misrepresented. One orator has said, "His manners were applauded as perfect in most of the drawing-rooms of Europe, yet in Washington he can scarcely be said to have exhibited a democratic, or even a genial nature"; and, "His lack of even the usual little courtesies to the other sex was a by-word among his friends"; while a historian whom we all admire has summed up his social side briefly by saying, "He was vain, conceited, fond of flattery, overbearing in manner, and he wore a constant air of superiority."

One may be permitted to suspect that none of these critics had any personal acquaintance with their victim, but derived their



impressions from Sumner's political or personal opponents rather than from those who knew him well. European standards are much misrepresented if a gentleman's manners are regarded as perfect in foreign drawing-rooms when they "lack even the usual little courtesies" to ladies, nor could Sumner have been welcome to the Saturday Club if his bearing towards his fellow-men had been what the historian describes. The real facts may be stated briefly and there is an abundance of testimony to support the statement.

Sumner was by nature essentially simple, sincere, affectionate, and kindly, and in the words of a classmate he was possessed by a "life-and-death earnestness." Whatever he did, he did with his might. He was ambitious at first to acquire knowledge, and he thus described his plan of life in the Law School: "Six hours, namely, the forenoon, wholly and solely to law; afternoon to classics; evening to history, subjects collateral and assistant to law, etc. . . . Recreation must not be found in idleness or loose reading." He believed that "a lawyer must know everything," and he read early and late until his inflamed eyes and his complexion showed the effects of excessive labour. At this time he was constantly at the house of Judge Story, whose son, our member, William Wetmore Story, wrote of him: "His simplicity and directness of character, his enthusiasm and craving for information, his lively spirit and genial feeling, immediately made a strong impression on me. . . . He was free, natural, and naïve in his simplicity, and plied my father with an ever-flowing stream of questions, and I need not say that the responses were as full and genial as heart and mind could desire. . . . He was at this time totally without vanity, and only desirous to acquire knowledge and information on every subject. . . ."

President Quincy's daughter, Mrs. Waterston, said of him: "This youth, though not in the least handsome, is so good-hearted, clever, and real, that it is impossible not to like him and believe in him." The daughter of Mr. Peters, the reporter of the Supreme Court, said of him, after meeting him in Philadelphia where he was visiting: "He was then a great, tall, lank creature, quite heedless of the form and fashion of his garb; 'unsophisti-

cated,' everybody said, and oblivious to the propriety of wearing a hat in a city, going about in a rather shabby fur cap: but the fastidiousness of fashionable ladies was utterly routed by the wonderful charm of his conversation, and he was carried about triumphantly and introduced to all the distinguished people, young and old, who then made Philadelphia society so brilliant. No amount of honeying, however, could then affect him. His simplicity, his perfect naturalness was what struck every one, combined with his rare culture and his delicious youthful enthusiasm. . . . There was a sweetness and tenderness of character about him, and an entire unworldliness, that won all hearts." A witness of the opposite sex describes him at this time as "modest and deferential."

When he was about twenty-seven years old he went abroad and stayed there for more than two years, during which time he saw in France, in Germany, in Italy, and in England almost everybody that was then worth knowing. While he carried letters, he rarely presented them, saying in a letter to Judge Story, "Since I have been here I have followed a rigid rule with regard to my conduct: I have not asked an introduction to any person; not a single ticket, privilege, or anything of the kind from any one; I have not called upon anybody (with one exception) until I had been first called upon or invited."

Mr. Abraham Hayward at that time spoke of his "entire absence of pretension," and added: "Sumner's social success at this early period, before his reputation was established, was most remarkable. He was welcome guest at most of the best houses both in town and country, and the impression he uniformly left was that of an amiable, sensible, high-minded, well-informed gentleman."

Lady Wharncliffe said: "I never knew an American who had the degree of social success he had; owing I think to the real elevation and worth of his character, his genuine nobleness of thought and aspiration, his kindliness of heart, his absence of dogmatism and oratorical display, his genuine amiability, his cultivation of mind, and his appreciation of England without anything approaching to flattery of ourselves or depreciation of

his own country." Mrs. Parks, granddaughter of Dr. Priestley, wrote in 1876: "It was said, after Mr. Sumner's northern journey, that he made the acquaintance of all the principal Whig families on the way north and of the Tories on his return. He was enormously popular, almost like a meteor passing through the country, young, agreeable, full of information, he entertained every one. He bore the ovation well and modestly." Pierce in his biography devotes some three hundred pages to Sumner's European experiences which abundantly confirm the opinion of these witnesses.

A man is known by the company he keeps, and Sumner's intimate friends in Boston, Longfellow, Felton, Hillard, and Cleveland, who with him formed "the Five of Clubs," Dr. Samuel G. Howe, and many others who might be named, were (all but Felton, and perhaps Hillard, who fell away during the anti-slavery agitation) warm and intimate friends of Sumner during their lives, and it is certain that they would not have taken to their hearts a man such as Sumner is said to have been in the passages that have been quoted. It is interesting to note the contemporary testimony as to his Phi Beta Kappa Oration, delivered in August, 1846, entitled "The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist," which was in fact a tribute to John Pickering, Judge Story, Washington Allston, and William Ellery Channing. To us of modern taste it seems somewhat grandiloquent and turgid, but Edward Everett said of it: "It was an amazingly splendid affair. I never heard it surpassed. I don't know that I ever heard it equalled"; while Mr. Emerson wrote in his diary on the evening of the day, "At Phi Beta Kappa, Sumner's oration was marked by a certain magnificence which I do not well know how to parallel." This testimony certainly comes from the most competent judges. George Hoar, then graduating, said: "Sumner held and delighted his hearers to the close," though he spoke "nearly or quite three hours. His magnificent person was in the prime of its beauty. His deep voice had not then the huskiness which it had in later years"; to which may be added the testimony of a lady: "He seemed to me a new Demosthenes or Cicero, even like a Grecian god, as he stood on the platform. I thought him the

handsomest and the finest-looking man I had ever seen." Such he was when he entered public life, already much changed from the youth of the shabby fur cap, a welcome guest everywhere, and flattered by every one.

From this time until he was elected to the Senate he was engaged in a bitter contest against the aggression of Slavery, the annexation of Texas, and the Mexican War, into which he threw himself with all his might. When he entered the Senate he came as the representative of a great and unpopular cause already disliked by many former friends in Massachusetts. His course there roused bitter hostility, his friends at home fell away from him, his colleagues in the Senate insulted him, and this undoubtedly caused him very acute suffering, but it never affected his action in the least. It none the less must have added intensity to his earnestness and have coloured his whole life. A man of impressive figure and marked personal beauty, of cultivated taste in literature and art, wrapped up in the work of his life and intensely earnest, from his very nature he must have been out of sympathy with the politicians who haunt the cloak-rooms and lobbies of Washington and engage in the conversation which there prevails. Sumner did not smoke, and he kept his seat in the Senate, watching constantly all that went on. As has been frequently pointed out, his sense of humour was not acute, and he naturally impressed, to their annoyance, many of his associates as their superior, not because he affected any air of superiority, but because he was in fact superior in taste, in purpose, in his whole atmosphere.

I may add a word of personal testimony, for I lived in his house for two years. I sat in his library and saw him receive men of every rank, race, and colour. I was myself young and at the time sensitive to any affectation of superiority, and I was struck with the gracious courtesy with which Mr. Sumner uniformly received his numerous visitors. He was no respecter of persons, but his manners were natural and kind. Senator Conkling, though I saw him only as a young man sees a Senator, used to irritate me daily by the way in which he treated, not me, but his colleagues in the Senate. There was about him an assumption which was most insulting, but nothing of the sort characterized Mr. Sumner.

Can there be better evidence than the testimony of an English visitor who said, "He is a man to whom all children come."

There is a tradition at the Club that he was dominant in conversation. It is perhaps natural that, being at the centre of affairs and familiar with all that was happening at the greatest crisis in this country's history, he should have believed that what he had to tell the Club would interest them, and that he was inclined to talk and perhaps interrupt others in order to secure attention to what he considered valuable, but it must be borne in mind also that there were other members of the Club who liked to enlighten their fellow-members, and who perhaps did not enjoy active competition. Even the story-teller at a dinner-party wants to have the whole company listen. But at his own table, where he entertained constantly, he did not dominate, but was a courteous and gracious host. He was in essence a gentleman, he was used to the society of ladies, and from some familiarity with his friends of all sorts I can say with confidence that it was not and could not have been a byword among them that he in any way lacked courtesy to ladies. I am glad to bear this testimony, which comes from such an intimate acquaintance as a young man acquires with an older one in whose daily society he lived for nearly two years, whom he saw in the privacy of his library, in the Senate, as a host in his own house, and in almost every relation of life with men and women.

I recall too many instances of his kindly thought for myself and others not to feel that his essential nature has been much misrepresented. His lack of humour doubtless helped to impair his perspective and his sense of relative value. His intense earnestness led him to exaggerate the importance of happenings which interested him. To like flattery is, like every other taste for sweets, common to us all, but deleterious if over-indulged. It is recorded of another very eminent member of the Club that by his own confession he liked his praise administered, when he was young, with a teaspoon, in middle life with a tablespoon, and in his later years with a ladle. We may not like to be flattered too openly, but who will dare to say that praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, or even less eminent critics, administered judiciously, is not most grateful, no matter how large the dose in which it is given. Mr. Sumner liked

praise and doubtless felt that he deserved it. This foible is after all "the last infirmity of noble mind."

It remains to add the testimony of friends, and Sumner's were the best in the community. Dr. S. G. Howe, brave and unselfish as man can be, whose life was one long blessing to humanity, was devoted to him. Richard H. Dana quotes him thus, "He thinks Sumner has suffered as much as a man can suffer, and has been forbearing and generous." When he left his house in Hancock Street he said to Longfellow, "I have buried from this house my father, my mother, a brother, and a sister, and now I am leaving it, the deadest of them all."

In telling of her father's friendship, Dr. Howe's daughter, Mrs. Richards, writes: "The relation between him and Sumner was a peculiarly close and tender one. 'Charlie' was his brother, his *alter ego:* to him he poured out his inmost thoughts. Where others saw the grave statesman, weighty, self-contained, and — one must add — self-conceited, he saw a creature of light, a poet, a being all beauty and nobility. Yet he never faltered in his duty, when it called him to smite the friend of his heart. In fact, the two hammered at each other, always lovingly, but sometimes dealing tremendous blows. When Sumner and Felton quarrelled, it was Dr. Howe who tried to heal the breach between them; I think he finally succeeded, in a measure at least. The letters which I hope to send will tell of this. He was always a peacemaker, though himself such a 'bonny fighter.'"

From Judge Hoar's letter to Mr. Emerson written just after Sumner's death comes the following: —

WASHINGTON, March 11, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. EMERSON: —

Sumner is dead, as the telegraph will have told you before you receive this. He died at thirteen minutes before three this afternoon. I held his hand when he died; and was the only one of his near friends who was in the room.

His last words (except to say "Sit down" to Mr. Hooper, who came to his bedside, but had gone out before his death) were these: "Judge, tell Emerson how much I love and revere him."

I replied, "He said of you once that he never knew so white a soul. . . ."

Mr. Emerson, being asked for some lines that would be appropriate to be read or printed with regard to Senator Sumner, took these from his poem in memory of his own brother Edward Bliss Emerson: —

> "All inborn power that could
> Consist with homage to the good
> Flamed from his martial eye;
> Fronting foes of God and man,
> Frowning down the evil doer,
> Battling for the weak and poor.
> His from youth the leader's look
> Gave the law which others took,
> And never poor beseeching glance
> Shamed that sculptured countenance."

Emerson himself in his diary wrote: —

"It characterizes a man for me that he hates Charles Sumner: for it shows that he cannot discriminate between a foible and a vice. Sumner's moral instinct and character are so exceptionally pure that he must have perpetual magnetism for honest men; his ability and working energy such, that every good friend of the Republic must stand by him. Those who come near him and are offended by his egotism, or his foible (if you please) of using classic quotations, or other bad taste, easily forgive these whims, if themselves are good; or magnify them into disgust, if they themselves are incapable of his virtue. And when he read, one night in Concord, a lecture on Lafayette, we felt that of all Americans he was best entitled by his own character and fortunes to read that eulogy.

"Every Pericles must have his Creon; Sumner had his adversaries, his wasps and backbiters. We almost wished that he had not stooped to answer them. But he condescended to give them truth and patriotism, without asking whether they could appreciate the instruction or not.

"A man of such truth that he can be truly described; he needs no exaggerated praise."

Henry James, the younger, contributes some reminiscences which should find a place here. Speaking of the Brooks assault he says: —

"The impression of the event, which was like a welt raised by the lash itself across the face of the North, is one that memory has kept, for this careful chronicler, even though the years of a life have overlaid it. I recollect, from far away, . . . the reverberation in parental breasts, in talk, passion, prophecy, in the very aspect of promptly-arriving compatriots, of the news which may be thought of to-day, through the perspective of history, as making the famous first cannon-sound at Fort Sumter but the second shot of the War. To very young minds inflamed by the comparatively recent perusal of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, it was as if war had quite grandly begun, for what was war but fighting, and what but fighting had for its sign great men lying prone in their blood? These wonderments, moreover, were to have a sequel — the appearance of the great man, after an interval in Paris and under the parental roof, with the violence of the scene, to one's vivid sense, still about him (though with wounds by that time rather disappointingly healed), and with greatness, enough, visible, measurable, unmistakable greatness, to fill out any picture. His stature, his head, his face, his tone — well do I remember how they fitted one's very earliest apprehension, perhaps, of 'type,' one's young conception of the statesman and the patriot. They were as interesting and impressive as if they had been a costume or a uniform."

Longfellow loved him as a brother, and in 1851 wrote in his diary: "A Sunday without a Sumner is an odd thing — *Domenica senza domine* — but to-day we have had one"; and when Sumner was beaten by Brooks he wrote an affectionate and indignant letter at once, and again on May 28, — "I have just been reading again your speech. It is the greatest voice, on the greatest subject, that has been uttered since we became a nation. No matter for insults — we feel them with you; no matter for wounds — we also bleed in them! You have torn the mask off the faces of traitors; and at last the spirit of the North is aroused." [1]

Charles F. Adams, the younger, in his autobiography says:

[1] See *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, by Samuel Longfellow, vol. II.

"In those days we saw a great deal of Mr. Sumner, and I felt for him an admiration closely verging on affection. He was very kind and considerate to us children, taking a deep interest in us, and being very companionable. He was at that time thirty-seven, and certainly a most striking and attractive personality. The world was all before him, he was kindly, earnest, enthusiastic and very genial. A constant guest at my father's house, he exercised a great influence over me, and one very elevating. To him as he was at that period and later I feel under deep obligation."

Speaking of his course at Harvard he continues: "No instructor produced or endeavoured to produce the slightest impression on me; no spark of enthusiasm was sought to be infused into me. In that line I owed far more to Charles Sumner than to all of the Harvard professors put together."

He said in 1860–61 of the Senate: "As one looked down from the gallery, the only man I remember whose face and bearing, whose figure and the air of large refinement about him seemed to me impressive was Mr. Sumner. He certainly always offered a notable exception to the prevailing commonplace and coarseness of fibre, both mental and physical."

The following passage from Judge Hoar's tribute after his death was well merited and was absolutely true: "Wherever the news of this event spreads through this broad land, not only in this city among his associates in the public councils, not only in the old Commonwealth of which he was the pride and the ornament, but in many quiet homes, in many a cabin of the poor and lowly there is to-day inexpressible tenderness and profound sorrow."

Nothing can more fitly conclude this notice than Whittier's ode

TO CHARLES SUMNER

If I have seemed more prompt to censure wrong
  Than praise the right; if seldom to thine ear
  My voice hath mingled with the exultant cheer
Borne upon all our Northern winds along;
If I have failed to join the fickle throng
In wide-eyed wonder, that thou standest strong
In victory, surprised in thee to find
Brougham's scathing power with Canning's grace combined:
  . . . . . .

Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well canst guess
That, even though silent, I have not the less
Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
With the large future which I shaped for thee,
When, years ago, beside the summer sea,
White in the moon, we saw the long waves fall
Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,
That, to the menace of the brawling flood,
Opposed alone its massive quietude,
Calm as a fate; with not a leaf nor vine
Nor birch-spray trembling in the still moonshine,
Crowning it like God's peace. I sometimes think
That night-scene by the sea prophetical
(For Nature speaks in symbols and in signs,
And through her pictures human fate divines),
That rock, wherefrom we saw the billows sink
In murmuring rout, uprising clear and tall
In the white light of heaven, the type of one
Who, momently by Error's host assailed,
Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of granite mailed;
And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all
The tumult, hears the angels say, "Well done!"

M. S.

Chapter X

1863

We sung the mass of lances from morn till eve.
Welsh Bard

THE dawn of the New Year was brightened by the Emancipation. Longfellow at evening wrote in his journal: "A beautiful day, full of sunshine, ending in a tranquil moonlight. May it be symbolical!"

On that evening, at the Boston Music Hall, crowded with eager and happy people, white and black, a Jubilee Concert was held. Mr. George Willis Cooke tells of Mr. Dwight's zeal and success in carrying out the plan. Noble music from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Handel, and Rossini was included in the programme and some of the best singers and musicians in Boston joined their gifts to make it an inspiring occasion. Emerson had written the poem which he was asked to read at the opening:[1] —

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

. . . . . .

My angel, — his name is Freedom, —
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As a sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best.

[1] Afterwards published as the "Boston Hymn."

I show Columbia of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and the slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but Toil shall have.

. . . . . .

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave:
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow;
So much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hands on another
To coin his labour and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

. . . . . .

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long, —
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

Also Dr. Holmes's "Army Hymn" was sung by solo and chorus.

An important patriotic movement was at this time happily made. Colonel Charles R. Lowell wrote, early in the spring, to Major Henry L. Higginson from camp at Readville, where he was raising the Second Massachusetts Cavalry: "I think public opinion here is getting *stouter;* more efforts are making to educate the great unthinking; good editorials are reprinted and circulated gratis. A club is now forming in Boston, a Union Club, to support the Government, irrespective of party, started by Ward, Forbes, Norton, Amos Lawrence, &c., &c. This seems to me a very promising scheme. Clubs have, in all trying times, been great levers for moving events along." In Thomas G. Appleton's notebook I find: "The Union Club, organized February 4, 1863, first occupied its present quarters, the former residence of Abbott Lawrence, October 15, 1863, the conditions of membership being 'unqualified loyalty to the Constitution and Union of the United States, and unwavering support of the Federal Government in its efforts for the suppression of the Rebellion.'" Its promoters were Samuel G. Ward, the first treasurer; Charles W. Storey, the first secretary; William Gray, Martin Brimmer, Charles G. Loring, Francis Edward Parker, and others, and its object was "the encouragement and dissemination of patriotic sentiment and opinion."

Hon. Edward Everett was the first president, and Norton writes to George W. Curtis: "Our Union Club promises well; two hundred members already, and Mr. Everett and his followers pledged to principles which suit you and me." Forbes's letter to a patriotic correspondent in New York shows the need that was felt of counteracting Boston's indifferent or pro-slavery club influences. He wrote: "I am very glad to find that the doings of your Delmonico Copperhead Conclave have stirred New York up to the importance of spreading light in the dark places. . . . The fact is, 'Club Men' who live by wine, cards, tobacco, and billiards for their

cheap stimulants and time-killers, gravitate very strongly towards Secesh sympathies. They are apt to think themselves aristocratic and gentleman-like and they look up to the idle slave-owners with respect, as being more permanently idle than themselves; at least it is so here. Hence, the public opinion influenced by our clubs is generally unsound and there is great need of a rallying-point for the unconditional loyalists. I hope our Club will help us to this want." And the Club did its work actively and well. It seems that the kind of men above alluded to pleased themselves by calling it "The Sambo Club."

The difficulty of getting soldiers, and the paying of enormous bounties for inferior men, led to an active interest by several members, among whom Dr. Samuel G. Howe should be specially mentioned, in recruiting coloured soldiers in Kentucky and Tennessee, where in the following months several regiments of these were raised by the energy of George L. Stearns, already mentioned, commissioned a Major by Governor Andrew for this purpose.

The spring of this year was the darkest time of the war. The tide of the Rebellion seemed to be rising; the frightful sacrifice of our troops at Fredericksburg was recent, and the great failure of Chancellorsville was just coming on. Our finances were embarrassed. In the shipyards of Liverpool ironclad rams, against which our ports were defenceless, were being built, unchecked, for our foe.

This unfriendly act Mr. Forbes was anxiously watching. The rams, he knew, could break the blockade — then England and France would probably interfere to close the war. In March, he was summoned from his sick-bed by telegram from Secretary Chase to come to New York. Next day he met there the Secretaries of the Treasury and Navy. They asked him to sail for England on the third day thereafter; to act there, in company with Mr. William Aspinwall, for the best interests of the United States; especially, first, to stop the ironclads; second, to place ten million dollars of the new five-twenty bonds. *The Commissioners were asked to write their own instructions.* Mr. Forbes wrote them, and the Secretary of the Navy signed them. Mr. Forbes sailed promptly; Mr. Aspinwall followed with the bonds a week later.

Our Minister, Mr. Adams, and our Consuls were doing all they could, but had limited means, and the former, because of his delicate and highly important position, had to proceed with the utmost care. He was strong and courageous, but had to be cool and tactful.[1]

The episode is most interesting, but too long to be told in detail.[2] Suffice it to say that the Commissioners failed to sell the bonds abroad at that unpromising time, but that Mr. Forbes obtained a very large loan on the security of a portion of the bonds from his friends, the Barings;[3] that he kept close watch on the vessels being built for the South, and acquired, through our efficient Consuls, information that proved important in case the matter should come into the courts. The Commissioners even tried to buy the vessels, but in vain. Mr. Forbes was in constant correspondence with the Secretaries at Washington and Governor Andrew. He bought cannon for Massachusetts' defence. He did everything possible to enlighten the opinion of the English governing and influential classes; first, on the real character of the struggle; second, on their short-sightedness in creating a precedent sure to be dangerous to England in the end.

The Commissioners, having done everything practicable, returned in July. Mr. Adams steadfastly and wisely met conditions as they arose.

Mr. Adams wrote the following noteworthy letter to Mr. Forbes in September: —

. . . We are now all in a fever about Mr. Laird's ironclads, one of which is on the point of departure, and the other launched and getting ready, with double gangs of workmen at it night and day. The question now is, Will Government interfere? and it must be settled in a day or two at farthest. I have done all in

[1] Mr. Adams stayed abroad eight years. After his return he was chosen a member of the Club, in 1870.

[2] Mr. Forbes, in his later years, wrote for his children and grandchildren a record of the interesting passages of his life. After his death, these were edited and published by his daughter, Mrs. William Hastings Hughes, under the title *Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes*. His account of this English visit is there given.

[3] To Mr. Forbes's integrity and financial knowledge was, of course, added that of our member, Mr. Samuel Gray Ward, the Barings' representative in America.

my power to inspire them with a just sense of the responsibility they may incur from permitting so gross a breach of neutrality. If, however, they fail to act, you may perhaps soon see one of the vessels, with your glass, from Milton Hill, steaming up to Boston. . . . She will stand a cannonade, unless the harbour be obstructed. It will be for Governor Andrew to be on the watch the moment the news of her departure reaches America. . . . Of course, if all this takes place, I shall be prepared to make my bow to our friends in London as soon as the papers can be made out. . . .

P.S. 9 September. Since writing this, the Government has decided to stop the vessels.

Yours truly, C. F. A.

Mr. Adams did not give the reason of the action mentioned in the postscript.

On the 5th of September he had written to Lord Russell: "At this moment, when one of the ironclad vessels is on the point of departure from this kingdom on its hostile errand against the United States, it would be superfluous for me to point out to your lordship that *this is war*."

The answer (September 8) was, "Instructions have been issued which will prevent the departure of these two ironclad vessels from Liverpool." [1]

George S. Hillard, a Boston man of letters, Adams's contemporary, wrote: "Mr. Adams had to maintain the rights of his country with unbending firmness, and at the same time to keep his spirit under perfect rule, as any explosion of ill-temper or any expression of irritation, would have been turned to the disadvantage alike of himself and his country."

To return to our side of the ocean. July brought the high tide of Confederate advance in Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, and then, with the victory of Gettysburg and the surrender of Port Hudson, its slow but continuous ebb began.

The good work in Massachusetts, with widest results, of the

[1] It should be said that, before the arrival of Messrs. Forbes and Aspinwall, Mr. Adams had secured the detention of the gunboat Alexandra.

Sanitary Commission and Loyal Publication Society, in which our members took part, went on. Most important aid and furtherance was given by some of them in that period of difficulty in raising troops. Governor Andrew's able and loyal friends did all they could to lighten his manifold heavy burdens.

Hawthorne, at this time, evidently was ailing, though neither he nor his friends realized how serious the trouble would prove. Emerson writes in a book in which he entered notes on his friends from time to time: "I prescribed for Hawthorne a copious use of the Mill Dam.[1] He should buy a cow, and instantly he would need to call upon Sam Staples, and Coombs, and Gowing, and Edmund Hosmer, and John Moore, and the whole senate of the Mill Dam, once and again, and very often, for advice, until he grew acquainted with folks. J. W. Browne's account of Senator Wilson to me was, 'He liked folks.' Hawthorne, I fear, does not."

Very possibly at this time Hawthorne's fatal disease was beginning. His political views, no doubt, were biassed by his friendship for and correspondence with Franklin Pierce, the ex-President. I borrow from Dr. James K. Hosmer's *Last Leaf* the following passage, beginning with Hawthorne's mournful words: —

"'At present we have no Country. . . . New England is really quite as large a lump of earth as my heart can take in. I have no kindred with or leaning toward the Abolitionists.' But his coolness to his Country's welfare was of a piece with the general coolness toward well and ill in the affairs of the world. Humanity rolls before him as it did before Shakspeare, sometimes weak, sometimes heroic, depressed, exultant, suffering, happy. He did not concern himself to regulate its movement, to heighten its joy, or mitigate its sorrow. His work was to portray it as it moved, and in that conception of his mission he established his master-

[1] The beginning of Concord's main street, where the Mill Brook flows under it; the centre where, since the end of the eighteenth century, the shops have gradually succeeded the original ancient mill. It is our Rialto, where, in the groceries, the "Squire's" office, or on the sidewalk, every one meets. The worthies named were respectively: (1) the benevolent constable and jailer; (2) a queer character who grafted trees, handled bees, and believed in all rustic superstitions; (3 and 4) old-fashioned sturdy farmers, the latter often mentioned by Emerson in his journals; (5) the deputy-sheriff, also a remarkable modern farmer.

fulness as an artist, though it abates somewhat, does it not? from his wholeness as a man."

To turn to others of our literary men. Lowell now published his collected and increasingly bellicose utterances in the second series of "Biglow Papers." Of Norton, at this period, Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe rightly says, "He was a man whose physical health necessarily restricted his service to that of mind and spirit. This service he rendered in full measure." He had written in the *Atlantic* wholesome and timely articles, and in this year he, with Lowell as fellow-editor, took charge of the *North American Review*. He steadily emphasized the condition that Holmes had already expressed, —

> "We grudge them not, — our dearest, bravest, best, —
> Let but the quarrel's issue stand confest;
> 'T is Earth's old slave-god battling for his crown,
> And Freedom fighting with her visor down."

Lowell's fearful presentation of the great issue, in "The Washers of the Shroud," has been quoted in the story of the year before.

Whittier, Quaker as he was, cared so much for the great cause of Freedom, that the manifestly inherent militant element in him, shown in some earlier poems, and, this autumn, in his "In War-Time," in some measure reconciled him to the violence and the sacrifice of young life in the battle ordeal. Also he had, for the first time, seen the humble race just emancipated in the surroundings of the Captivity, at Port Royal, and amid their rejoicings felt the sad uncertainty of their future. After giving the glad song of the negro boatmen, he goes on: —

> "So sang our dusky gondoliers;
> And with a secret pain,
> And smiles that seem akin to tears
> We hear the wild refrain.
>
> "We dare not share the negro's trust,
> Nor yet his hope deny;
> We only know that God is just,
> And every wrong shall die.

"Rude seems the song; each swarthy face,
Flame-lighted, ruder still:
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill;
. . . . . .
"Sing on, poor hearts! Your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or bloom, —
The Vala-song of Liberty,
Or death-rune of our doom!"

But a fortnight after the victory at Gettysburg, a tragic reverse, although with a glorious history, occurred. The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Infantry, for permission to raise which and in its recruiting and proper officering so much patient and earnest work had been done, largely by our members, already had won for itself respect and good repute. An assault on Battery Wagner, a well-prepared and garrisoned sand fort in Charleston Harbour, by a brigade under General Strong, had been decided on, and the Fifty-fourth, just arrived after a long and weary march, were given the place of honour in the first line. At twilight the rush was made. As they toiled up the steep and difficult sand-slope they were met at short range by a staggering fire, but the young colonel, Robert Shaw, leaped to the front, crying, "Forward, Fifty-fourth!" The men followed and he fell, shot dead, into the fort. The regiment showed admirable courage and tenacity, but the task was too hopeless, especially as they were also suffering from the shells of our own Navy in the gathering darkness.

Colonel Shaw had accepted the command at the outset in the face of largely hostile public opinion, leaving for it his place in the admirable and aristocratic Second Massachusetts. Of this choice, his brother-in-law, Colonel Charles Russell Lowell, wrote: "It is important that this regiment be started soberly, and not spoiled by too much fanaticism. Shaw is not a fanatic." And after his death he wrote: "Everything that comes about Rob shows his death to have been more and more completely that which every soldier and every man would long to die, but it is given to very few, for very few do their duty as Rob did. I am thankful they buried him 'with his niggers'; they were brave men and they were his men."

Lowell paid his tribute to Colonel Shaw's memory, from which these verses are selected: —

MEMORIÆ POSITUM

Right in the van,
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge, he fell
Foeward, as fits a man;
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet;
His life her crescent's span
Orbs full with share in their undarkening days
Who ever climbed the battailous steeps of praise
Since valour's praise began.

. . . . . .

I write of one,
While with dim eyes I think of three;
Who weeps not others fair and brave as he?
Ah, when the fight is won,
Dear Land, whom triflers now make bold to scorn
(Thee! from whose forehead Earth awaits her morn),
How nobler shall the sun
Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe thy air,
That thou bred'st children who for thee could dare
And die as thine have done!

The question has been asked now, what Emerson's feelings would have been with regard to the war now going on. One has but to refer to his tribute to Colonel Shaw, his officers and brave coloured soldiers in the "Voluntaries:" —

". . . Best befriended of the God
He who, in evil times,
Warned by an inward voice,
Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
Biding by his rule and choice,
Feeling only the fiery thread
Leading over heroic ground
Walled with mortal terror round.

. . . . . .

Peril around, all else appalling,
Cannon in front and leaden rain, —
Him Duty through the clarion calling
To the van called not in vain.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this, — and knows no more, —
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before, —
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified
Victor over death and pain
Forever: but his erring foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Looks from his victim lying low,
And sees aloft the red right arm
Redress the eternal scales. [1]

And, earlier in the poem, the lines, —

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

In April of this year, Longfellow records the completion of a task, which he had resumed after years of intermission, as an anodyne for the pain of his bereavement: "Finish the translation of the *Inferno*. So the whole work is done; the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* having been finished before. I have written a canto a day, thirty-four days in succession, with many anxieties and interruptions."

Agassiz is reported by Emerson, returning from the Club, in his journal, as declaring "that he is going to demand of the community that provision should be made for the study of Natural Science on the same scale as that for the support of Religion." Elsewhere he notes, "Agassiz says he means to make the Harvard Museum such that no European naturalist can afford to stay away from it."

Early in this year General McClellan visited Boston. His popularity had waned since he had been deprived of his command and ordered to report at Trenton, his home; but he was cordially received in Boston, especially by the families of soldiers in the Army of the Potomac. It does not appear that he was invited to the

[1] These last five lines were omitted by Mr. Emerson in later editions.

Saturday Club's dinner, but Norton, in a letter written February 1, says: "McClellan is still here, and is causing people to break the Sabbath to-day. Agassiz is a devoted admirer of his, and said yesterday, that 'he was a great but not a towering man.' Dr. Holmes, studying him physiologically, talks of 'broad base of brain,' 'threshing-floor of ideas,' no invention or original force of intellect, but compact, strong, executive nature, 'with a neck such as not one man in ten thousand possesses,' 'muscular as a prize-fighter,' etc., etc."

In letters written to George William Curtis in September of this year by Norton, I find mention of four of our members, though only one was so at that time. First, of Olmsted, whose departure for California Norton deplores. He had apparently just finished his duty as a member of a commission to look into the sanitary conditions of the United States forces. Then Norton continues: —

"A ring at the bell — and I hear William James's pleasant and manly voice in the other room, from which the sound of my Mother's voice has been coming to me as she reads aloud the consular experiences of the most original of consuls. To-night I am half annoyed, half amused at Hawthorne.[1] He is nearly as bad as Carlyle.

"27 September. Charles Eliot is going abroad, . . . and proposes to spend the next six or eight months in Paris. He means to study chemistry, and is also desirous to become thoroughly acquainted with the system and management and organization of some of the public institutions of France. He has a genius for such matters, and is well fitted by his training here to discover in the foreign institutions the points of the most practical importance as capable of adaptation to our needs." [2]

Longfellow's oldest son, Charles Appleton Longfellow, had been commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the First Massachusetts Cavalry in March. Longfellow notes in his diary: "Nov. 28th. The Army of the Potomac is advancing. December 1st. At dinner received a telegram from Washington stating that Charles

[1] Hawthorne's loyalty and constant friendship for his classmate, ex-President Franklin Pierce, persisted to the end, ignoring his pro-slavery advocacy, and his wrongs to the Free-State settlers in Kansas and Nebraska.

[2] This was six years before Eliot's presidency.

had been severely wounded. Left for Washington at five o'clock." The cavalry had been engaged in a minor action at New Hope Church. Young Longfellow and Captain Henry P. Bowditch (later, distinguished Professor of Physiology, and one of our members) were brought up with other wounded officers to Washington to their waiting, anxious parents on the fourth day, young Longfellow with a severe wound through both shoulders, Bowditch less severely through the arm.

The following extract from a letter from Dr. Henry Marion Howe, of Columbia University, son of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, gives us a pleasant reminiscence of a meeting of about this time. Professor Howe evidently was not aware that the Club, though in its Silver Age, still is alive: —

"My sister, Mrs. Hall, tells me that you have asked her for reminiscences of my father in connection with the Saturday Club in Boston. She tells me that she has no definite recollections, and it may be that I am the only living person who ever attended a meeting of that Club.

"When I was a boy about fifteen years old, say in 1863 more or less, my father took me to one of the dinners of the Club, and I remember with great vividness Mr. Thomas Appleton presiding and expatiating on the merits of the Kentucky mutton which he was carving. I remember also Dr. Holmes likening the effect of the various phases of Christianity brought before young people to the effect of hypothetical magnets. He said in effect that, suppose in addition to a magnet which attracts iron we had also magnets which, instead of attracting iron, attracted some of them copper, some of them lead, etc.; if, now, chips of iron, copper, and lead were all mixed up together, and we passed these several magnets over them successively, each metal would respond to its own magnet irrespective of its environment.

"My recollection is that at this point my father bade me retire, as I was only brought in to see the august assembly before it really began its dinner."

This year the good and brilliant Henry James, Senior, the philosopher, was the only member chosen into the Club.

HENRY JAMES

THE Celtic qualities which appeared at their best in Henry James, who transmitted them to his sons, came to him from his father, who came from Northern Erin in his youth to seek his fortune. He found it in Albany, where he became a prosperous merchant. His family were well provided for, therefore could follow their instincts in choosing their course in life. But also a warm heart, hospitality, ready wit, an ever-present sense of humour, and a picturesque eloquence rejoicing in combat, were the Jameses' rich inheritance.

Early in life Henry's childish mind began its instinctive fight against the Calvinism of the day, passively accepted by his parents, as he tells amusingly in an autobiographical fragment, thus:—

"We children of the church had been traditionally taught to contemplate God as a strictly supernatural being, bigger personally than all the world; and not only, therefore, out of all sympathy with our pigmy infirmities, but exceedingly jealous of the hypocritical homage we paid to his contemptuous forbearance. This dramatic homage, however, being of an altogether negative complexion, was exceedingly trying to us. . . ." And about "keeping Sunday": "How my particular heels ached for exercise, and all my senses pined to be free, it is not worth while to recount; suffice it to say, that although I know my parents were not so Sabbatarian as many, I cannot flatter myself that our household sanctity ever presented a pleasant aspect to the angels. Nothing is so hard for a child as *not-to-do,* that is, to keep his hands and feet and tongue in enforced inactivity. It is a cruel wrong to put such an obligation upon him, while his reflective faculties are still undeveloped, and his senses urge him to unrestricted action. . . .

"My boyish animal spirits . . . allowed me, no doubt, very little time for reflection; yet it was very seldom that I lay down at night without a present thought of God, and some little effort of recoil upon myself . . . but the dark, silent night usually let in the spectral eye of God, and set me to wondering and pondering

evermore how I should effectually baffle its gaze. Now I cannot conceive any less wholesome or innocent occupation for the childish mind than to keep a debtor and creditor account with God; for the effect of such discipline is either to make the child insufferably conceited, or else to harden him in indifference to the Divine name. I was habitually led by my teachers to conceive that at best a chronic apathy existed on God's part towards me, superinduced, by Christ's work, upon the active enmity he had formerly felt towards us; and the only reason why this teaching did not leave my mind in a similarly apathetic condition towards him was, as I have since become persuaded, that it always met in my soul, and was practically paralyzed by a profounder Divine instinct which affirmed his stainless and ineffable love."

In his youth a sobering influence came upon Mr. James, an infection causing long invalidism and finally the loss of one leg. Probably by his own choice he went to the Theological Seminary at Princeton. There he found comfort in Stephen Dewhurst, of Maryland, a man as spiritually minded and original as himself. Of him he says:—

"However justly sensitive his intellect was to every consideration growing out of the distinction between good and evil in men's actual conduct, he was yet practically insensible to the pretension of a distinctively *moral* righteousness in them as the ground of their religious hope. The disproportion between finite and infinite seemed in fact so overwhelming to his imagination, as to make it impossible to him to deem any man in himself vitally nearer to God than any other man.

"I have often reflected with astonishment since, that one so young should have been so thoroughly vastated in the providence of God of our ordinarily rank and florid pride of moralism.

"What distinguished him from us all was his social quality — the frank, cordial recognition he always evinced of that vital fellowship or equality between man universal and man individual which is the spiritual fulfilment or glorification of conscience, and ends by compelling angel and devil into its equal subservience."

The above extracts will shed light on James's position in the philosophic tournament chronicled later in this story.

Religion was a matter of daily thought with him, but he execrated easy formalism as he did smug morality. Mr. Emerson writes: "In New York, Henry James quoted Thackeray's speeches in society. 'He liked to go to Westminster Abbey to say his prayers,' etc. 'It gave him the comfortablest feeling.' At the same time, he is immoral in his practice, but with limits. . . . He thought Thackeray could not see beyond his eyes, and has no ideas, and merely is a sounding-board against which his experiences thump and resound. He is the merest boy."

After Mr. James's marriage he moved to New York. Beautiful lights are shed on the home life there by the younger Henry in his very last and most human books. The father heard Emerson lecture there and brought him into his house once and again. The thoughts had stirred him. He looked forward to probing each of them in a discussion next morning in his study in which, man to man, Emerson should with logic defend his intuitions, but was disappointed. Again and again, through the years of their friendship, he tried to compass this. The answer was still the same which, years before, Emerson wrote to his honoured friend Henry Ware: "I could not possibly give you one of the 'arguments' you cruelly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine stands. For I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of a thought."

Always disappointed of his purpose to make the "inexplicable" Emerson give logical reasons for his intuitions and meet squarely the "concretely vital questions" which occupied him, James cries out: "Oh you man without a handle! Shall one never be able to help himself out of you according to his needs, and be dependent only upon your fitful tippings-up?" But, despite this avoidance of the much-desired single combat, the two always remained friends, and Emerson particularly desired James as a member of the Club, years before it took form, but, until 1864, he lived too far away.

Speaking of the excess of virility of the men whom he met on his Western lecturing excursions, Emerson says: "They oppress me and would soon become intolerable if it were not for a few friends, who, like women, tempered the acrid mass. Henry James was true comfort—wise, gentle, polished, with heroic manners, and

a serenity like the sun. 'I do not wish this or that thing my fortune will procure, I wish the great fortune,' said Henry James, and said it in the noble sense."

Again Emerson wrote of him (November, 1851): "His lectures are really brilliant, and I was told that he swallowed up all the doctrinaires and neologists in New York, and is left sole æsthetic Doctor, *Doctor Dubitantium*, in that city. He is the best man and companion in the world."

Elsewhere his friend calls him "that sub-soil plougher, Henry James."

Mr. James was an eager Swedenborgian. His books were all on religious subjects. Edwin L. Godkin, speaking of his strong picturesque writing, adds: "I suppose there was not in his day a more formidable master of English style. . . . One of his most amusing experiences was that the other Swedenborgians repudiated all religious connection with him, so that the sect to which he belonged, and of which he was the head, may be said to have consisted of himself alone." Mr. Howells, speaking of one of William James's books, said, "He is brilliant, but not clear; like his father, who wrote *The Secret of Swedenborg*, and kept it." His son Henry thus summarizes his view of his father's faith: "The optimists of the world, the constructive idealists, as one has mainly known them, have too often struck one as overlooking more of the aspects of the real than they recognize; whereas our indefeasible impression, William's and mine, of our parent was that he, by his very constitution and intimate heritage, recognized many more of those than he overlooked. What was the finest part of our intercourse with him — that is, the most nutritive — but a positive record of that?"

Henry thus affectionately describes his father's happy and constitutional faith: "That optimism fed so little by any sense of things as they were or are, but rich in its vision of the facility with which they might become almost at any moment, or from one day to the other, totally and splendidly different. A less vague or vain idealist could n't, I think, have been encountered; it was given him to catch in the fact at almost any turn right or left some flagrant assurance or promise of the state of man transfigured. . . .

The case was really of his rather feeling so vast a rightness close at hand, or lurking immediately behind actual arrangements, that a single turn of the inward wheel, one real response to pressure of the spiritual spring, would bridge the chasms, straighten the distortions, rectify the relations and, in a word, redeem and vivify the whole mass — after a far sounder, yet, one seemed to see, also far subtler, fashion than any that our spasmodic annals had yet shown us. It was, of course, the old story that we had only to *be* with more intelligence and faith — an immense deal more, certainly — in order to work off, in the happiest manner, the many-sided ugliness of life; which was a process that might go on, blessedly, in the quietest of all quiet ways." A phrase in the last sentence is important. Mr. James's deepest desire was what his sons and daughter should *be;* their works would follow from what they were. His love for them amounted to a pang. After his superlative fashion of speech, he said to Emerson once, he wished sometimes that the lightning would strike his wife and children out of existence and he should suffer no more from loving them. He had to send his boys to schools. He felt that Europe was perhaps the best *milieu* for their study and culture in their adolescent period. But the family went abroad together, and he and their mother remained near by. The atmosphere of that home was charming, affectionate, stimulating, like that of a high mountain near the tropics, and this atmosphere did not evaporate during their short separations, not far asunder, while in Europe, the boys being at Swiss schools.

After an absence of five years, Henry the younger, who was being infected by the charm of the Old World which held him for the rest of his days, found, to his dismay, that they were to return to America. "The particular ground for our defection, which I obscurely pronounced mistaken, was that since William was to embrace the artistic career . . . our return to America would place him in prompt and happy relation to William Hunt, then the most distinguished of our painters as well as one of the most original and delightful of men, and who had cordially assured us that he would welcome such a pupil. . . . I am of course not sure how often our dear father may not explicatively have mentioned

the shy fact that he himself in any case had gradually ceased to 'like' Europe. This affects me at present as in the highest degree natural; it was to be his fortune for the rest of his life to find himself, as a worker, in his own field and as to what he held most dear, scantly enough heeded, reported, or assimilated even in his own air, no brisk conductor at any time of his remarkable voice; but in Europe his isolation had been utter. . . . No more admirable case of apostolic energy combined with philosophic patience, of constancy of conviction and solitary singleness of production unperturbed, can I well conceive."

On Mr. James's return from Europe with his family, he settled in Newport and placed his two younger boys, Garth Wilkinson and Robertson, in the excellent school then kept by Mr. F. B. Sanborn in Concord. The spring vacation in the year 1861 I was invited to spend with them in Newport. I was affectionately received and thus had the privilege of sharing the intimate life of this remarkable family.

Admirable people were then in the quiet Newport when such folly and fashion as then were had flitted back to the city: Charles T. Brooks, the clergyman and German scholar, Edmund Tweedy, almost a brother to Mr. James, George Calvert, William Morris Hunt, then domiciled there, the Perrys, and others.

The family life of the Jameses was most interesting, brilliant, original, and affectionate. Mr. James was of medium height, limped along on his wooden leg with some activity, but his mind and wit were most active and his temperament sympathetic. His face reminded one at once of the representations of Socrates with the bald head, short nose, eyes humorous yet kindly (but spectacled), and beard of moderate dimensions; and, like Socrates, he delighted in starting a theme to argue with his companion to its conclusion — seemingly surprising. For he was not only a humourist, but master of the superlative, and, after a little almost stuttering hesitation, he, like his sons after him, would bring out an adjective or adverb or appellation that would startle the literal-minded, but he, with no malice, chose to attach other than the usual significations to the word, and this might lead to illuminating discussion. Notable examples

of this entertaining habit (edifying, if understood) occur also in his writings.

Meal-times in that pleasant home were exciting. "The adipose and affectionate Wilkie," [1] as his father called him, would say something and be instantly corrected or disputed by the little cock-sparrow Bob,[2] the youngest, but good-naturedly defend his statement, and then, Henry (Junior) would emerge from his silence in defence of Wilkie. Then Bob would be more impertinently insistent, and Mr. James would advance as Moderator, and William, the eldest, join in. The voice of the Moderator presently would be drowned by the combatants and he soon came down vigorously into the arena, and when, in the excited argument, the dinner knives might not be absent from eagerly gesticulating hands, dear Mrs. James, more conventional, but bright as well as motherly, would look at me, laughingly reassuring, saying, "Don't be disturbed, Edward; they won't stab each other. This is usual when the boys come home." And the quiet little sister ate her dinner, smiling, close to the combatants. Mr. James considered this debate, within bounds, excellent for the boys. In their speech, singularly mature and picturesque, as well as vehement, the Gaelic (Irish) element in their descent always showed. Even if they blundered, they saved themselves by wit.

Doughty champion as Mr. James was, I once saw him overthrown in a tilt. Mr. Emerson had invited many thoughtful people in Concord, and some from the city, including Mr. James and Mr. Sam G. Ward, to a "Conversation," at his house, for Mr. Alcott's benefit. He wished that this philosopher's pure and lofty ideality, which in private so often refreshed and stimulated his own thought, should reach open ears and stir good minds. It happened that Miss Mary Moody Emerson was also present, the extraordinary woman, Emerson's aunt, the inspiring "sibyl" of his youth, yet, as brought up in Calvinism, the formidable critic of a nephew of whom she was proud. The apostolic Alcott, silver-

[1] Garth Wilkinson James, a very charming youth. In 1862 he enlisted in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. Later, he became the Adjutant in the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and was very severely wounded on the slopes of Fort Wagner. After the war he settled in the West and died early.

[2] Robertson James. He was Lieutenant in the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment, later, Captain, and, after the war, showed himself possessed of many literary and artistic gifts.

haired and of benignant face, as ever, assuming assent — "We find, — do we not?" etc. — began his quiet talk. He had not gone far when Mr. James, who supposed that the "Conversation" to which he was bidden was to be really such, threw a critical question in Mr. Alcott's path. The philosopher quietly glided round the obstacle, but Mr. James would not be ignored, and with pleasant pertinacity insisted on having his objection met. Mr. Alcott looked a little annoyed and tried to brush the interruption aside (as he did mosquitoes, which he never struck). He was no swordsman; had no slightest skill in argument, while Mr. James, like Socrates, delighted in dialectics, and, moreover, supposed himself fully within his rights when asked to a "Conversation." Soon Mr. Alcott was piteously routed, and now Mr. James, sole occupant of the field, talked on the ethical theme, but obscuring his thought to the common hearer by his brilliant but whimsical use of words. He with vigorous wit attacked "Morality" as pernicious. But the victory was not yet won. Suddenly Miss Mary Emerson, eighty-four years old, dressed underneath, without doubt, in her shroud, which in later years she always wore, covered without by some black semblances of the attire of old ladies, her head closely capped, reared her five feet one inch of height, crossed the room, and, as the prophet Samuel slew with the sword Agag, King of the Amalekites whom Saul had spared, so she, trembling with zeal, and shaking this daring sinner by the shoulders, as she spoke, rebuked his speech. Mr. James beamed with delight and spoke with most chivalrous courtesy to this Deborah bending over him. The fact was that by "Morality" he meant self-conscious ethics, dangerously near hypocrisy — acting for observation's and example's sake. He went away with little opinion of Alcott, but the highest of this aged antagonist. The curious fact was that she, prizing, with Calvin, "burning faith above works," was really, had they talked the matter out, in more sympathy with Mr. James than any one in the room.

In England Mr. James made many calls on Carlyle before he was broken with age and grief. It is pleasant to think of these meetings, for the valiant American was by no means the man to avoid or go down before the dour Borderer's spear — would have

enjoyed the encounter and gone through it, secure in his kindly humour, yet sorry for the pessimist. He was soon disillusioned as to any advancing, working, spiritual quality in this Jeremiah.

"I think he felt a helpless dread and distrust of you instantly that he found you had any positive hope in God or practical love to man. . . . Pity is the highest style of intercourse he allowed himself with his kind. He compassionated all his friends in the measure of his affection for them. 'Poor John Sterling,' he used always to say; 'poor John Mill,' 'poor Frederic Maurice,' 'poor Arthur Helps,' 'poor little Browning,' 'poor little Lewes,' and so on; as if the temple of his friendship were a hospital, and all its inmates scrofulous or paralytic."

Mr. James finds in him the dour Covenanting tradition in a new form: —

"Carlyle, inheriting and cherishing for its picturesque capabilities this rude Covenanting conception, which makes God a being of the most aggravated moral dimensions, of a wholly superhuman egotism, or sensibility to his own consequence, of course found Mahomet, William the Conqueror, John Knox, Frederic the Second of Prussia, Goethe, men after God's own heart, and coolly told you that no man in history was ever unsuccessful who deserved to be otherwise.

"Nothing maddened him so much as to be mistaken for a reformer, really intent upon the interests of God's righteousness upon the earth, which are the interests of universal justice. This is what made him hate Americans, and call us a nation of bores — that we took him at his word, and reckoned upon him as a sincere well-wisher to his species.

"He was mother Eve's own darling cantankerous Thomas, in short, the child of her dreariest, most melancholy old age; and he used to bury his worn, dejected face in her penurious lap, in a way so determined as forever to shut out all sight of God's new and better creation."

Mr. James was the only man chosen into the Club in 1863, when he was on the point of moving to Cambridge. The following record of his first appearance is from Longfellow's journal: —

"January 26th, 1861. Club dinner. Emerson and Hawthorne came from Concord. And (as guests) we had Channing — 'our Concord poet,' as Emerson calls him — and Henry James, the philosopher."

Mr. James, in a letter to Emerson soon after, chronicles the occasion in brilliant superlative. I suppress two names of honoured members, friends of Mr. James, too, who chanced to bore him on that day, distracting him from delighted observation of Hawthorne.

"I cannot forbear to say a word I want to say about Hawthorne and Ellery Channing. Hawthorne is n't a handsome man, nor an engaging one personally. He has the look all the time, to one who does n't know him, of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives. But in spite of his rusticity, I felt a sympathy for him amounting to anguish, and could n't take my eyes off him all the dinner, nor my rapt attention, as that indecisive little X found, I am afraid, to his cost, for I hardly heard a word of what he kept on saying to me, and felt at one time very much like sending down to Parker to have him removed from the room as maliciously putting his little artificial person between me and a profitable object of study. Yet I feel now no ill-will to X, and could recommend any one (but myself) to go and hear him preach. Hawthorne, however, seemed to me to possess human substance, and not to have dissipated it all away, as that debauched Y. And the good, inoffensive, comforting Longfellow, he seemed much nearer the human being than any one at that end of the table — much nearer. John Forbes and yourself kept up the balance at the other end; but that end was a desert, with him for its only oasis. It was so pathetic to see him, contented, sprawling, Concord owl that he was and always has been, brought blindfold into the brilliant daylight, and expected to wink and be lively like any little dapper Tommy Titmouse or Jenny Wren. How he buried his eyes in his plate, and ate with a voracity that no person should dare to ask him a question. My heart broke for him as that attenuated Y kept putting forth his long antennæ toward him, stroking his face, and trying whether his eyes were shut.

"The idea I got was, and it was very powerfully impressed on

me, that we are all monstrously corrupt, hopelessly bereft of human consciousness, and that it is the intention of the Divine Providence to overrun us and obliterate us in a new Gothic and Vandalic invasion, of which this Concord specimen is a first fruit. It was heavenly to see him persist in ignoring Y, and shutting his eyes against his spectral smiles; eating his dinner and doing absolutely nothing but that, and then going home to his Concord den to fall on his knees and ask his Heavenly Father why it was that an owl could n't remain an owl, and not be forced into the diversions of a canary. I have no doubt that all the tenderest angels saw to his case that night, and poured oil into his wounds more soothing than gentlemen ever knew.

"Ellery Channing, too, seemed so human and good — sweet as sunshine, and fragrant as pine woods. He is more sophisticated than the others, of course, but still he was kin; and I felt the world richer by two men who had not yet lost themselves in mere members of society. This is what I suspect — that we are fast getting so fearful one to another, we members of society, that we shall ere long begin to kill one another in self-defence, and give place in that way to a more veracious state of things. The old world is breaking up on all hands — the glimpse of the everlasting granite I caught in Hawthorne shows me that there is stock enough for fifty better. Let the old impostor (i.e., society) go, bag and baggage, for a very real and substantial one is aching to come in, in which the churl shall not be exalted to a place of dignity, in which innocence shall never be tarnished or trafficked in, in which every man's freedom shall be respected down to its feeblest filament as the radiant altar of God. To the angels, says Swedenborg, Death means Resurrection to Life; by that necessary rule of inversion which keeps them separate from us and us from them, and so prevents our being mutual nuisances." [1]

As the Club has gone on, and the proportion of its poets, even those "of one poem," has grown less and less, it was pleasant to find this one attributed to the elder James: —

[1] In this letter, as in the one about his friend Carlyle, full allowance must be made for Mr. James's love for extravaganza, trusting to the reader's wit for due abatement.

MIDSUMMER

Now it is June, and the secret is told;
Flashed from the buttercups' glory of gold;
Hummed in the bumblebee's gladness, and sung
New from each bough where a bird's nest is swung;
Breathed from the clover beds, when the winds pass;
Chirped in small psalms, through the aisles of the grass.

Chapter XI

1864

. . . . . Through the street
I hear the drummers making riot,
And I sit thinking of the feet
That followed once, and now are quiet.
. . . . . .
Have I not held them on my knee?
Did I not love to see them growing,
Three likely lads as well could be,
Handsome and brave, and not too knowing?

I sit and look into the blaze
Whose nature, just like theirs, keeps climbing
Long as it lives in shining ways,
And half despise myself for rhyming.

What 's talk to them, whose faith and truth
On War's red touchstone rang true metal,
Who ventured life and love and youth
For the great prize of death in battle? [1]

LOWELL

LOWELL had been asked to take up, and transfuse blood rich enough for the great period, into the ageing quarterly, the *North American Review*. He was so stirred, and charged with feeling, that he was moved to accept the task at the beginning of the year, but only on condition that his friend Norton should assume the more active duties of editor. But Lowell wrote a political article in almost every number, certainly during that most important year of the Presidential election.

It is remarkable that, while several of our wisest members, though voting for Lincoln as the best man who could be elected, were yet uneasy at again choosing, in that dangerous period, "a pilot who waited to ask his crew's opinion," — Lowell, hitherto so radical, maintained that the President's conduct was right,

[1] Mr. Emerson was troubled at the rustic Hosea Biglow version in which Lowell chose to clothe his lament for his nephews, and when including the verses in his *Parnassus* asked Lowell to change them to English more seemly for the subject. This the poet did, but under protest.

and, comparing him to the pilot of a shaky raft, said, "The Country is to be congratulated that he did not think it his duty to run straight at all hazards, but cautiously to assure himself with his setting-pole where the main current was and keep steadily to that." He was rejoiced when Lincoln won the nomination, and championed him effectively in the quarterly through the year. Norton too worked with zeal to show the issue as being the preservation of true democracy.

At about Thanksgiving time in the previous year, Longfellow's *Sudbury Tales* — its title at the last minute changed to *Tales of a Wayside Inn* — had been published. Copies, sent by him to friends, brought back to him grateful letters. Hawthorne's low spirits, due to unrecognized advancing disease, were cheered by his friend's remembrance, and he wrote: —

CONCORD, January 2, 1864.

DEAR LONGFELLOW: It seems idle to tell you that I have read the *Wayside Inn* with great comfort and delight. I take vast satisfaction in your poetry, and take very little in most other men's, except it be the grand old strains that have been sounding on through all my life. . . .

It gratifies my mind to find my own name shining in your verse — even as if I had been gazing up at the moon and detected my own features in its profile.

I have been much out of sorts of late, and do not well know what is the matter with me; but am inclined to draw the conclusion that I shall have little more to do with pen and ink. One more book I should like well enough to write, and have indeed begun it, but with no assurance of ever bringing it to an end. As is always the case, I have a notion that the last book would be my best, and full of wisdom about matters of life and death — and yet it will be no deadly disappointment if I am compelled to drop it. You can tell, far better than I, whether there is anything worth having in literary reputation; and whether the best achievements seem to have any substance after they grow cold.

Your friend,

NATHL. HAWTHORNE.

Another letter might find place here because of its allusions: —

CONCORD, February 24, 1862.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW: What a rusty place is the country to live in, where a man loses his manners. . . . I have never thanked you for the New Year's poems, — chiefly, the "Birds" [of Killingworth], which is serene, happy, and immortal as Chaucer, and speaks to all conditions. . . . Was it you who sent me, a week earlier, . . . a Brussels publishers' list announcing the French translation of *Representative Men* as *défendée* in France? — of which too much honour I am curious to know the cause.

Have you read Elliot Cabot's paper on "Art"? How dangerously subtile! One would say it must be the epitaph of existing art, if the artists once read and understand him. And yet, of course, he will say — only to begin a new creation. But I am very proud of Boston when it turns out such a Greek as Cabot.

When will you come back to the Saturdays, which want their ancient lustre? . . . I have often in these solitudes questions to ask you; but at such meetings they have no answers.

R. W. EMERSON.

From Emerson's journal: —

"February 28, 1864. Yesterday at the Club with Cabot, Ward, Holmes, Lowell, Judge Hoar, Appleton, Howe, Woodman, Forbes, Whipple, with General Barlow,[1] and Mr. Howe, of Nova Scotia, for guests; but cramped for time by late dinner and early hour of the return train — a cramp which spoils a club. For you shall not, if you wish good fortune, even take pains to secure your right and left hand men. The least design instantly makes an obligation to make their time agreeable, which I can never assume. Holmes was gay with his 'preadamite mentioned in the Scriptures — Chap First'; and Appleton with 'that invariable love of hypocrisy which delights the Saxon race,' etc."

The following were evidently brought home from the Club: —

"Scotus Erigena, sitting at the table of Charles the Bald,

[1] Francis C. Barlow, whose brilliant military talent and utter courage raised him from a private volunteer soldier to a Major-General's command, lived in Concord with his mother in his boyhood and attended the Academy.

when the King asked him how far a *Scot* was removed from a *sot*, answered with Irish wit, 'By a table's breadth.'

"The old sharper said 'his conscience was as good as ever it was; he had never used it any.'"

This entry is also from Emerson's journal: —

"March 26, 1864. At the Club, where was Agassiz just returned from his lecturing tour, having created a Natural History Society in Chicago, where four thousand, five hundred dollars were subscribed as its foundation by nineteen persons.[1] And to which he recommended the appointment of Mr. Kinnicott as the superintendent.

"Dr. Holmes had received a demand from Geneva, New York, for fifty-one dollars as cost of preparing for his failed lecture. Governor Andrew was the only guest.[2] Hedge, Hoar, both the Howes, Holmes, Lowell, Norton, Woodman, Whipple, were present. It was agreed that the April election should be put off till May, and that the next meeting should be on April 23d instead of 30th, and that we should, on that day, have an open Club, allowing gentlemen whom we should designate to join us in honour of Shakspeare's birthday. The committee of the Club might invite certain gentlemen also as the guests of the Club; Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes being the Committee."

April came, and on its 23rd day brought around the supposed Three Hundredth Anniversary of Shakspeare's birth.[3] I find no record of the celebration planned by the Club, excepting in letters, Holmes's poem, Emerson's journal, and Cabot's *Memoir* of Emerson.

The following letter from Emerson, who would seem to have been on the committee, is preserved: —

CONCORD, 18 April, Monday.

MY DEAR MR. FORBES: I am in pain to hear from you in the matter of our Shakspeare festival of the Saturday Club on the

[1] Footnote by R. W. E. When I visited the "Chicago Natural History Museum" in 1865, the fund had become $50,000.

[2] He was chosen a member shortly after.

[3] The Stratford parish records show that Shakspeare was christened April 26, 1564, and, as it was common then to perform this rite on the third day of a child's life, and also because of a tradition that he died [1616] on the anniversary of his birthday, April 23 is accepted.

23d instant. We cannot do without your presence and aid on that day. I fear that in your journeyings and patriotic and private toils my note has never reached you. One part on which we relied on you was, for the urging Whittier to come. I sent him the formal invitation of the Club, and told him that he would very likely hear again from you; as I remembered that you had expressed the confidence that you would one day bring him. Bryant and Richard Grant White are coming, and R. H. Dana, Sr., and Everett and Governor Andrew; and Longfellow is coming back, and it is very desirable that this true poet, and hid like a nightingale, should be there. But I have heard that his sister is ill, and he is not likely to come. He has not sent any reply as yet, and I fancy that its falling on Saturday and his terror of being in Boston on the Sunday may be in the way. But if you, who are a ruler of men, will promise to protect him, and say how exceptional the occasion is, I yet hope you will bring him with you.

Ever yours

R. W. Emerson.

P.S. . . . It is now fixed at four o'clock, P.M., at the Revere House.

No mention of the occasion appears in Longfellow's journal, as edited by his brother.

Emerson soon after writes to Ward:—

Concord, Wednesday, 6 April, 1864.

My dear Friend: —

At our meeting yesterday to mature the plan for the 23d — the project of inviting gentlemen to pay their scot was pronounced impracticable; and it was settled that the Committee must fix on the names of the guests, and invite them in the name of the Club; and that each member of the Club should, if he would, have the privilege of paying for one of these guests. Of course we must not have more guests than we could pay for and we counted thirteen members, perhaps fourteen, on whom to rely. But of course, also we must not give them the privilege of choosing their guests unless they please to choose the guests of the Club. These we agreed on, as follows: —

Governor Andrew	Dr. Asa Gray
W. C. Bryant	John G. Whittier
George Bancroft	John Neal
G. C. Verplanck	Edwin Booth
Richard Grant White	Professor Child
Edward Everett	George W. Curtis
George Ticknor	James T. Fields

R. H. Dana, Sr.

There are already fifteen names, without counting one or two more which had their patrons. In this State of Venice, we can only allow you an option at first within this list. But five or six of these will not come, and then, if we do not give you peremptorily others (and Norton has suggested Wendell Phillips to be added — but he, I suppose, will not come), we shall, at once, accept your nominee. It seems we cannot easily have a larger table than thirty-eight. . . .

R. W. Emerson.

S. G. Ward.

Many of the invited guests were unable to be present. Mrs. James T. Fields kindly furnished me with this list of guests and order of seats at this celebration: —

Agassiz

Governor Andrew	R. H. Dana
Dr. Frothingham	Richard Grant White
Dr. S. G. Howe	Professor Child
John Weiss	J. S. Dwight
Dr. Hedge	J. M. Forbes
M. Brimmer	Professor Peirce
J. F. Clark	E. P. Whipple
Judge Hoar	G. S. Hillard
J. R. Lowell	H. Woodman
J. T. Fields	Dr. Estes Howe
C. E. Norton	Professor Gray
G. I. Davis	R. W. Emerson
O. W. Holmes	George William Curtis
R. C. Winthrop	T. G. Appleton
	Dr. Palfrey

H. W. Longfellow

Probably, with the addition of Cabot, whom Mr. Fields forgot, the above list is correct.

Dr. Holmes rose to the occasion with his poem. In its opening verses he voices the unfriendly attitude, for the time, of the English Government, yet claims our equal right in Shakspeare.

SHAKSPEARE

Who claims our Shakspeare from that realm unknown
Beyond the storm-vexed islands of the deep,
Where Genoa's roving mariner was blown?
Her twofold Saints'-day let our England keep;
Shall warring aliens share her holy task?
The Old World echoes ask.

O land of Shakspeare! ours with all thy past,
Till these last years that make the sea so wide,
Think not the jar of battle's trumpet-blast
Has dulled our aching sense to joyous pride
In every noble word thy sons bequeathed —
The air our fathers breathed!

War-wasted, haggard, panting from the strife,
We turn to other days and far-off lands,
Live o'er in dreams the Poet's faded life,
Come with fresh lilies in our fevered hands
To wreathe his bust and scatter purple flowers, —
Not his the need, but ours!

We call those poets who are the first to mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn, —
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
While others only note that day is gone;
For him the Lord of light the curtain rent
That veils the firmament.

. . . . . .

Yet heaven's remotest orb is partly ours,
Throbbing its radiance like a beating heart;
In the wide compass of angelic powers
The instinct of the blind worm has its part;
So in God's kingliest creature we behold
The flower our buds infold.

With no vain praise we mock the stone-carved name
Stamped once on dust that moved with pulse and breath,
As thinking to enlarge that amplest fame
Whose undimmed glories gild the night of death.
We praise not star or sun; in these we see
Thee, Father, only thee!

Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power and love;
We read, we reverence in this human soul, —
Earth's clearest mirror of the light above, —
Plain as the record on Thy prophet's scroll,
When o'er his page the affluent splendours poured,
Thine own "Thus saith the Lord!"

. . . . . .

In this dread hour of Nature's utmost need,
Thanks for these unstained drops of freshening dew!
Oh, while our martyrs fall, our heroes bleed,
Keep us to every sweet remembrance true,
Till from this blood-red sunset springs new-born
Our Nation's second morn!

Mr. Emerson, in his journal the next day, wrote: —

"We regretted much the absence of Mr. Bryant, and Whittier, Edward Everett, and William Hunt, who had at first accepted our invitations, but were prevented at last; and of Hawthorne, Dana, Sumner, Motley, and Ward, of the Club, necessarily absent; also of Charles Sprague, and Wendell Phillips and T. W. Parsons, and George Ticknor, who had declined our invitations. William Hunt graced our hall by sending us his full-length picture of Hamlet, a noble sketch. It was a quiet and happy evening filled with many good speeches, from Agassiz who presided (with Longfellow as *croupier*, but silent), Dr. Frothingham, Winthrop, Palfrey, White, Curtis, Hedge, Lowell, Hillard, Clarke, Governor Andrew, Hoar, Weiss, and a fine poem by Holmes, read so admirably well that I could not tell whether in itself it were one of his best or not. The company broke up at 11:30.

"One of Agassiz's introductory speeches was, 'Many years ago, when I was a young man, I was introduced to a very estimable lady in Paris, who in the conversation said to me that she wondered how a man of sense could spend his days in dissecting

a fish. I replied, "Madame, if I could live by a brook which had plenty of gudgeons, I should ask nothing better than to spend all my life there." But since I have been in this country, I have become acquainted with a Club, in which I meet men of various talents; one man of profound scholarship in the languages; one of elegant literature, or a high mystic poet; or one man of large experience in the conduct of affairs; one who teaches the blind to see, and, I confess, that I have enlarged my views of life; and I think that besides a brook full of gudgeons, I should wish to meet once a month such a society of friends.'"

The following comes soon after in Emerson's journal: —

"And Shakspeare. How to say it, I know not, but I know that the point of praise of Shakspeare is, the pure poetic power; he is the chosen closet companion, who can, at any moment, by incessant surprises, work the miracle of mythologizing every fact of the common life; as snow, or moonlight, or the level rays of sunrise — lend a momentary glory to every pump and woodpile."

Cabot, in his *Memoir* of Emerson, tells the following story of him on this occasion: "He rarely attempted the smallest speech impromptu, and never, I believe, with success. I remember his getting up at a dinner of the Saturday Club on the Shakspeare anniversary in 1864 to which some guests had been invited; looking about him tranquilly for a moment or two, and then sitting down; serene and unabashed, but unable to say a word upon a subject so familiar to his thoughts from boyhood." [1]

Mr. Tom Appleton noted concerning this anniversary: "In the city of Boston addresses were made before the New England Historic Genealogical Society in the Hall of Representatives at the State House, now the Senate Chamber; at Music Hall there was a music festival inaugurated by Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; all the theatres produced Shakspeare's plays, and the members of one social club pledged each other in a cup of sack."

[1] Yet the address "Shakspeare" printed in the *Miscellanies* (Emerson's Works, Centenary Edition) seems beyond question, by internal and external evidence, to have been prepared for this occasion. On the manuscript Mr. Emerson noted that it was read at the Club's celebration of that occasion, and at the Revere House. Yet the handwriting is that of Mr. Emerson's later years, so it is possible that Mr. Cabot was right. Perhaps Mr. Emerson forgot to bring his notes with him and so did not venture to speak.

The *Transcript* extolled in its next issue Mr. Lang's Grand Festival Concert at the Music Hall: "The grand association of names and subjects which the occasion furnishes, Shakspeare, Goethe, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Coriolanus,' 'The First Walpurgis Night,' make the choicest attraction for refined and cultivated tastes." I believe it is true that our member Mr. John S. Dwight bore an important part in the organization and management of that musical festival.

On the 27th, Appleton wrote his half brother, Lieutenant Nathan Appleton, recovered from his wound and then in camp in Virginia: "We had for Shakspearian a famous field-day of our Saturday Club. All the wits were there, and speeches, one better than another, were made by everybody. Brother Henry [Longfellow] made his first public appearance then, and looked very grand at the head of the table."

And yet none of the wit and eloquence was recorded.

Had Mr. James been present at the Shakspeare festival — he was abroad at the time — the general praise might have been spiced by this view found in the *Autobiographical Fragment:* "Ecclesiastics and men of science conceive that men are altogether sufficiently created when they are naturally born. But natural constitution is not spiritual creation, by a long odds. It is proof, no doubt, to our heavy wit that *something* has been created: but what, we do not know. We sometimes fancy that the creative energy is conspicuous in endowing the temperament of genius, and producing such persons as Shakspeare, Newton, and Franklin. . . . Now revelation makes exceedingly light of Shakspeare. . . . For it represents no man as really *created*, who is unredeemed from his natural selfhood, or unclothed with a regenerate personality. Our emulative Shakspeares, Newtons, and Franklins may doubtless find this law hard. . . . Nevertheless, such *is* the law of creation which revelation discloses, whatever man of genius may think of it; and it is decidedly wiser at the start to try to understand it before proceeding to reject it. I am persuaded for my own part that there is nothing really hard in the *animus* of the law; but, on the contrary, everything that is amiable and blessed."

Two days after the Shakspeare Festival, but with no connection,

except as regards the history of the poet, the *Daily Advertiser* copies from the *Dedham Gazette* the following concerning one of our members: "We are glad to learn that the proposition to sever the connection between the College and the State is meeting with great favour. . . . During the present season John G. Whittier was denied a reëlection to a position which he dignified and adorned because two or three clergymen of indifferent reputation and qualifications endeavoured to 'mix in.' . . ."

In the spring of 1864, Mr. Dana tells in his diary that he went to Washington on official business, and used the occasion to visit the Army of the Potomac but a few days before Grant advanced into the Wilderness with its succession of desperate fights. He was the guest of Captain Charles Francis Adams, Jr., then commanding a detachment of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, serving as guard, at General Meade's headquarters. He wrote of his pleasure in meeting Generals Meade and Humphreys, gentlemen, well bred, courteous, honourable men; and Sedgwick, bluff, pleasant, hearty fellow, brave and self-possessed and a thorough fighter, adding: "Headquarters is an *inspiriting*, Washington a *dispiriting*, place."

A few days later, he writes from Washington: "The President told me he had read my pamphlet on the decision of the Supreme Court,[1] and that it cleared up his mind on the subject entirely; that it reasoned out and put into scientific statement what he had all along felt in his bones must be the truth."

James T. Fields wrote:[2] "On the 28th of March, Hawthorne came to town and made my house his first station on a journey to the South for health. I was greatly shocked at his invalid appearance, and he seemed quite deaf. The light in his eye was beautiful as ever, but his limbs seemed shrunken and his usual stalwart vigour utterly gone. He said to me with a pathetic voice, 'Why does Nature treat us like little children! I think we could bear it all if we knew our fate; at least it would not make much difference to me now what became of me.' Toward night he brightened up a little, and his delicious wit flashed out, at intervals, as of old; but he was evidently broken and dispirited about his health."

[1] On the blockading rights of the United States.

[2] *Yesterdays with Authors.*

The result was sad and far from helpful. Mr. William Ticknor, his companion, died suddenly in Philadelphia on their southward journey. In May, Hawthorne set forth again, this time northward, with his old college friend and his benefactor in the consular appointment, ex-President Pierce, of whose political misdeeds with regard to Kansas and Nebraska he probably had — as a man living in his dreams, remote from politics — little knowledge. His *Life of Franklin Pierce*, designed as a campaign document in 1852, had preceded these. Dr. Holmes had been told that Hawthorne, seriously ailing, and about to set forth on this journey for health, was to spend the night at a Boston hotel. He felt moved to visit him there, hoping to learn something of his symptoms and perhaps make some helpful suggestions. Hawthorne, he said, was gentle, and docile to counsel, but so hesitant "that talking with him was almost like love-making, and his shy, beautiful soul had to be wooed from its bashful pudency like an unschooled maiden." He evidently had no hope. "The calm despondency with which he spoke about himself confirmed the unfavourable opinion suggested by his look and history."

On May 19, Hawthorne died, sleeping, at Plymouth, New Hampshire. The husband of his younger daughter Rose, George Parsons Lathrop, wrote: "He passed on into the shadow as if of his own will, feeling that his Country lay in ruins, that the human lot carried with it more hate and horror and sorrow than he could longer bear to look at; welcoming — except as those dear to him were concerned — the prospect of that death which he alone knew to be so near. . . . Afterward it was recalled with a kind of awe that, through many years of his life, Hawthorne had been in the habit, when trying his pen, or idly scribbling at any time, of writing the number of sixty-four; as if the foreknowledge of his death . . . had already begun to manifest itself in this indirect way long before."

Dr. Holmes wrote in his journal: "On the 24th of May we carried Hawthorne through the blossoming orchards of Concord, and laid him down under a group of pines, on a hillside, overlooking historic fields. All the way from the village church to the grave the birds kept up a perpetual melody. The sun shone brightly, and

the air was sweet and pleasant, as if death had never entered the world. Longfellow and Emerson, Channing and Hoar, Agassiz and Lowell, Greene and Whipple, Alcott and Clarke, Holmes and Hillard, and other friends whom he loved, walked slowly by his side that beautiful spring morning. The companion of his youth and his manhood, for whom he would willingly, at any time, have given up his own life, Franklin Pierce, was there among the rest, and scattered flowers into the grave. The unfinished Romance, which had cost him so much anxiety, the last literary work on which he had ever been engaged, was laid on his coffin."

On the next day Emerson wrote in his journal: —

"Yesterday, we buried Hawthorne in Sleepy Hollow, in a pomp of sunshine and verdure, and gentle winds. James Freeman Clarke read the service in the church and at the grave, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Agassiz, Hoar, Dwight, Whipple, Norton, Alcott, Hillard, Fields, Judge Thomas, and I attended the hearse as pallbearers. Franklin Pierce was with the family. The church was copiously decorated with white flowers delicately arranged. The corpse was unwillingly shown — only a few moments to this company of his friends. But it was noble and serene in its aspect — nothing amiss — a calm and powerful head. A large company filled the church and the grounds of the cemetery. All was so bright and quiet that pain or mourning was hardly suggested, and Holmes said to me that it looked like a happy meeting.

"Clarke in the church said that Hawthorne had done more justice than any other to the shades of life, shown a sympathy with the crime in our nature, and, like Jesus, was the friend of sinners. I thought there was a tragic element in the event, that might be more fully rendered — in the painful solitude of the man, which, I suppose, could not longer be endured, and he died of it.

"I have found in his death a surprise and disappointment. I thought him a greater man than any of his works betray, that there was still a great deal of work in him, and that he might one day show a purer power. Moreover, I have felt sure of him in his neighbourhood, and in his necessities of sympathy and intelligence — that I could well wait his time — his unwillingness and caprice — and might one day conquer a friendship. It would have been

a happiness, doubtless to both of us, to have come into habits of unreserved intercourse. It was easy to talk with him — there were no barriers — only, he said so little, that I talked too much, and stopped only because, as he gave no indications, I feared to exceed. He showed no egotism or self-assertion, rather a humility, and, at one time, a fear that he had written himself out. One day, when I found him on the top of his hill, in the woods, he paced back the path to his house, and said, 'This path is the only remembrance of me that will remain.' Now it appears that I waited too long.

"Lately he had removed himself the more by the indignation his perverse politics and unfortunate friendship for that paltry Franklin Pierce awakened, though it rather moved pity for Hawthorne, and the assured belief that he would outlive it, and come right at last.

"I have forgotten in what year [1] [September 27, 1842], but it was whilst he lived in the Manse, soon after his marriage, that I said to him, 'I shall never see you in this hazardous way; we must take a long walk together. Will you go to Harvard and visit the Shakers?' He agreed, and we took a June day, and walked the twelve miles, got our dinner from the Brethren, slept at the Harvard Inn, and returned home by another road, the next day. It was a satisfactory tramp, and we had good talk on the way, of which I set down some record in my journal."

Longfellow, returned from Hawthorne's funeral, wrote these verses, saying of them to Mrs. Hawthorne, "I feel how imperfect and inadequate they are; but I trust you will pardon their deficiencies for the love I bear his memory": —

"How beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain,
Though all its splendour could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

"The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms
Shot through with golden thread.

[1] The paragraph which follows was later added to the above by Mr. Emerson.

"Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed;
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

"The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

"For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air
And baffled my pursuit.

"Now I look back, and meadow, manse and stream
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see — a dream within a dream —
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

"I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

"There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen
And left the tale half-told.

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

Of so unique a character, withdrawn like a wood-thrush into solitude by his instincts, yet curious of the lives and motives of men and women, and by them variously conceived of through inference from his books, it seems well to present here estimates by some who actually knew him, and others who met him fortunately.

First, that of his nearest college friend,[1] Horatio Bridge: —

"Hawthorne, with rare strength of character, had yet a gentle-

[1] *Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

ness and unselfishness which endeared him greatly to his friends. He was a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and he was always manly, cool, self-poised, and brave. He was neither morose nor sentimental; and though taciturn, was invariably cheerful with his chosen friends; and there was much more of fun and frolic in his disposition than his published writings indicate."

In the dedication to Bridge of *The Snow Image* Hawthorne says: —

"If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came, but while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin, . . . two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it would have been the worse for us — still, it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction. And a fiction-monger he became in due season. But was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public as in my case? I sat down by the wayside of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprang up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity. And there, perhaps, I should be sitting at this moment, with the moss on the imprisoning tree-trunks, and the yellow leaves of more than a score of autumns piled above me, if it had not been for you. For it was through your interposition — and that, moreover, unknown to himself — that your early friend was brought before the public somewhat more prominently than theretofore in the first volume of *Twice-Told Tales*. Not a publisher in America, I presume, would have thought well enough of my forgotten or never-noticed stories to risk the expense of print and paper; nor do I say this with any purpose of casting odium on the respectable fraternity of booksellers for their blindness to my wonderful merit. To confess the truth I doubted of the public recognition quite as much as they could do."

Mr. Fields by his genial character, and encouragement as a

publisher, won his way through the outworks of the enchanted castle in which Hawthorne was doomed to live. In his *Yesterdays with Authors*, dedicated to this Club, he opens his notes on Hawthorne by a passage in which he speaks of him as "The rarest genius America has given to literature — a man who lately sojourned in this busy world of ours, but during many years of his life

'Wandered lonely as a cloud,' —

a man who had, so to speak, a physical affinity with solitude. The writings of this author have never soiled the public mind with one unlovely image. His men and women have a magic of their own, and we shall wait a long time before another arises among us to take his place. Indeed, it seems probable no one will ever walk precisely the same round of fiction which he traversed with so free and firm a step."

Fields, always kind and helpful to the grateful recluse, knew and hesitated not to climb the worn hillside footpath "where he might be found in good weather, when not employed in the tower. While walking to and fro . . . he meditated and composed innumerable romances that were never written, as well as some that were. Here he first announced to me his plan of 'The Dolliver Romance,' and, from what he told me of his design of the story as it existed in his mind, I thought it would have been the greatest of his books. An enchanting memory is left of that morning when he laid out the whole story before me as he intended to write it.

"The portrait I am looking at was made by Rowse (an exquisite drawing), and is a very truthful representation of the head of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was several times painted and photographed, but it was impossible for art to give the light and beauty of his wonderful eyes. I remember to have heard, in the literary circles of London, that, since Burns, no author had appeared there with so fine a face as Hawthorne."

And again, "A hundred years ago Henry Vaughan seems almost to have anticipated Hawthorne's appearance when he wrote that beautiful line, —

'Feed on the vocal silence of his eye.'"

Here are two estimates from good men who had never met our romancer. The first is from Dr. James Kendall Hosmer:[1] —

"Hawthorne portrays, but he draws no lesson any more than Shakspeare; his books are pictures of the souls of men, of the sweet and wholesome things and also the weakness, the sin, and the morbid defect. These having been revealed, the reader is left to his own inferences. It is fully made plain that he was a soft-hearted man, at any rate in his earlier time. The stories he wrote at the outset for children are often full of sweetness and sympathy. But as he went on with his work these qualities are less apparent."

William Allingham, the Irish poet, paid this tribute: —

"There is in life a drift of dreamy ghostly *evanescences* moving through our subconsciousness; these Nathaniel Hawthorne has embodied in words, has actually fixed on paper without dishonoring a mystic atom of their ethereality. His reticency as a story-teller is a great part of the charm; he ever leaves a dubitation floating; the bounding lines are touched here and there with mist. He is politely evasive when you scrutinize him, yet you cannot fail to be aware that not one man in a million observes with such keen minuteness."

Governor Andrew felt that Lincoln *must* be elected. To Forbes, who had written to him, "If I can do any good as a *Drummer-up*, I will go to the world's end," he answered, "What an unspeakably dull canvass! It ought to be aroused." He arranged for a war-meeting in Faneuil Hall to celebrate Farragut's victory at Mobile Bay and Sherman's at Atlanta. His biographer says: "The hall was packed. Andrew in his most eloquent impromptu fashion struck one quick blow after another. Man of peace as he was, he declared that for the last few days he himself had been seized by the 'cannon fever.' A ringing letter from Edward Everett was read, and Sumner, Wilson, and Boutwell spoke." A successful New York meeting followed, and our Governor wrote to the Governors of Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana, urging them to join him in Washington, to check the peace arguments of the Republican managers. The crying need was "that the President should be

[1] *The Last Leaf.*

rescued from the influences which threaten him . . . from those who . . . are tempting and pushing him to an unworthy and disgraceful offer to compromise with the leaders of the Rebellion. I want the President now to take hold of his occasion, and really lead, as he might, the Country by exhibiting in the person of him who wields its highest power the genuine representative of democratic instincts and principles."[1] The momentum that Andrew and his friend had gained from their labours of the last two weeks continued; and all went well.

The public events now began to cheer even the doubters and strengthened the President during the summer and autumn; Grant's steadily advancing aggressive until his forces sat down before Petersburg with dogged determination; Sheridan's successes in the Shenandoah Valley; Sherman's demonstration that the Confederacy was but a shell; the possession by the Navy of the Gulf and the Mississippi; the sinking of the *Alabama* by the *Kearsarge* in the English Channel; the decision by the Supreme Court as to the right of the United States to establish and enforce the blockade, admittedly due to Dana's forceful argument; and, finally, the triumphant expression of the American people's will to uphold the Union and forever free the slave, by Lincoln's reëlection. To this latter end there can be, I think, hardly a doubt that all the members of the Club had worked, or lent their influence.

But all these great events were an increasing strain on the Country. In June, Mr. Forbes, writing to Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, said: "One of our leading manufacturers is sitting beside me and says, 'Tell Mr. Chase that I represent about one half of the manufacturers in saying that we shall welcome any amount of taxation on manufactures, provided import-duties keep pace with them, and do not get so high as to defeat their object by smuggling.' I say the same for every interest that I am concerned in — railroads, teas, income. We have got to a pass when all who have brains enough to get or keep property cry out even in mere selfishness — 'Tax us for our own preservation!'"

Mr. Robert Ferguson of Carlisle, England, visited Cambridge during this summer, and, on his return, gave these recollections

[1] *The Life of John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts*, by Henry Greenleaf Pearson.

in his book, *America during and after the War.* He speaks of Charles Sumner's close friendship with Longfellow: "An interesting sight it was to see these two men . . . so kindred, and yet so different, sitting together on the eve of the great contest which was to decide the place of America in the world's history; Sumner, with the poet's little daughter nestling in his lap, — for he is a man to whom all children come, — discussing some question of European literature."

Mr. Ferguson also notes: "Often, too, comes Agassiz with his gentle and genial spirit, his childlike devotion to science and his eager interest in the politics of the day. . . . We went to one of his lectures at the University in the course of which he exhorted his hearers to strive to take the same pleasure in the scientific discoveries of others as in their own — a noble aim, yet, ah! how difficult to attain. And often, too, comes Dana, one of the most charming of talkers and more especially with his sea-stories."

Appleton's journal records that "Just previous to November 28th, 1864, there was a famous dinner for Sumner and Captain Winslow, of the *Kearsarge*, and Longfellow and Appleton were there." Possibly, however, this was not the Saturday Club's dinner.

At Christmas, Longfellow sent to Agassiz a present of wine, accompanied by a poem in French, "Noël," which gave great joy and was thus acknowledged by him and his wife: —

My dear Longfellow: —

I was on my way to your house when, thinking of my mother, great tears began to fill my eyes, and fearing to be taken for an idiot, I returned home. You, then, were thinking of me at that moment; I have just received the proof of it, only an hour ago. Thanks, a thousand times, dear friend. I am as proud as happy for your present. Proud, because it comes from Longfellow, whom I admire; happy, because it comes from Longfellow, whom I love. And then also I can let my good mother *read* my wine, if I cannot let her taste it.

Adieu, dear friend. Accept the good wishes of *Noël* which I make for you. . . . *Tout à vous,*

L. Agassiz.

Mrs. Agassiz also wrote: "Your birthday poem I do not read to this day without emotion, and this 'Noël' touches the same chord. For, witty and gay and graceful as it is, a loving sympathy for Agassiz pervades every line. We read it together, not without tears as well as laughter; for its affectionate tone moved us both. Then it came as if in answer to a thought which Agassiz had just expressed — that it seemed so sad to him that his 'mother should never share in our enjoyment.' Hardly five minutes after, your note was handed him with the verses, all in French: and our first exclamation was, 'And the best and loveliest of all our Christmas gifts can be fully shared by her.'"

NOËL

Envoyé à M. Agassiz, La Veille de Noël, 1864, avec un Panier de Vins divers.

The basket of wine which Mr. Longfellow sent to his friend with these verses was accompanied by the following note: "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all the house of Agassiz! I send also six good wishes in the shape of bottles. Or is it wine? It is both; good wine and good wishes and kind memories of you on this Christmas Eve."

(A translation of the verses was printed by Mr. John E. Norcross of Philadelphia in a brochure, 1867.)

L'Académie en respect,
Nonobstant l'incorrection
A la faveur du sujet,
Ture-lure,
N'y fera point de rature ;
Nöel ! ture-lure-lure.

GUI-BARÔZAI

Quand les astres de Noël
Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,
Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,
Chantaient gaiment dans le givre,
"Bons amis,
Allons donc chez Agassiz!"

Ces illustres Pèlerins
D'Outre-Mer, adroits et fins,

Se donnant des airs de prêtre,
À l'envi se vantaient d'être,
"Bons amis
De Jean-Rodolphe Agassiz!"

Oeil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,
Sans reproche et sans pudeur,
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,
"Bons amis,
J'ai dansé chez Agassiz!"

Verzenay le Champenois,
Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,
Mais des environs d'Avize,
Fredonne, à mainte reprise,
"Bons amis,
J'ai chanté chez Agassiz!"

À côté marchait un vieux
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux;
Dans le temps de Charlemagne
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne!
"Bons amis,
J'ai diné chez Agassiz!"

Derrière eux un Bordelais,
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,
Parfumé de poésie,
Riait, chantait, plein de vie,
"Bons amis,
J'ai soupé chez Agassiz!"

Avec ce beau cadet roux,
Bras dessus and bras dessous,
Mine altière et couleur terne,
Vint le Sire de Sauterne:
"Bons amis,
J'ai couché chez Agassiz!"

Mais le dernier de ces preux
Etait un pauvre Chartreux,
Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,
"Bénédictions sur le Juste!
Bons amis,
Bénissons Père Agassiz!"

Ils arrivent trois à trois,
Montent l'escalier de bois
Clopin-clopant! quel gendarme
Peut permettre ce vacarme,
Bons amis,
À la porte d'Agassiz!

"Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur;
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,
Bons amis,
De la famille Agassiz!"

Chut, ganaches! taisez-vous!
C'en est trop de vos glouglous;
Epargnez aux Philosophes
Vox abominable strophes!
Bons amis,
Respectez mon Agassiz!

In this year the Club did itself honour by electing John Albion Andrew, "Our War-Governor," a member. It was in their eyes, and really in fact, a life-saving measure for this noble and devoted man. It was necessary to invade his office and, almost by force, bring him away for sustaining food, relaxation, and the comfort of a company, loyal and sympathetic, for a few hours.

With him were chosen Martin Brimmer, a gentleman in the best sense of the word, cultivated, kind, and ready for service; James Thomas Fields, friendly publisher, hospitable man, and pleasant writer, at this time editor of the *Atlantic;* and Samuel Worcester Rowse, the portrait artist, a silent man, but respected and valued by the few who knew him well.

JOHN ALBION ANDREW

John Albion Andrew was born in Windham, Maine, May 31, 1818. His ancestors had been identified with Essex County from very early times. His father, Jonathan Andrew, was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, lived on a farm, and was the owner of a country store and for some time the postmaster. The boy helped his father in the office and store and carried on his studies chiefly under the direction of his mother who had been a schoolteacher. He completed his preparation for college at Gorham Academy, and entered Bowdoin near the middle of the freshman year, graduating when he was nineteen years old. Among his teachers at Bowdoin was the poet Longfellow. While in college he won distinction as a speaker, was the poet of his class at its annual meeting in his junior year, and wrote a hymn for the Peace Society. The incident in his career at Bowdoin that seemed to affect him most strongly at the time, and that very likely had a more determining influence on his later career than any other event was the presence of George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, who made two visits to Brunswick during Andrew's course. He was deeply impressed with the speeches made by Thompson, and one of them he could recite almost word for word, and in the manner of the speaker. While he was Governor of Massachusetts, he said, in a speech in Music Hall, that he remembered a single sentence and it had adhered to his memory and "will last there while memory itself endures." The following is the sentence which he then quoted: "I hesitate not to say that in Christian America, the land of Sabbath schools, of religious privileges, of temperance societies and revivals, there exists the worst institution in the world. There is not an institution which the sun in the heaven shines upon, so fraught with woe to man as American slavery." From that time he was an Abolitionist, but an Abolitionist who did not believe in revolution, but aimed to secure freedom through constitutional means. After graduation, he entered a law office in Boston, and was admitted to the Suffolk

Bar. He remained in practice long enough to promise distinction in his profession, but he very early entered politics. He took a conspicuous part in the formation of the Republican Party, but never held office until 1858, when he served as a member of the Legislature. In the single year in which he filled the office he achieved distinction and became one of the foremost men of his party in the State. He was the President of the Republican State Convention in 1858, was offered a judgeship by Governor Banks in the same year, and in 1860 was made chairman of the Massachusetts Republican delegation to the convention at Chicago which nominated Lincoln for the Presidency. He was nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in 1860, and elected in November of that year. He held the office throughout the Civil War. After his retirement from the Governorship he resumed the practice of law and never again held public office. He died in Boston October 31, 1867. His life was doubtless shortened by his labours as War-Governor, and it was the success with which he conducted himself in that office that gives him an enduring fame.

It is not easy for one who never saw Andrew to give a speaking portrait of him, such as might have been drawn by those who were contemporaries of his at the Saturday Club. I have perhaps one qualification which may enable me to speak with some discernment about his service as Governor in the time of war, and I can well accept the statement that Governor Andrew was a very busy and indeed an overworked man. The burdens which the war put upon him of representing the Commonwealth in raising and organizing her allotment in the armies which fought for the Union were very heavy ones. During the first year of the war there were sent from the Commonwealth about forty thousand men, which was nearly the average number for the four years of its continuance. In raising and organizing these soldiers Andrew was easily the foremost agency. He was free from some of the cares which come to a Governor of the Commonwealth in these times. New England fifty years ago was almost self-supporting, and produced nearly food and fuel enough for her own use. To-day we raise only a small portion of the food we eat, and we consume in our factories

Frank Cannon

and homes and upon our railroads about twenty million tons of coal each year in Massachusetts alone. The threat to the civil population of freezing or of starvation contributes much to the anxiety of a Governor, even if his jurisdiction is little more than a moral one, with the privilege of making more or less authoritative representations to those in Washington, whose will has for the time taken the place of natural and indeed of the customary laws. According to the reports that have come down to us, the executive offices in Governor Andrew's time were almost constantly crowded; and I think very little is ventured in saying that a pretty large proportion of the crowd was made up of men who were not unwilling to receive commissions in the military or civil service. He used to welcome the throwing of a friendly rope that would drag him out of his office and sometimes he would make the necessary arrangements himself. There is a story to the effect that he sent for General Dale one morning, and, addressing him with some excitement, said: "If you do not take me out of this State House *vi et armis* at one o'clock I will have you court-martialled." Dale agreed to do this, and at one o'clock he came back, and going through the crowd in the office, took Governor Andrew by the arm and said: "Come with me, sir." His friends of the Saturday Club generously performed a similar service. Mr. John M. Forbes said that of all the services he had tried to render the country during the war, the one he most valued was the saving of Governor Andrew's life, as he believed. He would go to Parker's and from there send a carriage with a note to bring the Governor down from the State House to the hotel. Near the beginning of the war, Judge Hoar wrote the following letter to the Governor which is printed in Pearson's *Life* of Andrew: —

Saturday afternoon.

My dear Fellow: —

I came to seize you and take you to dine at our Club, where we expect Motley, for your soul's salvation or body's at least. Send that foolish Council away till Monday. A man who has no respect for Saturday afternoon has but one step to take to join in abolishing the Fourth of July. The court having considered your

case has adjudged that you come. If you cannot come now, come down an hour hence to Parker's.

Yours,

E. R. Hoar.

It is told of him on very good authority that at the Harvard Commencement in 1863, he promptly went to sleep at the beginning of the exercises, and Colonel Lee, a member of his staff, gave him a friendly nudge at the proper moment so that he might recognize the courtesy of the Latin Salutatorian, in that part of his address which was directed to the Governor. This friendly act gave the Governor opportunity to summon to his countenance that appearance of profound interest with which Latin speeches at Commencement are generally regarded.

It is remarkable that Andrew should have been chosen Governor after no other official service than that rendered in a single term in the Legislature. Promotion like that to-day would be almost impossible. Party custom, and especially party machinery, would prevent anything like that from happening. But the Republican Party had just been formed when Andrew went to the Legislature. It was a new popular party, with no ruling caste in the form of a party machine, and it had none of the debts and entanglements that go with a long past. There was a need for capable leadership, and he had demonstrated in his brief service that he possessed the requisite quality. He had identified himself very thoroughly with the Anti-Slavery movement, and was well known throughout the State on account of his work in connection with it. His position as chairman of the Massachusetts delegation at the Chicago Convention gave him a new prominence. Although the delegation had not at first voted for Lincoln, yet through Andrew as its spokesman, it was able to cast the vote of the State for him on the decisive ballot. His excellent judgment of men and his freedom from intellectual snobbishness are shown by the opinion which he expressed of Lincoln after a trip to Springfield made at that time, and it is quite in contrast with the patronizing attitude taken by some of the leading men of the East, and especially of Massachusetts, toward Lincoln until nearly the end

of the Civil War. Andrew said of him, "My eyes were never visited with the vision of a human face in which more transparent honesty and more benignant kindness were combined with more of the intellect and firmness which belong to masculine humanity." What Andrew saw in Lincoln's face in 1860 is what the world sees in it to-day. I know of no other opinion so penetrating that was given of Lincoln at that time.

In the heat of war he was so absorbed with his own exacting work in Massachusetts that he did not have the requisite breadth of outlook to comprehend the complex character of Lincoln's task. He was also in constant touch with very good men who were impatient over what they thought was the slowness of Lincoln regarding emancipation, and he formed opinions which he probably afterwards changed, and which would not be sanctioned to-day. Just after the Proclamation of Emancipation had been issued he wrote: "It is a poor document, but a mighty act, slow, somewhat halting, wrong in its delay until January, but grand and sublime after all." The verdict of the next age was that never was a great message more splendidly timed or more simply and fitly phrased. Lincoln had his eye constantly on the "Border States" lying between the extreme South and the extreme North. Their help was indispensable in carrying on the war for the Union, and he was careful not to move faster than the opinion in those States would permit him to move. When he finally put forward his proclamation that the men held in bondage on the first of the following year "shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free," the "Border States" supported it as a means for the preservation of the Union, and he kept himself at the head of all the States that favored union, whether they all favored emancipation or not. When an effort was made to influence Lincoln to withdraw after he had been renominated for the Presidency in June, 1864, Andrew wrote to Greeley, "Mr. Lincoln ought to lead the country, but he is essentially lacking in the quality of leadership, which is a gift of God and not a device of man." Andrew was directly in the shadow of great events as they were happening. He could not survey the whole field, and he was without that perspective which enables the whole world to-day to recognize the splendid quality of

Lincoln's leadership. It was natural after the prolonged strain, and after levy upon levy of soldiers, with victory still in the distance, and when an appeal was made to the reserve endurance of the people, as at Valley Forge, and as now in Great Britain and France, that there should be criticism of Lincoln in what might be termed the higher political circles, which in time of prolonged stress are almost always in the wrong. They are apt to be too versatile to endure the steady grind, and cling in a dogged way to the straight path. But Andrew's fault was only impatience, and no man stood more firmly for those great causes which Lincoln represented. What he had the vision to see in Lincoln's face in 1860 was there in even a greater degree than he himself had suspected. It was the quality to which in its breadth of view, in its well-timed action, and in its ability to comprehend the collective opinion of the whole people, the ultimate ability of the national arms to win both freedom and union was greatly due. Andrew possessed indomitable energy, and accomplished marvels in forwarding the number of troops the National Government required of Massachusetts. He was inspired with a fervent zeal for the cause of the Union, and for emancipation. It may fairly be claimed for him that he stood at the head of the War-Governors. He was a speaker of much force and eloquence, and maintained a popularity with the people which more than compensated for the opposition which often showed itself in the Legislature. Indeed, the Legislature was often antagonistic to him. "Warrington," the leading newspaper correspondent of that time writing from Boston, and who wrote from the vantage-ground of his position as Clerk of the House of Representatives, records more than one instance of petty opposition on the part of the Legislature. It refused to make a small increase in the salary of his executive messenger. "The fact," says Warrington, "that he was the Governor's messenger did not help the matter any. I have never yet known a Governor popular with the Legislature nor a Legislature popular with the Governor after the first year of the gubernatorial term." His management of the finances was attacked, and when a large loan bill was framed, it contained a clause that the finance committee of each branch of the General Court should

have the execution of the measure along with the Governor and Council. Of course Andrew vetoed such a bill and the General Court was compelled to yield. Veto followed veto, and there was an appearance of war between the Executive and the Legislature. Peleg Chandler said that "A leading member of the House and of the party in the session of 1862 told me that Governor Andrew ought never again to be a candidate for the office of Governor; that his reëlection was impossible." And that was spoken at a time when Andrew was by far the most popular man of his party in the State. It was true then, as it usually has been, that the cloak-room and the lobby of the two houses were the last places in which to gauge public sentiment. But Andrew was fortunate in his Council — an institution which can be of great help to a Governor at a time like the Civil War; and he numbered among his Councillors men like Thomas Talbot, afterwards Governor, Zenas Crane, and F. W. Bird.

His membership in the Saturday Club was all too brief. He was not elected until 1864, only three years before his death, but he had probably been the guest of the Club on many occasions, and he nowhere had more steadfast support than in the circle of its members. The best opinion of his time was wholly in his favour. He had a resolute, fighting nature which showed itself at the bar, and constantly while he was Governor, and of which a very good instance was seen in his collision with Jefferson Davis when Andrew was summoned to testify before a committee of the Senate appointed to investigate the John Brown raid.

He had a very genuine sympathy for poor people or for those who were the victims of injustice.

Mr. James K. Hosmer gives a good picture of Andrew in the Executive Office, and despite its length, what he says is well worth quoting: —

"Early in September, 1862, I went to Boston with a deputation of Selectmen from four towns of the Connecticut Valley. They had an errand, and my function was, as an acquaintance of the Governor, to introduce them. . . . Our errand was to ask that in a regiment about to be raised in two western counties the men might have the privilege of electing the officers, a pernicious practice

which had been in vogue, and always done much harm. But in those days our eyes were not open. Entering the Governor's room in the State House with my farmer Selectmen, I found it densely thronged. Among the civilians were many uniforms, and men of note, in the field and out, stood there waiting. Charles Sumner presently entered the room, dominating the company by his commanding presence, that day apparently in full vigour, alert, forceful, with a step before which the crowd gave way, his masterfulness fully recognized and acknowledged. He took his seat with the air of a prince of the blood at the table, close at hand to the Chief Magistrate. Naturally abashed, but feeling I was in for a task which must be pushed through, I made my way to the other elbow of the Governor, who, looking up from his documents, recognized me politely and asked what I wanted. I stated our case, that a deputation from Franklin and Hampshire Counties desired the privilege for the men of the new regiment about to be raised to elect their own officers, and not be commanded by men whom they did not know. 'Where are your Selectmen?' said Governor Andrew, rising and pushing back his chair with an energy which I thought ominous. My companions had taken up a modest position in a far corner. When I pointed them out, the Governor made no pause, but proceeded to pour upon them and me a torrent of impassioned words. He said that we were making trouble, that the Country was in peril, and that while he was trying to send every available man to the front in condition to do effective work, he was embarrassed at home by petty interference with his efforts. 'I have at hand soldiers who have proved themselves brave in action, have been baptized in blood and fire. They are fit through character and experience to be leaders, and yet I cannot give them commissions because I am blocked by this small and unworthy spirit of hindrance.' For some minutes the warm outburst went on. The white, beardless face flushed up under the curls, and his hands waved in rapid gesture. 'A capital speech, your Excellency,' cried out Sumner, 'a most capital speech!' and he led the way in a peal of applause in which the crowd in the chamber universally joined, and which must have rung across Beacon Street to the Common far away. My feeble finger had

touched the button which brought this unexpected downpour, and for the moment I was unpleasantly in the limelight. 'Now introduce me to your Selectmen,' said Governor Andrew, stepping to my side. I led the way to the corner to which the delegation had retreated, and presented my friends in turn. His manner changed. He was polite and friendly, and when, after a handshaking, he went back to his table, we felt we had not understood the situation and that our petition should have been withheld. For my part I enlisted at once as a private and went into a strenuous campaign."

But no more fitting and no juster estimate of him has been uttered, so far as I know, than that given by one of the voices of the Saturday Club — one of the voices to which all that is best in the country will always delight to listen: "To you more than to any other man," Charles Eliot Norton wrote to Andrew in 1866, "is due the fact that through these years of trial Massachusetts has kept her old place of leadership. Through you she has given proof of her constancy to those principles to which she was from the beginning devoted. You have helped her to be true to her ideal. You have represented all that is best in her spirit and her aims. There are no better years in her history than those with which your name will be forever associated in honour."

S. W. McC.

MARTIN BRIMMER

PERHAPS the most significant triumph of mind over matter is when an indomitable and beautiful spirit overcoming the difficulties of an imperfect body becomes a power for good. The frail vessel richly laden weathered the gales and steered clear of the reefs on which many another barque had come to grief, and arrived safely and triumphantly in port.

Martin Brimmer, the fourth to bear that name through an honoured life, was born in Boston, December 9, 1829. Had he, like Marcus Aurelius, examined himself and his ancestors to see from whom his characteristics came, perhaps he would have found, among other things, that his public spirit came from his father and his maternal grandfather, both of them eminent philanthropists; that his ability to bear a creditable part in the political life of his day was inherited from his father, at one time Mayor of Boston; and in regard to his great-grandfather, who emigrated from Osten, near Hamburg, to America about 1723, his great-grandmother, a French Huguenot named Sigourney, and his grandmother Sarah Watson, of Plymouth, that, as Mr. George S. Hale said in his memoir, "The quiet reserve and solidity of his German ancestor were enlivened and made attractive by the gracious elegance of manner derived from his French descent; his Pilgrim origin disclosed itself in a New England conscience, tempered by a cheerful Huguenot faith."

Martin Brimmer's mother died when he was three years old. He was a delicate boy suffering from a club-foot. His health was so frail that sending him to school was out of the question, and he was educated by tutors. His father was a rich man, and his mother's father, Mr. James Wadsworth, owned a vast estate at Geneseo, New York, where the boy used to visit his grandfather, and where his love of nature grew.

He entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen and became a member of the class of 1849, then in its Sophomore year. He led his class in Latin and Greek, took many prizes, and at grad-

uation received highest honours. He was one of the leading spirits in his class, though on account of his lameness he was obliged to forego the pleasures of athletic games. He travelled in Europe, then returned to the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar. At about this time he worked for a while in a law office in Boston. Mr. Samuel Eliot wrote, "His fellow-student in the office says that on a good-natured remonstrance as to the lateness of his appearance, he replied, 'You don't know my hours; they begin at twelve and end at five minutes after twelve.'" Soon after he went to Europe again, where he found a field of study that was more congenial in the form of art. The anecdote above quoted is not characteristic of his general attitude toward work. It merely means that the law was not for him. He was a hard worker all his life.

At the age of about twenty-six, in 1855 or 1856, he went on a chivalrous expedition to Kansas on behalf of the New England Emigrant Aid Society, "which played no unimportant part in rescuing from slavery the Territory of Kansas at the time that the Missouri River was closed by the border ruffians to the emigrants from the other States." He accompanied the Director of the Society to inspect and to care for the needs of the patriotic settlers in that region. He himself was a contributor to, but not an officer of, the Society. They travelled on horseback with an old army ambulance, probably for the camping equipment; sometimes "slept in strange beds, ate strange meals, and encountered strange companions." Mr. Brimmer was described by his fellow-traveller as "never complaining, never over-excited or over-depressed, a delightful companion, with fairness, cheerfulness, unselfishness, and quickness of apprehension. 'The only time,' the Director writes, 'Brimmer referred to his lameness, was on our returning at night from a visit, when, having a ravine and a brook to cross, he said that a very thick-soled shoe was sometimes useful in keeping one's foot dry.'"

In 1855, he was married to Miss Mary Ann Timmins, of Boston. Their domestic life was quite unusually happy, though they never had children. Mr. Chapman gives a vivid picture of Mrs. Brimmer in his sketch of her husband. Mr. Brimmer would fain

have gone to the war had he not been unfit for military service on account of his lameness. But he did enter politics for a while. In 1889, he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives as a Republican, and was reëlected more than once; and in 1864, was elected to the Senate. He was a competent and effective member of the Legislature and faithfully performed his duties. Mr. George S. Hale says: "I think his name will be found among the yeas and nays on every roll-call. There never could arrive an occasion when he did not have the courage of his convictions. I think he did not know how to dodge." Mr. Hale believes that he bore an important part in carrying through the measure that made the Massachusetts Institute of Technology possible.

After he felt that he had done his duty by the Commonwealth in political life, he turned to the fields of art, education, and philanthropy, which were much more congenial. Only once again was he tempted into the lists. Leopold Morse was running for Congress in 1876; and a number of public-spirited men succeeded in inducing Mr. Brimmer to run against him. Mr. Morse won, and Mr. Brimmer was never again persuaded to run for a political office.

In 1869 began the chief work of his life. He helped in drawing up the plan for the Museum of Fine Arts and presided at the first meeting. In the spring of 1870, he became the first president, and held this office for more than twenty-five years. To his devotion, intelligence, and generosity the Museum will always owe a great debt.

The other great institution with which Mr. Brimmer's name is associated is Harvard College. "In 1864 when he was only thirty-four years old," he became a Fellow. "The majority of the members of the Corporation at this time had graduated before he was born. He was a Fellow of the University Corporation from 1864 to 1868, a member of the Board of Overseers from 1870 to 1877, and again a Fellow of the Corporation from 1877 to his death."

He was actively connected with many other public works in Boston, such as the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Provident Association, the Farm School, the Perkins Institution for the

Blind, the Coöperative Building Association, and many others. He was a vestryman of Trinity Church and a close friend of Phillips Brooks, whom he earnestly advocated for the position of Bishop of Massachusetts.

Mr. Brimmer wrote well. His book on the History, Religion, and Art of Egypt is charming. Though he made no pretence of being a profound scholar, and said he wrote his book with the help of his niece [as amanuensis] during a journey in Egypt, merely "for their own instruction," as he put it, and with no intention of publication, yet the little volume is not only readable and delightful, but is of real value as giving in brief and vivid form a picture of what we owe to ancient Egypt. In later years he was persuaded to publish the volume, which appeared in beautiful form. Mr. Brimmer also made two thoughtful addresses presently to be referred to.

He was chosen a member of the Saturday Club in 1864. He enjoyed the meetings and attended them frequently.

In the winter of 1893, he had a heavy fall and remained unconscious for several hours. He was never quite so strong again. On January 14, 1896, he died quietly at his home on Beacon Street.

These bare facts alone would fail to give a just impression of his peculiar characteristics as a man. We happily have the recorded memories of him by men who had the privilege of knowing him well.

As Mr. Brimmer was a leader in the foundation of one of the first and greatest museums in America, his thought on museums is interesting as showing his "*credo*." In the Wellesley address,[1] in 1889, he "shows the importance of studies in art, and unfolds the causes which promote the arts"; and in his Bowdoin address[2] of 1894, "the governing thoughts are that art is a language, that it is addressed to us, and that, if we do not respond, the language has failed by our fault." In the same line of thought he once wrote to a friend, "Museums and libraries do something for those who are reaching out; they do not of themselves reach in." And again, "I have been reading a little of Green[3] and have increased appetite

[1] At the opening of the Farnsworth Art School at Wellesley.
[2] At the opening of the Art Museum of Bowdoin College in 1894.
[3] Thomas Hill Green, author of *Prolegomena to Ethics*, and *Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligation*.

for more. Is not this condensed truth the lesson which man learns from external nature: he finds that it is only what he gives to it that he receives from it, yet by some mysterious affinity it evokes what he has to give, and then it bears witness with his own spirit that what he gives is not his own, but inspired from above?"

Mr. Brimmer, in his article in the *American Architect and Building News*, October 30, 1880, on the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, speaks of the history of the foundation of the Museum. He defines what he thinks should be its general aims. The catholicity of his taste is shown by these words: "The museums of to-day open their doors to all the world, and the scope of their collections has broadened to meet the public needs. None the less, however, are the best pictures and marbles their prizes. . . . If modern criticism has proved anything, it has proved that an artist's work can be well understood only through a knowledge of the artist's surroundings. The influence of his masters, the influence of his contemporaries, throw a great light upon his achievement. Hence, the need of a selection in which the historical sequence shall be borne in mind, in which the picture or the statue shall stand, not for itself alone, but for the time and the influence which it represents. Judgments of intrinsic merit, too, though they be the main tests of value, are nowhere infallible. They vary somewhat with individual tastes; they vary more with the shifting tendencies of the time. The critic of forty years ago did not clearly foresee the standards of this generation, and it is possible that the judgments of the critics of to-day may be passed by somewhat slightingly by his successor forty years hence." He urges the duty of the Museum to represent the local artists, Copley, Stuart, Allston, Hunt, and others.

He himself was a great admirer of Jean François Millet. Mr. William Hunt, after visiting Millet at Barbizon and becoming interested in his work, showed it to Mr. Brimmer, who bought the "Sheep Shearers," to Millet's great relief and encouragement. In later years in his Wellesley address he paid an eloquent tribute to Millet.

In this address Mr. Brimmer says: "So accustomed have men become to books as the storehouses of facts and ideas, so limited

are we to the use of words as the only vehicle of thought, that we have lost touch with the earlier and more natural mode of expression by images." And again: "The parallel of ugliness with vice, and of beauty with holiness, will be more largely understood among all kinds and conditions of men." He further asks the question: "Why, after all, is art worth while?" He replies that not only do we increase our possibilities by cultivating our taste and our sense of beauty, but that deeper issues are involved; he says that we have only to place ourselves before one of the greatest masterpieces of the world and "we shall feel that something within us is touched which makes cultivation of taste and skill seem but mere playing with the surface of things. And when, led on from one great work to another, we begin to discover their relation to each other, and to life in the midst of which they were produced, then the narrow bounds we have set up fall away, and a wide horizon opens around us on every side. We see that style and execution and design are but the foreground of the scene before us, are but the way through which the mental vision reaches out to great ends. We see that Art, in its widest and truest sense, is not mere luxury or decoration, but an expression of the hopes, the faith, the life of mankind. Through visible images our eyes penetrate to the inner thoughts of men of distant races and remote periods. We contemplate the ideas that filled their minds, the feelings that impelled them, the aspirations in which they found support. We trace the instincts of race, the rise and fall of national spirit, the growth and decay of religions that have passed away. We behold the ideals of beauty in every age and nation as they came forth from the hand of those men who expressed them best. We follow the contending influences which led men now this way, now that, and we mark the impress which the man of genius stamped upon his time. The merest glance over the field is enough to assure us that the end of the study of Art is the knowledge of humanity itself on a side not less instructive or inspiring than we find in the study of literature or of history."

In these days when every one is too busy to sit still, and most people are too busy to think about anything that does not immediately concern their actual day's work, a glimpse of Mr.

Brimmer's social life given by a friend,[1] comes like a fresh breath from across the waters, bringing suggestive odours which tell of other days: "With his marriage to a dear friend my friendship with Mr. Brimmer soon deepened into intimacy; and as my mind goes back to those early days, what memories I recall of that delightful time! Once more I am seated at the ever-hospitable board on Beacon Street, with the bright circle that was wont to gather there, or on the piazzas at Beverly, and among the ferns and rocks and pine-needles of Witch Wood, we once more talk with youthful freshness of all that most interests our minds or is dearest to our hearts! At Beverly, as in Boston, rare spirits would often gather — Tom Appleton, Frank Parkman, William Hunt, Frank Parker, and others; and *le causeur des Lundis*, Sainte-Beuve himself, might sometimes have envied those long, inspiring talks, with the pine trees whispering overhead and the surge of the summer sea not far away! And then in the autumn evenings what moments were those when Mr. Brimmer would read aloud, to a chosen few, some page from Shakspeare, or Dante, or Sainte-Beuve, or Musset, his beautiful voice and rhythmical cadence adding a musical charm to the 'winged words'! This reminds me of our long dispute — the only one — over Music itself, Mr. Brimmer declaring that he was indifferent to it; in fact, he would laughingly add, 'It almost amounts at times to a dislike'; I always contending that the rhythm and the cadence of his reading disproved his statement. Years afterward, when he confessed his delight in Wagner, and I instantly proclaimed my victory in our long dispute, he answered that the trouble had not been with his musical taste, but with the inferiority of all musical composition up to Wagner's time!"

Mr. Samuel Eliot describes his hospitality thus: "He was distinguished as a host. Nowhere in our neighbourhood were strangers more generously or more gracefully entertained. As a host he shone by his simplicity, as well as by his power to converse with every guest within his doors." He was a delightful fellow-traveller also. "Intercourse with him was the more attractive because of the impression that beneath the quiet surface there

[1] Mr. John Jay Chapman in his *Memories and Milestones*.

was untold depth." Some one speaks of him as a modern Mæcenas.

Mr. John Jay Chapman, who married Mr. Brimmer's niece, gives the following picture: "He was the best of old Boston; for he was not quite inside the Puritan tradition and was a little sweeter by nature and less sure he was right than the true Bostonian is. He was a lame, frail man, with fortune and position; and one felt that he had been a lame, frail boy, lonely, cultivated, and nursing an ideal of romantic honour. There was a knightly glance in his eye and a seriousness in his deep voice that told of his living, and of his having lived always, in a little Camelot of his own. He was not quixotic, but he was independent. There were portcullises and moats and flowered gardens around him. He was humble with a kind of Hidalgo humility — the humility of a magnificent impoverished Portuguese Duke. There was nothing sanctimonious about his mind, and this is what really distinguished him from the adjacent Bostonian nobility."

Contrasting him with the conservative Bostonians of Puritan descent, Mr. Chapman continues: —

"There was in Mr. Brimmer nothing of that austere look which comes from holding on to property and standing pat. And besides this he was warm; not, perhaps, quite as warm as the Tropics, but very much warmer than the average Beacon Street mantel-pieces were. He would discourse and laugh heartily about these mantel-pieces — instead of turning haughty, and assuming a looked of profaned intimacy, if any one noticed the absence of fire in them. There was a spark of fight, too, in Mr. Brimmer; as I found to my cost once, when I received a letter from him beginning, 'Sir,' in the old duelling style, and more beautiful in its chirography than anything a merely democratic age can produce. . . . Mr. Brimmer's cultivation was, as has been seen, not of the Bostonian brand. He had no pose of any kind, no ambition. His cultivation was unconscious.

"He was as much at home with a Turk as with an Englishman, and had the natural gravity which marks the Asiatic. He could, upon occasion, be severe and masterful; and at such times his thin jaw would protrude beneath his falling moustache. In that age the

wandering Englishman of fashion was apt to drop in upon an American dinner party in his travelling jacket. One such offender Mr. Brimmer caused to ascend in the elevator to become arrayed in a suit from the antique and honourable wardrobe of the house, before being admitted to the feast. I am sure that the host spoke with the sweetness of King Arthur and Galahad in making the suggestion to the stranger.

"Mr. Brimmer's most powerful quality was his patience. He could endure and go on enduring almost to eternity. To a man of his delicate physique and inner sensitiveness, the jolting of life must ever have been painful; and he seemed often to be in pain; but whether it was physical pain or mental pain was hard to guess. Of all the virtues, the virtue patience is most foreign to youth: his power of patience impressed me and awed me.

". . . The Brimmers had no children; but their household, and indeed the whole little kingdom that went with it, was greatly warmed and caused to glow by the presence of the two Italian nieces. . . . These two girls, then, who looked like figures out of the *Vita Nuova*, brought with them from Italy the daring of a country where a woman is as good as a man, while they inherited in their own natures and from their American ancestors a sort of Anglo-Saxon piety. . . . These young girls hung garlands about the declining years of their aunt and uncle, being as devoted as daughters could have been."

Several of those who knew Mr. Brimmer bear witness to the clearness of his intelligence and the sensitiveness of his instincts, which made him a particularly valuable man as the presiding officer at a meeting. He understood more quickly than others the elements of a situation, and hence was able to be the controlling force. The description might be applied to Mr. Brimmer which John Hay gave of Abraham Lincoln, when he said that he "could see around the corner while the rest were looking down the street."

Mr. Brimmer was a warm friend of Governor Andrew and of many of the most distinguished men in Boston. The number of eloquent tributes to him after his death, which evidently came from the heart, bear witness to his place in the community.

President Eliot, who knew him so well, said: "In spite of his

delicacy of body, no comrade of his youth, and no witness of his maturer life, ever accused Martin Brimmer of lack of courage, decision, or persistence. He was always gentle, but always firm." He "was as brave and resolute as he was gentle; a man who, living, illustrated all the virtues and graces of friend, husband, counsellor, citizen, and public servant, and, dying, left behind him no memory of look, thought, or deed that is not fragrant and blessed."

Mr. Hale spoke of the cloudless serenity of Mr. Brimmer's nature; and of his poise and balance which were so perfect that in a measure they concealed his size; "In Johnsonian phrase, 'Because we miss the nodosity of a Hercules we do not see the vigour of an Apollo.' . . . In this rare combination of qualities lay the secret of his influence — an influence that followed him into every circle that he entered, whether public or private; and even in these enfranchised days, when the voice of authority seems dead, Mr. Brimmer's voice was listened to and his opinions accepted as no one else's I have ever known. And yet I greatly doubt if he ever willingly proffered his advice to any one; but with what modesty, what diffidence it was given when asked for! — and asked for it was by the highest and the humblest, each one feeling that they had in him a friend. Truly *Le monde est aux gens calmes!*"

In an anonymous editorial in the *Transcript* occurs this passage: "Phillips Brooks in one of his eloquent passages drew a splendid distinction between works of creation and those of destruction, pointing out the essential quietness of one and noise of the other, and showing how the destroyer inevitably held attention to himself by his methods, while the creator laboured in silence till his work was done, when it spoke for itself. It was to this class that Mr. Brimmer preëminently belonged."

Rev. E. Winchester Donald thus ended the memorial sermon in which he had not previously mentioned his name, "With you I join in thanking God for the good example of that gentle spirit, that strong character, that noble unselfishness, that rare refinement, which, for threescore and six years, shone undimmed in the life of God's soldier, servant, saint — Martin Brimmer."

E. W. F.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS

THE book in which the overflowing personality of James T. Fields is communicated most abundantly to a later generation, his *Yesterdays with Authors*, contains this dedication: "Inscribed to my fellow-members of the Saturday Club." For the present purpose these words are taken from a copy of the twenty-fourth edition of the book, dated 1883; it was first published in 1871. As editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1861 to 1871, as a public lecturer of extreme popularity, most of all as a publisher who combined in a rare measure the relations of business and of friendship with the authors for whom he acted — that galaxy of men of letters who made the Victorian period what it was in America as notably as in England — Fields was himself one of the conspicuous figures of his time. His several small volumes of verse do not reveal him as a creative writer of the first order. One of his homely lyrics, the "Ballad of the Tempest," has proved a hardy survivor from all his metrical pages, and therefore may be taken to represent the verdict of his countrymen upon his poetry. It is a verdict by no means wholly just, for in many another lyric and "occasional poem" he struck, with much facility, and often with felicity, a note that was highly popular in the central decades of the past century. His lectures and books which grew out of his personal relations with his contemporaries who still live in their writings were his more important contribution to the records of his period. But what counted for still more was the very fact of these relationships — a fact which found expression in the dedication of his principal work to his "fellow-members of the Saturday Club."

His name stands fourteenth on the list of those elected after the fourteen "members before 1857," the year of his election being 1864. He was then forty-eight years old. Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was his birthplace; December 31, 1816, the date of his birth. His Portsmouth boyhood, passed under the influences of a devoted mother, a shipmaster's widow, of excellent teachers,

both secular and religious, of spirited playmates, and of all the books which the local Athenæum and private shelves could afford, ended when he was fourteen. At that age he received the following letter, which opened for him the doors of the "Old Corner Bookstore" in Boston: —

BROOKLINE, March 4, 1831.

I have procured you a place, James, in Carter & Hendee's Bookstore. I consider this the best situation in Boston in this line of business. Mr. Carter says that a boy, who is good, active, and industrious, and desirous of giving satisfaction to his employers, may be sure of getting forward, and of doing well in this business when he comes of age.

If you like the trade and are pleased with the place, you can come as soon as your mother pleases. The gentlemen with whom you are to live are excellent young men, and very much respected in Boston. They do a great deal of business, and you must do your best to please them, and if you succeed in this you will be amply rewarded in their friendship. You will go, at first, on trial.

Very truly, your friend,

RICH. SULLIVAN.

MASTER JAMES FIELDS.

This letter served as an introduction to far more than a "place" in a bookstore. It could have done no more than that but for the remarkable capacity of young Fields to turn his opportunities to the best account. Some reminiscences of him by Edwin P. Whipple in these earliest years reveal him as a frequenter of the Boston Mercantile Library Association, "inflamed," like Whipple himself, "with a passionate love of literature and by a cordial admiration of men of letters," discussing and trying his hand at various forms of verse, and already beginning to assemble a library of his own. Another species of education came to him through Mr. Hendee's having a box at the theatre and inviting one or more of the boys in the shop to occupy it with him every night. In this way it is recorded that Fields "saw the elder Booth, Fanny

Kemble as Juliet, her father, and in short all the good actors who came to America at that time." In 1838, when Fields was twenty-one, he "pronounced" the anniversary poem before the Mercantile Library Association, as he did again in 1848. On the first of these occasions Edward Everett was the orator of the day, on the second, Daniel Webster. At about the time of delivering the first Mercantile Library poem he became a member of the firm of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, soon to take the more familiar name of Ticknor & Fields and to build up the extraordinary list of publications which have so enriched the catalogues of the publishing firms succeeding to their business. The achievement thus represented could have been wrought only through the power of personality. This, we must believe from a mass of testimony, was what Fields especially brought to the enterprise. A credible witness may well be cited — George William Curtis, writing in *Harper's Monthly* soon after the death of the subject of his reminiscence: —

"The annals of publishing, and the traditions of publishers in this country, will always mention the little Corner Book-Store in Boston as you turn out of Washington Street into School Street, and those who recall it in other days will always remember the curtained desk at which poet and philosopher and historian and divine, and the doubting, timid, young author, were sure to see the bright face and to hear the hearty welcome of James T. Fields. What a crowded, busy shop it was, with the shelves full of books, and piles of books upon the counters and tables, and loiterers tasting them with their eyes, and turning the glossy new pages — loiterers at whom you looked curiously, suspecting them to be makers of books as well as readers. You knew that you might be seeing there in the flesh and in common clothes the famous men and women whose genius and skill made the old world a new world for every one upon whom their spell lay. Suddenly, from behind the green curtain, came a ripple of laughter, then a burst, a chorus; gay voices of two or three or more, but always of one — the one who sat at the desk and whose place was behind the curtain, the literary partner of the house, the friend of the celebrated circle which has made the Boston of the middle of this century as justly renowned as the Edinburgh of the close

of the last century, the Edinburgh that saw Burns, but did not know him. That curtained corner in the Corner Book-Store is remembered by those who knew it in its great days, as Beaumont recalled the revels at the immortal tavern: —

> 'What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest!'

What merry peals! What fun and chaff and story! Not only the poet brought his poem there still glowing from his heart, but the lecturer came from the train with his freshest touches of local humour. It was the exchange of wit, the Rialto of current good things, the hub of the hub.

"And it was the work of one man. Fields was the *genius loci.* Fields, with his gentle spirit, his generous and ready sympathy, his love of letters and of literary men, his fine taste, his delightful humour, his business tact and skill, drew, as a magnet draws its own, every kind of man, the shy and the elusive as well as the gay men of the world and the self-possessed favourites of the people. It was his pride to have so many of the American worthies upon his list of authors, to place there, if he could, the English poets and 'belles-lettres' writers, and then to call them all personal friends."

Another bit of testimony may be taken from an unpublished letter of Cornelius C. Felton, found in a collection of autographs preserved for many years in the library of Mrs. Fields. Writing in 1849 to thank Fields for his newly published volume of poems, Felton said: —

"It has often seemed to me that the position of a man of business, with literary tastes and talents, is one of rare happiness. The union of the two elements of life works out a more manifold experience than either alone, and gives richer materials for thought. While business steadies and utilizes life, the cultivation of letters embellishes and dignifies it. A merely literary life, with few exceptions, is neither happy nor respectable; a merely business life may be very happy and respectable, but it wants the heightening touches of an idealizing imagination. It is imperfect and one-

sided. Boston is remarkable for the number of men who unite the two. This is especially the case with the younger class, to which you belong; and I hope you will always continue to set an example of the entire practicability of blending with commercial pursuits, the habit of literary labour, and the elegant tastes that naturally connect themselves therewith."

The ideal set forth in these words is particularly applicable to a man of business whose commerce is with books. Its fulfilment in the person of Fields goes far to explain his success as a publisher. Because he was not merely a man of business he could establish a sympathy and understanding between his firm and the authors with whom it dealt which led to the following expressions in letters found also among the Fields autographs. On November 29, 1855, Robert Browning wrote to Fields: "I take advantage of the opportunity of the publication in the United States of my 'Men and Women,' — for printing which, you, through being more righteous than the Law, have liberally remunerated me, — to express my earnest desire that the power of publishing in America this and every subsequent work of mine may rest exclusively with you and your house." A few months later, March 18, 1856, Tennyson wrote: "From you alone among American publishers have I ever received any remuneration for my books and I would wish therefore that with you alone should rest the right of publishing them in future."

The story of Fields's visit to Hawthorne in Salem and his bearing away with him the manuscript of *The Scarlet Letter*, drawn as if by necromancy from the furtive author, is one of the most familiar instances of his friendly handling of a man of genius to the lasting profit both of the writer and of the world. In a diary of Mrs. Fields is found an entry, May 4, 1868, excellently suggesting the regard in which he was held by his Olympian friends: "Mr. Emerson has returned from New York. He popped into James's room, saying, 'How is the guardian and maintainer of us all?'" Dr. Holmes gave a characteristic expression to a kindred feeling when he said, in a conversation also recorded by Mrs. Fields: "By the way, Mr. Fields, do you appreciate the position you hold in our time? There never was anything like it. Why,

I was nothing but a roaring kangaroo when you took me in hand and I thought it was the right thing to stand up on my hind legs, but you combed me down and put me in proper shape."

In these journals of Mrs. Fields, of which she left far the greater portion unpublished, the interests of her husband are constantly reflected. To a singular degree his interests were hers. In 1850 Fields had married Eliza Willard, a daughter of Simon Willard. She lived but a few months after their marriage. In November, 1854, he married her cousin, Annie Adams, a daughter of Dr. Zabdiel Boylston Adams, a beautiful girl of twenty, keenly responsive to all the intellectual, spiritual, and personal influences animating the circle of which Fields was so vital a member. They soon established themselves in a house on Charles Street, which for sixty years — more than thirty of them extending beyond the lifetime of Fields himself — was the scene of a hospitality which so many early members of the Saturday Club enjoyed and enriched that some mention of it must be made in this place. Indeed, the Charles Street house, furnished with its collection of precious books, pictures, mementoes of valued friendships, no more richly than with the friends themselves, was an integral part of the life of James T. Fields. Returning to it from meetings of the Saturday Club, it was evidently the pleasant practice of its master to relate to its mistress the talk in which he had just taken part; and it was hers to set it down from time to time in her diaries. In her own printed pages she has had some recourse to these records of an earlier day. From unpublished entries the following passages are copied — not so much for the intrinsic value of their content as for the impression they may yield of the flavour and spirit of the Club some fifty years ago: —

"October 28, 1865. Meeting of Jamie's Club, where he was much amused by a story of Lowell's about a parrot in Cambridge who had become highly educated and was heard to go and deliver political addresses to the ducks. When he first came to the ladies who have given him this fine education, he could say very little more than 'scratch,' and he is sometimes heard now-a-days, still as if ashamed of that accomplishment, saying 'Scratch, scratch,' low to himself in a corner, but if he finds himself perceived

he will turn round quickly with a 'How d' ye do, ladies and gentlemen.'

"Mr. Lowell is deeply interested in the derivations of words. . . . He complains much of his head, perhaps the trouble is he has filled it too full. Dr. Hedge quoted a few words of an old Latin poem. 'Who is that from?' he asked. 'Why,' said Lowell, repeating the remainder, 'that is Walter Mapes.' Speaking of Burns, Lowell said he showed his greatness as a poet by the words he had created. Whipple amused them all by his *naïveté* in calling out for 'stories' from Dana and afterward from Lowell. Professor Holmes was ill, but Longfellow was there and presided as usual in absence of Agassiz. He seemed nervous, as is not infrequently the case, and begged Jamie to sit by his side. His nervousness was probably not decreased by Lowell's stepping up to him and saying, 'Longfellow, you ought not to have printed those verses to Agassiz; they are all very well, but it was a private affair.' Dr. Hedge sat next J. and was most kindly. A nephew of John Bright was present.

"The Club is strongly divided about Banks. Emerson and Mr. Forbes were present, but sat at the further end of the table, so I could have no report of their conversation. . . .

"Mr. Dana repeated an experience of the Rev. Chandler Robbins, who was called to Cambridge to the marriage of an undertaker. The various sextons and brother undertakers of the community were present, and he was privately informed that the undertaker about to be married had fallen in love with the lady because he found her 'so handy at the business' (she had been called in as an assistant), 'being afraid of nothing. Why, there's a corpse upstairs now,' the narrator went on to say, 'but she don't mind it a bit.' It was a ghastly time enough for the poor parson."

"Saturday, November 25, 1865. Jamie went to the Club. It was a brilliant meeting. Dr. Holmes was the life of it in the way of conversation, and amused them all excessively. Peals of laughter followed his brilliant sallies. He began to talk about homœopathy. 'Well,' said he, 'I feel, in beginning to talk upon this subject, that I am talking to a set of ignoramuses; that is, medicine is a subject none of you have studied and I have. I have devoted the

best part of my life in Europe and America to the study of my profession. Now, if Mr. Longfellow should begin to talk about Dante, I should feel my ignorance, — well, no, I am respectably informed about Dante, but then I should listen to him because he has given his time to the study of it.' And so on, fighting homœopathy to the death and amusing them all with his boyishness.

"G. W. Curtis was one of Jamie's guests, and Mr. Rice, our representative, another. When Mr. Rice was introduced to Mr. Emerson, the latter said, 'Mr. Rice, I am glad to meet you, Sir. I often see your name in the papers and elsewhere, and I am happy to take you by the hand for the first time.' 'Not for the first time,' Mr. Rice replied; 'thirty-three years ago I was passing the summer in Newton. It was my school vacation, and I was enjoying the woods as boys will. One afternoon I was walking alone when you saw me and joined me and talked of the voices of Nature in a way which stirred my boyish pulses and left me thinking of your words far into the night.' Mr. Emerson seemed pleased at this, and said it must have been long ago indeed when he ventured to talk of such fine topics.

"Mr. Emerson said later, talking of going to Europe, that 'the *wily* American would *elude* Europe for a year yet, hoping exchange would go down.'"

When conversations are not reported in full, sometimes a sidelight, such as the following entry of February 25, 1867, about the Saturday Club meeting of the 23rd, brings its bit of illumination: "Dr. Holmes was in a great mood for talk, but Lowell was critical and interrupted him frequently. 'Now, James, let me talk and don't interrupt me,' he once said, a little ruffled by the continual strictures upon his conversation." Again, May 2, 1868, Norton is reported bitter "against the Saturday Club (this from sympathy with Lowell) because the members proposed at the last meeting were all blackballed. He thinks they must have a new Club, which would be a sad thing; it would be a square split, I am afraid, and now at times they *do* have grand social festivals. I hope the trouble will die out in talk, especially as Norton goes away[1] and Lowell, I hope and believe, would never organize the opposition himself."

[1] This was just before a long absence in Europe.

On July 26, 1868, Mrs. Fields wrote of the meeting held the day before: "Professor Peirce and Rowse were there. 'What did Rowse have to say for himself?' I asked J. 'Oh! he was very industrious with the viands and told me a story about a book turned out of the press in twenty-four hours, over which, it being one of my own stories I told him a year ago, I laughed tremendously.'" Another entry, November 6, 1870, describes a Sunday morning visit from "Appleton (Tom, as the world calls him)," and his talk on a variety of topics. "He spoke of the Saturday Club, and said that although he sometimes smiled at Holmes's enthusiasm over it, he believed in the main he was quite right, and it would be remembered in future as Johnson's Club has been, and recorded and talked of in the same way. Unfortunately I don't see their Boswell. I wish I could believe there was a single 'chiel amang them takin' notes.'"

The notes of Mrs. Fields herself make some amends for this deficiency, and though another passage, from a diary of 1871, deals rather with a continuation of a Club meeting than with the meeting itself, the talk in Charles Street seems to have gone on naturally enough from that at the Parker House to make the line between the two hardly worth drawing: —

"Saturday night, February 25, was Jamie's Club again. After it was over a part of the company[1] adjourned to our tea-table, Longfellow, Bret Harte (his first appearance among the *literati* of our shores), Holmes, Gay, Hunt, Ernest Longfellow, Frank Sanborn, and Jo. Bradlee. Bret Harte was the guest of the day and the Club was unusually large. Jamie thought him very satisfactory. His size is rather under than over the ordinary, his face deeply pitted with small-pox which has left a redness about the eyes as it is so apt to do. Otherwise he is fine-looking and reminded us a little of what the young Dickens must have been — less abounding, but of kindred nature. Fine hazel eyes, full lips, large moustache, an honest smile — so much for his personality. His accent slightly Western and his colloquial expression careless and inelegant often. His *aplomb* is good and not too great. He is modest and refined. Quite unconscious of himself as a prominent

[1] Not all members of the Saturday Club.

person during the evening, but talking and listening by turns altogether naturally. Speaking of the companionship we have heard so much of between the rattlesnake and the prairie dog, he said he had often seen the rattlesnake, owl, and squirrel coming from the same hole and living quite happily together. The warning of the snake before he struck prevented him from being as dangerous as many reptiles, because it gave time for escape. Dr. Holmes then cited a case he had known of the rapidity with which the poison of the rattlesnake spread. He had seen a part of the flesh of the dog, pinched up and held tightly while the snake was allowed to sting; the flesh was then immediately cut out, but in half an hour the dog would be dead. Swift as light, and in spite of the pinching of the arteries, which would prevent the free circulation of the blood certainly, the poison flew to the vital part of the frame. Dr. Holmes turned the talk then to homœopathy and struggled with Longfellow as he so often does to endeavour to persuade him, but L. sits and smiles over the rational ravings of the doctor, but says little. Bret Harte is not a homœopathist and brought forward as a point against it that it had no fraternity with science. Science advances, but homœopathy is just where it was when Hahnemann promulgated his first extraordinary doctrines. Harte talked somewhat from time to time of the Western life and landscape. Speaking with me of Miss Phillips, whom he likes as much as we do as a singer and woman (I should have put it the other way), I asked if she had made a pecuniary success there with the public. 'I don't know,' he said doubtfully; 'I think if the Angel Gabriel should go to California he would not make a success!' He told Mr. Fields a story of two men stopping at a Western inn. One used wonderfully powerful language in swearing and the other expressed to the innkeeper appreciation of this strong language. 'Oh!' said the innkeeper, 'that's nothing, that ain't! You should hear him exhort an *indolent* and *impenitent mule*.'"

A final passage from the journal of Mrs. Fields recalls the Club's observance of the centenary of Sir Walter Scott:—

"Sunday, August 27, 1871. Jamie dined with the Club yesterday and Walter Scott was remembered as if it were his birthday. Agassiz presided and there were three Scotch professors present;

also Emerson, Judge Hoar, Holmes, Edward Perkins (guest), Hedge, Thayer (guest), author of life of Beethoven, Sumner, and others. Lowell was absent at Mt. Desert and Longfellow at Nahant. Jamie suggested to Agassiz that it was time to begin the talk about Scott; 'Thank you, my dear Fields, I had entirely forgotten it. I have been busily discussing scientific subjects with my friend. I ought also to confess to this company that I have read only one of the novels of Walter Scott, that is *Ivanhoe*, but if God please, before my death I will read two more. My time is always much occupied in other directions and it was not until I came to this country that I read even *Ivanhoe*.' He then introduced one of the Scotch professors, who spoke of Sir Walter as having kindled the fires of imagination upon the soil of Scotland. He said he was the son of a clergyman and the only three books given him in his childhood were Bostock's *Four States of Man*, Flavel *On Infidelity*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*. He liked the latter book so well that he asked his father if it were wicked to read on week-days a book he liked so much on Sundays. 'Imagine,' he said, 'what Walter Scott's novels were to me!' A brother professor discussed the point whether Burns or Scott had contributed the most largely to the cultivation of imagination in Scotland. The first held out for Sir Walter — Burns being, as he said, too violent and eccentric in his power to influence a large number of people. Holmes came in with great enthusiasm, said a few words, and read his own published letter. Emerson spoke with brilliant effect and beauty two or three times. Judge Hoar first called him out by saying that he was chopping wood that morning in his woodshed when Emerson came in. He said such brilliant things and spoke so well of Sir Walter that if he could only repeat a portion at the table he would delight them all. Emerson rose then and retorted with a reference to the brilliancy of the Judge's imagination which had conjured up such things in a woodshed. He then expressed his sense of gratitude for Sir Walter, but said that the root and gist of his genius was all to be found in the Border Minstrelsy."

Faint echoes these may be from a time long past. They are here evoked at least partly that they may suggest something of the spirit which Fields brought to the meetings of the Saturday

Club and carried from them into his daily walk and conversation. A member of the local society of scholars only by adoption — through his honorary degrees of Master of Arts from Harvard in 1858 and Doctor of Laws from Dartmouth in 1874 — more exuberant in the expressions of his personality than most of the group of thinkers and writers with whom he was so closely identified, Fields contributed to the atmosphere of his time and place something for which it was clearly the better. By reason both of his abundant social qualities, and of personal contacts established and vigorously maintained through travel, correspondence, and all the offices of friendship with the most interesting men and women of his race on both sides of the Atlantic, his horizons were broader than those of inmost Boston — and different. A certain spice and colour were added to the Boston of the nineteenth century in its prime by the very attributes of which Fields, amongst his contemporaries, was a notable possessor. His place of business, his house, his talk, his letters, his writings and lectures, in a word all the tokens of himself, provided a distinctive element without which Boston in his time would not have been quite the vivid place it was. He died at his house in Charles Street, April 24, 1881.

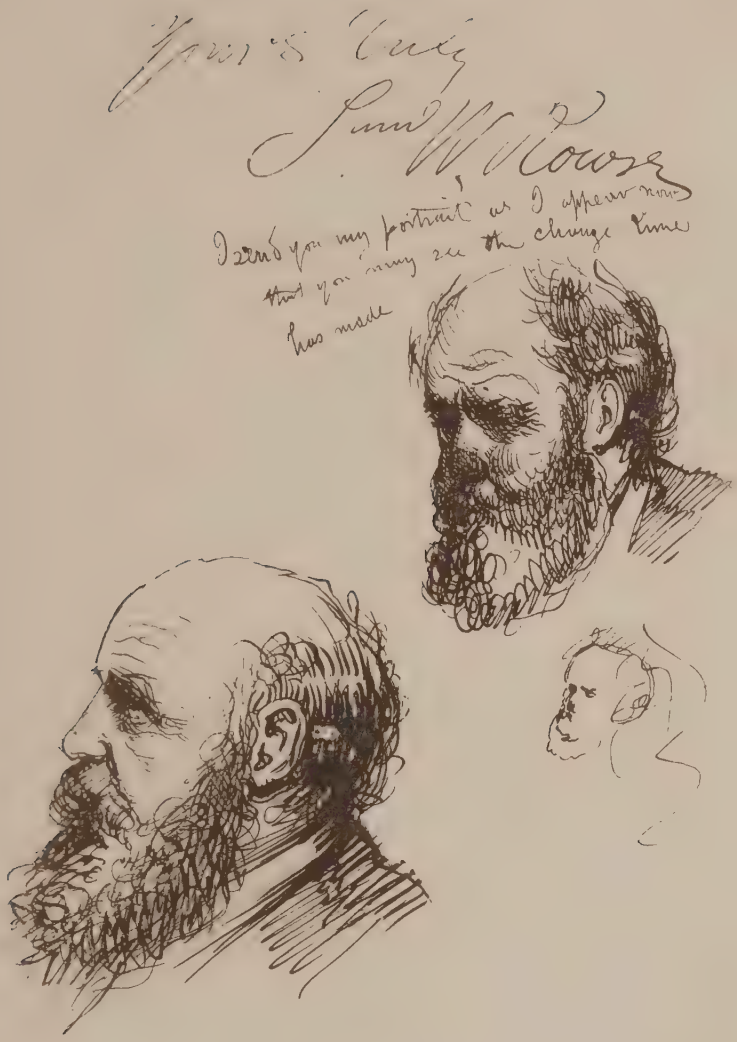
M. A. DeW. H.

SAMUEL WORCESTER ROWSE

This artist was born in Maine, perhaps about 1826, or a little later. He probably had only limited school advantages, but had native skill in drawing, and read good things. Owing to his modesty and reticence, little is known of his early life except that, as a youth, he lived in Augusta. His first work connected with art was employment in the engraving of bank bills.

When he came to Boston, perhaps during the early fifties, his acquaintances presently found that he had an astonishing familiarity with Shakspeare. Later, he confided to them that in his youth he had a burning desire to go on to the stage. At last he had the opportunity to appear as Richard III, but this ended in tragic failure. Nevertheless Shakspeare remained with him as a part of his life. When a question arose if, or where, an expression occurred in Shakspeare, Mr. Rowse could suggest in what play to find it, and in the mouth of what character. Whether or not he had instruction in drawing in Boston does not appear, but he soon made a name there for his crayon portraits, accurate and delicate. Lowell became acquainted with him, liked him and his work. Through him Rowse became known to the Nortons and visited them at Newport, and, through many orders, his circle of friends in Boston and Cambridge society was enlarged. He was kindly, "cosy," as a lady who knew him well put it, yet sometimes uncomfortably modest and aloof in company. Yet Lowell said, "Rowse may be silent, but he always says the best thing of the evening."

In many households in and near Boston into which his art brought him, Rowse probably was often a guest while making his drawings, and thus, shy or reserved as he was, his serious and original speech made him interesting as a man to the men and also to the women whom he drew. Longfellow writes in his journal, March 3, 1858: "Rowse began yesterday to draw my head in crayons; his own idea, so I let him work away. He is a very clever artist, a Maine man." And a little later: "Rowse


Yours Truly
Samuel W. Mowry
I send you my portrait as I appear now
that you may see the change time
has made

resumes portrait. But I find time notwithstanding to write a whole canto of *Miles Standish*."

In the next month, Rowse, commissioned by Mr. Norton to draw Emerson's head, is domiciled at his home in Concord and Emerson notes in his journal: "Rowse said that a portrait should be made by a few continuous strokes, giving the great lines; but if made by labour and by many corrections, though it became at last accurate, it would give an artist no pleasure — would look muddy. Anybody could make a likeness by main strength."

When the sitting was over, Emerson would surely have invited his guest to walk with him to the woods, and probably to swim in Walden's clear water. This fragment of their talk remains: "Rowse said, 'God made him because he could not help it, and therefore he did not care for God, but for the necessity, or that which is.' I replied, 'You say God made you; no, it was that necessity which is the true God, and you must care for that, and do it homage, because you are of it, and it is immense and indispensable. You put the name of God on the wrong party.'"

The portrait prospered, had a pleasing freedom in the handling, an open-air look. But one morning Rowse got up early and endeavoured to make some little improvement. When the family came down to breakfast he told them that the meddling had been fatal, and he must begin again. The picture was probably destroyed by him, but fortunately a small photograph was taken at Mrs. Emerson's request, which is reproduced in Volume VI of the large-paper Centenary Edition of Emerson's *Works*. The new picture pleased Mr. Norton. He wrote in a letter after Rowse's death, to a lady, a mutual friend, "To those who did not know him personally his name is likely to recall the draughtsman of the best portrait of Emerson." Yet that was no great praise (Mr. Norton would not have counted Hawes's admirable daguerreotype and the photographs taken from it), as two weak early miniatures, a crayon, probably by Mrs. Hildreth, and David Scott's wooden painting, done in Edinburgh in 1847, were all the rivals. Yet Rowse's crayon, which always hung at Shady Hill, is a good likeness, but tightly drawn and with a weak mouth. But the charming portrait by Rowse of Arthur Hugh Clough, and that of

Mr. Francis Cabot Lowell of Waltham, should be mentioned as his high-water mark.

Rowse had a room in the Studio Building among the other artists of the day. Writing thence in 1869 to Miss Jane Norton in Europe, he announces: "I have painted a portrait, and it is very good, *really*. I'm very much pleased with it." Hastily scrawled in pen and ink on the corner of this letter is a fair sketch of himself as I recall him while drawing my father's portrait. He liked to adorn his pleasant and sometimes humorous letters with marginal play. Mr. Lowell liked Rowse's efforts in oil painting; said, "They have streaks of genius in them."

Among Rowse's notable set of friends was Chauncey Wright whose genius was so highly prized by his Cambridge acquaintances. He and Rowse were in Europe at the time the Nortons were there, in 1872. Unlike most artists, Rowse was not greatly drawn by all the beauty of antiquity and association that Europe offers. In 1881, he writes to Miss Grace Norton from Paris, where he had been disappointed in not finding Lowell: "I am very glad that I came abroad at this time. I have been refreshed and edified, and I am now glad to go home. America looks pleasant to me at this distance as it did when I was near. I have a good notion that I won't come again. But I won't promise. The wind bloweth where it listeth. The proper study of mankind is man, and I can study him and myself better in America than anywhere else. America is to me the centre and the head of the world — the last incarnation. The interest is all there for me. America was never meant by Providence as a place of refuge for the weak and the careless, or to breed an inferior race of men or horses!"

After 1880, living mainly in New York, Rowse had made friends of a family, cordial and generous towards him thereafter to the end of his life. They earnestly desired that he should paint a large picture of their two beautiful daughters. Miss Norton tells me that this he laid out on a grand scale, to be a *magnum opus*, with landscape and accompaniments, like a Sir Joshua Reynolds. The family greatly valued him and encouraged the work. But it proved a tragedy. His health began to fail, there were interruptions on both sides. In 1895 he wrote sadly of the attempt.

One or both of the young girls whom he began to paint were matrons now. Yet the family had taken him into their friendship and urged him to go on, although seven years had passed. So, against his convictions, he had begun again and now five years had passed; "Still, I think it worth finishing, and it seems as if a few days will be all it will need and I expect to get those next summer." But apparently when he had recognized his failing eyesight and, after treatment, returned, he found to his dismay the colours all wrong. The picture seems not to have ever been finished. Interruptions and ill-health came between, yet he declared in a letter from Rome, where he was with his patrons, his faith that "The nature of things is friendly to the wishes of humankind. Our means to arrive at these wishes are always subject to the nature of things with which they must accord. As Dr. Watts says, —

> 'Eternity is all too short
> To utter forth Thy praise.'

Some of my friends seem to think that I must be very lonesome. I can bear a good deal of loneliness. I can't think any one likes a little company more than I do. But I have always found myself — 'the Lord be thankit' — most abundantly cheerful." He longed to return from New York to Boston and his friends there, but his asthma forbade. He grew steadily feebler and died about the end of the old century or the coming in of the new.

I quote a few expressions from the letter of his intimate friend concerning Mr. Rowse: "He was a rare man, and few knew the depth of his character — his integrity and the strength of his affectionate fidelity. . . . I found much proof of the strong attachment of his friends, and also of his generosity." He then mentions the considerable estate that he left, adding: "The foundation of this was certainly the work of his hands. When was 'crayon headsman' ever so rich before!"

Mr. Norton in his old age wrote, "We who knew Rowse shall remember him as one of the few whom we have known who had genuine originality of mind with depth and delicacy of sentiment."

E. W. E.

Chapter XII

1865

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise.

Lowell

IN the beginning of the year, Mr. Fessenden, President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, having been renominated for the Senate, was about to withdraw from the Cabinet, where his services had been found invaluable at a time of great financial strain for the Country. Mr. Forbes, writing to him, said, — "Where shall we look for a man big enough to fill your place? . . . Governor Andrew is going out of office here after this year, and can go without great damage to our State affairs any time on sixty days' notice. He ought to be in the Cabinet, and while, for his own sake, his friends would like to see him in some other place less arduous and less dangerous, he is, in my judgment, the next best man after you for the place. I have summered and wintered him for five years of war and trouble, and while he represents the most advanced opinions on politics, I know no man who so fully unites tact and judgment with perseverance and force."

The Governor, however, declined to be a candidate for this portfolio. He wrote to his friend: "For myself, I should dread to undertake any place but that of Attorney-General. My legal training and tastes would help me to master its duties, while the functions and opportunities for usefulness in that office are such as peculiarly tempt me to risk a failure for the chance of doing good, according to my way of thinking, which it affords." This office, however, was not offered to him.

At the seat of war in Virginia, General Sheridan, summoned by General Grant, yet allowed a very free hand, started with his

cavalry, in the last days of February, and, in spite of almost impossible mud and swollen streams, rode across country from the Shenandoah Valley towards Richmond, defeating Early and destroying Southern supplies, and reported to Grant at City Point. President Lincoln was there domiciled on board the little Mary Martin steamboat. All three of them knew that the dwindling Confederate troops were short of supplies, discouraged, and the fear was that they would slip away, try to join Johnston, and prolong the war farther South another year.

To quote the admirable little book of Colonel Newhall, of Sheridan's staff: "To help matters along and give matters a cheerful aspect it began to rain, first a Scotch mist . . . then a pour, as if the equinox, hurrying through the elements, had kicked over the water-buckets. About this time, General Grant was seized with the desire 'to end the matter before going back.' His illogical mind failed to be affected by the logic of events, failed to perceive that things were looking about as badly as they could for accomplishing anything, and so he sent a despatch to General Sheridan countermanding [certain milder conditional orders], and directing him to find the enemy's right and rear as soon as possible. General Sheridan rode over to Headquarters, water dripping from every angle of his face and clothes, . . . and between them they settled that, as soon as it was within the limits of horse possibility for cavalry to move, they would move a little and see what came of it, if only to pass the time. . . . The only thing probably that could have amused the company on that inauspicious morning would have been an excited horseman straining through the treacherous soil, waving his hat, and crying out that Lee would surrender to Grant one hundred miles from there in ten days from date." [1]

And it happened. Lee was thus forced to come out of his strong entrenchments and hazard the last chance to save his army. The good news seemed incredible; it was so sudden. The relief and joy of the Country were beyond words. In their gratitude to their great General, the people, and surely our actively patriotic Club,

[1] *With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign*, by a Staff Officer. Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co. 1866.

accepted, and came to rejoice in, the humane and wise conditions which he made with brave and vanquished countrymen.

On the day after Lee's surrender, April 10, Norton wrote to Lowell: "My heart is as full as it can be. I did not know until it was lifted this morning how heavy a load we had been bearing. I think of all those that suffered that we might rejoice. The dawn of our new day is bright."

Lowell answers: "The news, my dear Charles, is from Heaven. I felt a strange and tender exaltation. I wanted to laugh and I wanted to cry, and ended by holding my peace and being devoutly thankful. There is something magnificent in having a Country to love. It is almost like what one feels for a woman. Not so tender, perhaps, but to the full as self-forgetful. I worry a little about reconstruction, but am inclined to think that matters will very much settle themselves." This thought was to reappear, cast in beautiful form, in the last stanza of the "Ode" at the Commemoration in that happy summer.

Following close upon the glad tidings of the triumph of the cause of Union and Freedom came the shock of the murder of America's guide through the weary years of war. Heavily as this blow fell upon all of our company, I find few written words from them about it, except Emerson's address to his townsfolk, and Lowell's fine tribute in the "Commemoration Ode," and also a passage quoted from a magazine article by him in Mr. Scudder's memoir. Speaking of the quick transmission of the tragic news he wrote: "It is no trifling matter that thirty millions of men should be thinking the same thought and feeling the same pang at a single moment of time, and that these vast parallels of latitude should become a neighbourhood more intimate than many a country village. The dream of Human Brotherhood seems to becoming true at last. The peasant who dipped his net in the Danube . . . perhaps never heard of Cæsar, or Cæsar's murder; but the shot that shattered the forecasting brain, and curdled the warm, sweet heart of the most American of Americans, echoed along the wires through the length and breadth of a continent, swelling all eyes at once with tears of indignant sorrow. . . . What is Beethoven's 'Funeral March for the Death of a Hero,' to the symphony of

love, pity, and wrathful resolve which the telegraph of that April morning played on the pulses of a nation?"

Now, to go back a little to a happier theme. In 1863, word had come to Norton from Italy that Florence would celebrate in 1865 the six-hundredth anniversary of her great poet's birth, and that she invited all lovers of him, wherever they might be, to unite with her in doing honour to his memory — which news Norton carried to Longfellow, asking him to postpone the bringing out of his translation of the *Inferno* that it might grace that occasion. So, in February, Longfellow sent the volume to Sumner in Washington, asking him to hand it to the Italian Minister, requesting him to forward it to Italy. He also bade his friend to express to the Minister his regrets that the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* were not yet ready. He asked them both to look at the volume, saying, "It is beautiful and worthy of the Italian press; all written, printed, bound, in Cambridge, Middlesex County, Massachusetts." Longfellow diligently pursued his task and, later in the year, notes in his journal: "Lowell, Norton, and myself had the first meeting of our Dante Club. We read the XXV *Purgatorio* and then had a little supper. We are to meet every Wednesday evening at my house." In the *Life of Longfellow* his brother gives, in a note, Mr. Norton's interesting account of these happy meetings of the scholar-friends. "Master as Longfellow was," he writes, "of his own language and that of Dante, and thorough as was his knowledge of the substance and significance of the poem, he was too modest to rely wholly upon his own judgment and genius in the performance of his work, and he called upon two of his friends to sit with him in the final revision of it." Longfellow would read from a proof-sheet a canto of his translation. "We paused over every doubtful passage, discussed the various readings, considered the true meaning of obscure words and phrases, sought for the most exact equivalent of Dante's expression, objected, criticised, praised, with a freedom that was made perfect by Mr. Longfellow's absolute sweetness, simplicity, and modesty, and by the entire confidence that existed between us.[1] Witte's text was

[1] Longfellow carefully noted these criticisms, considered them apart, and made his own decision.

always before us, and, of the early commentators, Buti was the one to whom we had most frequent and most serviceable recourse. They were delightful evenings; there could be no pleasanter occupation; the spirits of poetry, of learning, of friendship, were with us. Now and then some other friend or acquaintance would join us for the hours of study. Almost always one or two guests would come in at ten o'clock, when the work ended, and sit down with us to a supper, with which the evening closed."

The genial and hospitable Fields was always eagerly questioned, on his return from the Club dinner, by his wife, who, happily for the editors of this volume, felt that some notes should be preserved of the gatherings of that notable company. These she wrote in her journal, and kindly had some of the entries, taken between 1865 and 1871, copied for our use. These will appear at their proper places. The first is as follows; though a little out of place, it seemed to come in better here than among the more important earlier events of the year: "February 24th. 1865. Club Meeting. Mr. James and Dr. Hedge there, and to Mr. James's discomfiture, Dr. Hedge attacked him about Swedenborg. Mr. James left early, saying that Dr. Hedge was always bringing up Swedenborg against him." Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Howells, Mr. Rowse, Mr. Akers, and Justin Winsor came afterward to tea with Mrs. Fields and apparently were at the Club together.

At this time only Mr. Rowse of the latter group was a member, Howells and Aldrich not being chosen in for some years later. They came as guests. Benjamin Paul Akers, the sculptor, probably came with Rowse.

Agassiz had planned to explore Brazil and the Amazons, accompanied by Mrs. Agassiz, and recruited a party of naturalists and students at his Museum, William James among them, and Mr. Ward's son, Thomas Wren Ward, as helpers. On the 23d of March, a dinner was given him at the Union Club, apparently by the Saturday Club, and there were a dozen guests present.

Dr. Holmes was counted on, and not in vain, and read with affection and pleasure

A FAREWELL TO AGASSIZ

How the mountains talked together,
Looking down upon the weather,
When they heard our friend had planned his
Little trip among the Andes!
How they'll bare their snowy scalps
To the climber of the Alps
When the cry goes through their passes,
"Here comes the great Agassiz!"
"Yes, I'm tall," says Chimborazo,
"But I wait for him to say so, —
That's the only thing that lacks, — he
Must see *me*, Cotopaxi!"
"Ay, ay!" the fire-peak thunders,
"And he must view my wonders!
I'm but a lonely crater
Till I have him for spectator!"
The mountain hearts are yearning,
The lava-torches burning,
The rivers bend to meet him,
The forests bow to greet him,
It thrills the spinal column
Of fossil fishes solemn,
And glaciers crawl the faster,
To the feet of their old master!
Heaven keep him well and hearty,
Both him and all his party!
From the sun that broils and smites,
From the centipede that bites,
From the hailstorm and the thunder,
From the vampire and the condor,
From the gust upon the river,
From the sudden earthquake shiver,
From the trip of mule or donkey,
From the midnight howling monkey,
From the stroke of knife or dagger,
From the puma and the jaguar,
From the horrid boa-constrictor
That has scared us in the pictur',
From the Indians of the Pampas,
Who would dine upon their grampas,
From every beast and vermin
That to think of sets us squirmin',
From every snake that tries on
The traveller his p'ison,

From every pest of Natur',
Likewise the alligator,
And from two things left behind him, —
(Be sure they'll try to find him,)
The tax-bill and assessor, —
Heaven keep the great Professor!
May he find, with his apostles,
That the land is full of fossils,
That the waters swarm with fishes
Shaped according to his wishes,
That every pool is fertile
In fancy kinds of turtle,
New birds around him singing,
New insects, never stinging,
With a million novel data
About the articulata,
And facts that strip off all husks
From the history of mollusks.

And when, with loud Te Deum,
He returns to his Museum,
May he find the monstrous reptile
That so long the land has kept ill
By Grant and Sherman throttled,
And by Father Abraham bottled,
(All specked and streaked and mottled
With the scars of murderous battles,
Where he clashed the iron rattles
That gods and men he shook at,)
For all the world to look at!

God bless the great Professor!
And Madam, too, God bless her!
Bless him and all his band,
On the sea and on the land,
Bless them head and heart and hand,
Till their glorious raid is o'er,
And they touch our ransomed shore!
Then the welcome of a nation,
With its shout of exultation,
Shall awake the dumb creation,
And the shapes of buried æons
Join the living creatures' pæans,
Till the fossil echoes roar;
While the mighty megalosaurus
Leads the palæozoic chorus, —

God bless the great Professor,
And the land his proud possessor, —
Bless them now and evermore!

President Eliot, recalling this gathering of the Club to wish Agassiz an affectionate good-bye, — the genial man sitting, as usual, at one end of the table, Longfellow at the other, — said: "We all were grieved that he would not be with us again for a year. We wished him a successful journey and drank his health. Agassiz rose. He tried to speak, but could only manage to utter two or three words — then his voice broke, and he sat down, the tears running down his cheeks."

In the Fiftieth Anniversary Number of the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. John T. Trowbridge told the interesting story of the introduction by Dr. Holmes to the Saturday Club of a new poet, from the deck of the famous *Hartford*, Farragut's flagship. This was Henry Howard Brownell, a writer of fugitive pieces that went the rounds of the press; the "Old Cove, or Let us Alone," had pleased the Northern people during the winter of secession. Brownell's metrical version of the Admiral's general orders issued before the "River Fight" had come to Farragut's notice. He wrote to Brownell and invited him to come as his private secretary on the flagship, with the rank of Ensign. Thus he went through the great Bay Fight in August, 1864, and told its story with rugged truth, and also with fire and pathos.[1]

At this Club dinner, perhaps in May, six weeks after the end of the war, there was a large attendance. The guest was a modest, self-possessed man, hardly middle-aged. After dessert, "Holmes arose, and Lowell rapped on the board to call the attention of the talkers. After some complimentary allusion to his guest — who sat beside him with down-looking eyes, twirling his empty wine-glass — Holmes drew from his pocket a manuscript, remarking that he was to have the happiness of reading to us a poem by the writer who had shown himself an unrivalled master in that class of composition." The Doctor said: "The ink is hardly yet dry on it. It is a vivid and dramatic picture of the sinking of that black,

[1] The "Let us Alone" ("Old Cove") and the "Bay Fight" are both to be found in Emerson's *Parnassus*.

piratical craft, the Rebellion. . . . It is entitled 'Down'" — and the Doctor read it — "every eye turned upon him except the downcast pair at his elbow — throwing all his force of expression into the short and rugged lines." It was printed, as was also Mr. Trowbridge's "Jaguar Hunt" — both of them Jubilee poems — in the *Atlantic* of June, 1865.

In May another poet was discovered. Lowell had found in a Western newspaper a war poem, strange and strong and touching, "The Old Sergeant." He was moved to find the writer. It was signed Forceythe Willson, with no other clue. He made inquiries, and wrote letters, but for some time with no result. Then by chance he found the poet he sought living in the next house to him some two hundred yards from Elmwood, across Mount Auburn Street. Lowell at once established neighbourly relations with this interesting newcomer. A very large man, still young, with heavy dark hair and beard strongly suggesting the bas-reliefs of Assyrian kings, and yet with a certain princely courtesy overcoming an evident natural delicacy and shyness.[1] Lowell had found that Willson had a yet finer war-poem, "In State."[2]

Mr. Emerson at once invited the new poet to Concord, and Mr. Willson's answering letter is of such a quality, it seems worth while to give some sentences here: —

"I shall not fail to come. There have been flights of your birds in my sky for several years, and they have all been highly auspicious. So I come to you with no misgivings on your account, but secretly and almost selfishly rejoicing that a great benefactor whom I have never yet so much as seen, and for whom, I trust, I shall have some glad tidings, lives right by my way and but a little farther on. Already, by your clean, good conduct of life, you have made me, I am sure, both wiser and better; and the consciousness of this fact illuminates me more and more clearly the nearer I approach you.

[1] I here give my own memories of him, for, hearing from my father that he had a son a junior in College, Mr. Willson at once invited me to dine, an occasion I remember with great pleasure. He lived alone with a very much younger brother, being a widower himself. No one would have dreamed that he was to die — I think of consumption, and in the next year. — E. W. E.

[2] "The Old Sergeant" and "In State" were included by Mr. Emerson in his collection *Parnassus*.

"But it is not necessary to say much. The truly generous manner in which you make mention of certain poetical efforts and their author has conveyed to me no ordinary instruction. It may turn out that you have done a more important part in the young man's training than you can yet be aware. But all these things will say themselves to you a great deal more satisfactorily than they can be written."

July brought the day, proudly and sadly joyful, of Harvard's Commemoration of her honoured dead, and the gathering back of her living soldiers; these last, of all ranks from privates to Generals, greeted one another in joyous equality, their proud relatives and their future wives around them.

The day was perfect. A great awning spread over the quadrangle behind Harvard Hall gave the needed shade. General Devens presided. Governor Andrew paid the tribute and gave the welcome for Massachusetts, President Hill for the University, Major-General Meade spoke for the Army, and Admiral Davis for the Navy, and Mr. Emerson for Scholars.

Of the Reverend Phillips Brooks's opening prayer (then) Professor Charles W. Eliot said: "That was the most impressive utterance of a proud and happy day. Even Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode' did not at the moment so touch the hearts of his hearers. That one spontaneous and intimate expression of Brooks's noble spirit convinced all Harvard men that a young prophet has risen up in Israel."

Lowell's "Ode" was wonderful, far up on heights that he but rarely reached. He had tried to get into the mood, had written portions with hope followed by misgiving; only on the day before the occasion, as he told a friend, "the whole thing came out of me with a rush." He made a fair copy — five hundred and twenty-three lines — through the night, and went haggard to bed at dawn. "Virtue enough had gone out of me to make me weak for a fortnight after." This loss, and the delivery of the poem virtually in the open air, made it less telling on the moment, but its noble lines have been for more than fifty years enshrined in the memories of Harvard men, a help and joyful inspiration. In this very

war to-day, to save right and civilization itself, that poem is a live force.[1]

Poems were read also by Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and Charles T. Brooks.

Mr. Cabot, in his *Memoir of Emerson*, quotes Lowell's words as to the fitness of Emerson's having been asked to speak on that occasion, thus: "To him more than all other causes together did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives."

Of these youths, Emerson said in his short address: "These dedicated men! who knew on what duty they went, and whose fathers and mothers said, 'We gave him up when he enlisted.'[2] We see the dawn of a new era, worth to the world the lives of all this generation of American men, if they had been demanded."

Mr. Paine, the Musical Director of the University, conducted the music, assisted by the chorus of the Harvard Musical Association.

Dwight wrote a "Horatian Ode" which was sung to Flemming's part song, "Integer Vitæ, Scelerisque purus": —

"Manly and gentle, pure and simple-hearted
Sweet were their days of peaceful use and beauty.
Sweeter than peace, or days or years is freedom,
Thought our young heroes.
War's wild alarm drove sleep from every pillow;
Slavery, rampant, stalked athwart the broad land.
Prompt at the call of Country and of Duty,
Flew the young heroes.
Darkly the clouds hung o'er the doubtful conflict;
Out shone the rainbow, — LIBERTY TO ALL MEN!

[1] At Commencement in 1917 Major Henry Lee Higginson, who for fifty years has held before the generous youth of Harvard the ideals of the young scholars of his day who freely gave their lives in the war for Freedom, ended his short and strong appeal for help in this even greater struggle, with the last five lines of the "Ode," so moved by the associations that he told me he could not have uttered another. — E. W. E.

"What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else and we will dare!"

[2] These words were those of the mother of Colonel Robert G. Shaw when she heard of his gallant death on the parapet of Fort Wagner.

Lo! now a Country grand enough to die for!
Peace to our heroes!
Rear we for them no cold sepulchral marble,
Fresh in our hearts their very selves are living,
Dearer and nearer now, — e'en as God is nearest,
Risen in glory!
Cease from thy weeping; rise, O Alma Mater!
Count thy young heroes tenderly and proudly;
Beaming thine eyes, with holy joy confess them;
These are thy children!"

This affectionate occasion — a day of pride and sympathy, mourning and rejoicing — cannot be forgotten by any one who was there, while memory remains.

Judge Hoar, in a letter to Lowell, declares his feeling of gratitude for the conditions and surroundings of his lot on Earth, and, praising the noble "Ode," he exclaims: "What an occasion that Commemoration was! My! it was the whole war concentrated, and you have embalmed its essence and flavour forever. I don't believe there ever was such a time to live in as our lifetime, since the world was made; and I consider falling in with you as one of the chief felicities of existence, which — if I should n't go to Heaven (as is much to be doubted) — will give great help in striking a comfortable balance of the total result of my creation."

In connection with the return of Harvard's sons from the war, an anecdote about Professor Peirce is worth preserving, relating also to a peculiarly interesting young soldier. The examinations for admission of a new class — to be the class of '69 — occurred within a few days of the Commemoration. That day showed many youths maimed in battle, but, a few days later, a young ex-Confederate Captain, with one sleeve empty, presented himself for examination and was admitted to the Freshman class. He bore one of the fine old clan names of Nova Scotia, but had early found employment in Charleston, and joined the Militia. He served through the war until he was wounded and captured, having distinguished himself for gallantry during the Confederate defence of Fort Sumter. In college, his quiet demeanour, serious, yet friendly, won increasing respect. His maturer mind, keen appetite for knowledge, and remarkable application gave him, at

graduation, the first place in his class, and won him a liberal award from the University to continue his studies the next year. The "Captain," we will call him, formed a friendship with a classmate, a high scholar also, but not, like him, as the result of zeal and hard work, for this friend had the advantage of literary background and was a thinker. One day the Captain said that he believed that it was possible for a bright and determined man to acquire all human knowledge within a liberal span of lifetime. He said, in effect, that if a man *trains himself to read, and to remember*, it is simply necessary for him to seek out the really important books in which human knowledge is recorded in its various branches. His friend assured him that this was nonsense; but the Captain clung to his hopeful theory. Finally, the disputants agreed to leave the decision of their case to Professor Peirce. They called on him, were kindly received, and each stated his case in turn. Then the Master gave judgment as follows, solving the question clearly by geometry: "No. No man can acquire all human knowledge. Knowledge is a circle with infinitely long radii. I began, as we all do, at the centre, and have laboured all my life, and I have succeeded in progressing an infinitely short distance on one of the infinitely long radii."

During this summer a project for establishing a sound weekly journal, loyal, but critical rather than partizan, in which Norton, Lowell, Forbes, Olmsted, and Ward had interested themselves, came to fulfilment, and the *Nation*, with Edwin Lawrence Godkin as editor, was launched on its notable career.

Early in October Dr. Holmes, writing an affectionate letter to Mr. Motley, then our Minister to England, says: —

"I cannot help thinking that the new attractions which our Country will have for you will restore you and your family to those who grudge your possession to an alien capital; and that, having stood manfully at one of our European outposts through the four years' campaign, you may wish to be relieved now that the great danger seems over. . . . What a fine thing it would be to see you back at the Saturday Club again! Longfellow has begun to come again. He was at his old place, the end of the table, at our last meeting.

"We have had a good many of the notabilities here within the last three or four months. . . . Sir Frederick Bruce, the new Minister, pleased us all. . . . White-haired, white-whiskered, red-cheeked, round-cheeked, with rich dark eyes, hearty, convivial, not afraid to use the strengthening monosyllable, for which Englishmen are famous, pretty freely, outspoken for our side as if he were one of us, he produced, on me at least, a very different effect from that of lively Lord Napier, or plain and quiet Lord Lyons.

"I had a good deal of talk with Grant, whom I met twice. He is one of the simplest, stillest men I ever saw. He seems torpid at first and requires a little management to get much talk out of him. Of all the considerable personages I have seen, he appears to me to be the least capable of an emotion of vanity. . . . He was not conscious, he said, of ever having acted from any personal motive during his public service. We (of the West), he said, were terribly in earnest. The great crisis was the battle of Shiloh; that he would not lose; he would have fought as long as any men were left to fight with. If that had been lost, the war would have dragged on for years longer. . . . Did he enjoy the being followed as he was by the multitude? 'It was very painful.' I doubt if we have had any idea so completely realized as that of the republican soldier in him. . . .

"I don't think you have met Stanton. I found him a very mild, pleasant person to talk with, though he is an ogre to rebels and their Northern friends. . . .

"Old Farragut, whom I foregathered with several times, is the lustiest *gaillard* of sixty-something one will meet with in the course of a season. . . . It was odd to contrast him and Major Anderson. The Major — General, I should say — is a conscientious, somewhat languid, rather bloodless-looking gentleman, who did his duty well, but was overtasked in doing it, . . . but the old Admirable — *bona fide* accident — let it stand, is full of hot red blood, jolly, juicy, abundant, equal to anything, and an extra dividend of life left ready for payment after the largest expenditure. I don't know but he is as much the ideal seaman as Grant the ideal general; but the type is not so rare."

Guests seem to have been plenty that autumn. The Doctor

goes on: "Mr. Burlingame has come home from China on a visit. It is strange what stories they all bring back from the Celestials. Richard Dana, Burlingame, Sir Frederick Bruce, all seem filled with a great admiration of the pigtails. 'There are twenty thousand Ralph Waldo Emersons in China,' said Mr. Burlingame to me. 'We have everything to learn from them in the matter of courtesy. They are an honester people than Europeans.'"

The Doctor goes on to speak well of another future associate in the Club: "Mr. Howells from Venice was here not long ago. . . . This is a young man of no small talent. In fact his letters from Venice are as good travellers' letters as I remember since *Eothen*."

It should be mentioned that in October Dr. Hedge brought out his *Reason in Religion*, a notable work from this philosophic yet conservative clergyman.

Of the November Club we have, through Mrs. Fields, her husband's report. Henry Ward Beecher and Governor Parsons of Alabama were present, and the Governor had sad stories to tell us of the suffering and destitution of the South and especially in his own State. "Governor Parsons [1] has come North for the purpose of urging Massachusetts to forgiveness and the sending of help for the suffering of Alabama. Governor Andrew introduced the subject and Charles Sumner spoke against it."

The Club chose no new members in this year.

[1] Lewis E. Parsons, appointed provisional Governor of Alabama in June, 1865.

Chapter XIII

1866

Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire.
WORDSWORTH

THESE lines are suggested by Motley's recall from his high mission, later in the year. Appropriately to the leading in of Winter's main battle-line by January, the appearance of Whittier's *Snow-Bound* may be mentioned; also Emerson's final versifying of the story that he recorded in his journal a winter or two before, of his heartening-up by the chickadee when nearly paralyzed in the cold snowdrifts in a winter walk — on which poem Matthew Arnold printed the following criticism: "One never quite arrives at learning what the titmouse did for him at all, though one feels a strong interest and desire to learn it; but one is reduced to guessing, and cannot be sure that, after all, one has guessed right."

A seasonable bad sore throat in the middle of the month kept Lowell away from the Dante Club. Longfellow sent him a bottle of claret as a consoling astringent gargle, accompanied by an Italian letter (the first three lines being a quotation), as follows: [1]

ALL' ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR PROFESSORE LOWELL

Prescriptione per il Mal di Gole	*Prescription for a Sore Throat*
"Benedetto	"Benedight
Quel claretto	That claret light
Che si spilla in Avignone."	Which is tapped in Avignone."
Dici Redi;	Redi said it;
Se non, vede	Who don't credit,
La famose sua Canzone.	Let him read the famed Canzone.

[1] Later, Longfellow rendered his Italian verse into English, as given here in parallel column.

Questo vino
L' Aretino
Loda certo con ragione;
  Ma sta fresco
  Ser Francesco
Se 'l miglione lo suppone.

This same wine
The Aretine
Justly praises as he drinks it;
  And yet but poor
  His taste, I'm sure,
If the best of wines he thinks it.

Con qualunque
Vino dunque
Tinto che dall' uvo cola,
  Descolato
  Ed acquato,
Gargarizza ben la gole.

Take this or another
(Make no bother) —
Any red wine in your bottle
  Mixed with water
  Of any sort or
Kind; then gargle well your throttle.

T' assicuro
E ti giuro
(Uomo som di mia parole)
  Il dolore,
  Professore,
Tutto subito s' invola.

I assure you
It will cure you
(Me a man of my word you own).
  Your distress, or
  Pain, Professor,
All of a sudden will have flown.

Lowell soon reported the effect :—

Risposta del Signor Professore

Ho provato
Quest' acquato
Vino tinto delle Francia,
  E s' envole
  Dalla gole
Il dolore alla pancia!

Answer of the Professor

Quite delighted,
Quick I tried it,
Your red wine of Avignon!
  When like a bullet
  Out of my gullet
Into my paunch the pain has flown!

Our good Governor Andrew's five years' noble and effective service to the Country was over. He had so lavishly spent himself in widely varying and difficult thinking and working that his need of utter rest and recreation was commanding. His law practice had gone elsewhere; he had been obliged to draw upon his savings; his need to provide for his family was urgent. What to do next was the problem. After his larger work the thought of settling down in his Boston office in the legal harness and rebuilding his practice was somehow not attractive. He had a pleasant thought of going to Washington, the centre of a regenerated Country, and winning a practice there; his age in years was only forty-seven, and naturally he did not know how small was the

remnant of his vitality. Strangely enough, the offer of the Presidency of Antioch College in Ohio had an attraction for him. But his many honouring and devoted friends urged that Boston must not lose him. President Lincoln had offered him, in 1865, the Collectorship of the Port of Boston. Andrew, his secretary reports, said to a friend, that it "was the most lucrative office in New England, and, as it had been the habit to entrust it to men who had held other high official stations and rendered large public service for inadequate pay, he supposed it was tendered to him in accordance with that practice." But Andrew said: "I can accept no such place for such a reason. As Governor of Massachusetts, I feel that I have held a sacrificial office, that I have stood between the horns of the altar and sprinkled it with the best blood of this Commonwealth — a duty so holy that it would be sacrilege to profane it by any consideration of pecuniary loss or gain."

So the good Governor settled down to work in Boston. He was thankful for a commission in Washington that gave him much air and exercise in getting about, and spoke of "this benefit to my weak and half worn-out head, relieving me of much of the pain which I had suffered in my head and back for these last three months."

He rallied much, delighted in having time for doing things with his children — to all children he was devoted — and he had the relaxation and refreshment of the Saturday Club and several others. Within the year he found that all the practice he could desire came to him and this reassured him as to household anxieties. He had some brilliant successes before the jury or at important legislative hearings, always looking at things from a higher plane, humane, and brave in his opinions.

The troubles resulting from the custom of having a compromise Vice-President were now beginning to show the people that Lee's surrender, and Emancipation, did not end the war. The brands of the conflagration were to smoulder for some years yet.

Emerson, writing of the power of manners as a principal agent in human affairs, and recalling how admirable, in his youth, appeared the Southern boys in college, says: "Andrew Johnson, wont to look up to the planters as a superior race, cannot resist

their condescensions and flatteries, and, though he could not be frightened by them, falls an easy prey to their caresses. This result was foretold by Moncure D. Conway and Frederick Douglass."

In 1865, a month before the ending of the war, which end he believed at hand, Dana had written: "I see a generation of labour and vast problems to solve, but that should depress no man. To my mind *the one point* to be gained by this war is the settlement forever, at home and abroad, of the fact as well as the theory that our republic is a government — in the philosophical sense, a state — created by the people of the Republic, acting directly on individuals, to which each citizen owes a direct allegiance from which no power on earth can absolve him, and from which neither State nor individual has any recourse, except to the moral right of revolution. If this is left an open question, the war is in vain. If it is settled, the war is worth its cost. In some respects the abolition of slavery assumes larger proportions than the subject I have named. But, to my mind, the preservation of our combined National and State system — our solar-planetary system — is the *sine qua non* of everything else. If that fails, the negro question, so far as it concerns *us*, would be of little consequence. If that succeeds, I think it will carry the negro question with it."

Lowell, in his last political article before the Reconstruction difficulties began, had written: "The more thought we bestow on the matter we are more thoroughly persuaded that the only way to get rid of the negro is to do him justice. Democracy is safe because it is just, and safe only when it is just to all. Here is no question of black or white, but simply of man. We have hitherto been strong in proportion as we dared be true to the sublime thought of our own Declaration of Independence, which for the first time proposed to embody Christianity in human laws, and announced the discovery that the security of the state is based on the moral instinct and the manhood of its members."

Dana, an earnest and working patriot, yet had perhaps a shorter vision than Lowell had in the new and difficult problems. He held the position of District Attorney all through the war period and until the work of reconstructing the conquered South had been fully entered upon.

After the war, Mr. Dana occupied ground on the burning question of Reconstruction in the Southern States between those of his friends, Adams and Sumner, yet strangely enough becoming nearer to the extreme views of the latter than the more considered ones of the former. In a speech in Faneuil Hall, in June, 1865, he said: "We stand upon the ground of war, and we exercise the powers of war. . . . I put that proposition fearlessly. *The conquering party may hold the other in the grasp of war, until it has secured whatever it has a right to require.*"

Not sympathizing with President Johnson's policies, Dana had resigned his office. He desired to go to Congress, but there being no place open in either house, he was chosen a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and remained there two years, active and influential. In his second year, as head of the Judiciary Committee, he became leader of the House, in which place his biographer says he was less successful, from his inborn peculiarities, acquiring the name, among the more democratic members, of "The Duke of Cambridge."

An urgent appeal of the brave Cretans for help from America came from William J. Stillman, Consul in the island and their valiant champion. Dr. Howe, Governor Andrew, and Mr. Forbes took an active and practical interest in the struggle of that brave people against the cruel Turkish tyranny. The latter, apparently serving on a relief committee, writes to Stillman: "Now a movement is going on here to get food. I am a good deal of a Sharps-rifle Christian and believe in the sword of the flesh, and am inclined to turn the committee, at least part-way, on to powder instead of flour."

He then tells of the extraordinary cheapness of the various military rifles at this time, and asks Stillman whether it is too late to send them.

In May, Lowell writes to Norton: —

My dear Charles: —

I snatch a moment from the whirl of dissipation to bring up for you the annals of Cambridge to the present date. In the first place, Cranch [1] and his daughters are staying with us — since last

[1] Christopher Cranch, artist, poet, and author of children's stories.

Saturday. On that day I took him to the Club, where he saw many old friends (he has not been here for twenty years, poor fellow) and had a good time. We had a pleasant time, I guess. With me it was a business meeting. I sat between Hoar and Brimmer, that I might talk over college matters. Things will be arranged to suit me, I rather think, and the salary (perhaps) left even larger than I hoped.

Cranch and I amuse me very much. They read their poems to each other like a couple of boys, and so contrive for themselves a very good-natured, if limited, public. I cannot help laughing to myself, whenever I am alone, at these rhythmical debauches. The best of it is that there is always one at least who is never bored.

Just before moving to his breezy summer home at Nahant in the midsummer, Longfellow writes in his journal: "June 13th. The last Dante reading [for the summer], Lowell, Greene,[1] Holmes, Howells, Furness,[2] and Forceythe Willson. *Paradiso*, XXXIII. A very pleasant supper which did not break up until two o'clock in the morning. After it Greene and I sat talking in the study until three. The day was dawning and the birds were singing when we went to bed."

In July, to the joy of his friends, Agassiz returned from his explorations in Brazil. He had been most cordially received by the Emperor, Dom Pedro, who, on his uncertain throne, envied the free naturalist, enjoyed his company, and took great interest in his work, furthering his plans and journeyings in every way that was possible. Agassiz explored the Amazons up to their sources in the mountains of Peru, and, through his assistants, collected rare species of fish from the other inland waters.

Here is the account given by Mr. Fields of the rejoicing of his friends at the next Club meeting which Mrs. Fields wrote down: —

"August 25, 1866. Dinner was not a large assemblage, but was the first since the return of Agassiz. Agassiz seized Holmes in his arms and took him quite off his feet. Longfellow was there, and told Mr. Fields that Charles Sumner was really engaged to

[1] George W. Greene, an intimate friend and constant correspondent of Longfellow.
[2] Dr. Horace Furness, of Philadelphia, the Shaksperian Commentator.

be married. Agassiz talked much of the greatness of Brazil, of the trees, of which he had counted one hundred and forty-eight varieties in the forests, whereas we have about twenty varieties in the forests of New England — of a vast space there ready for enterprise.

"Agassiz, Longfellow, and Fields went together as far as Lynn; as they looked from the car windows into the beautiful moonlight, one asked Agassiz if that were not as beautiful as Brazil. 'Oh,' said he, 'I was just then reflecting how sterile is New England after the luxuriant beauty of Brazil.'"

To this we can fortunately add the following remarkable account of this same joyous reception by the Saturday Club of their loved and honoured explorer, written by the Reverend Robert Collyer: —

"A memory comes of a day when I was Emerson's guest at the Saturday Club dinner. Agassiz had just returned from Brazil; this was his first appearance. Lowell was there and Dr. Holmes, my dear friend, Mr. James T. Fields the publisher, and many old friends beside, who when he [Agassiz] came into the room joined hands, made a ring, and danced around him like a lot of boys, while Mr. Emerson stood apart, his face radiant. He sat at the head of the table. Dr. Holmes sat next him, and their talk near the end of the banquet was of hymns, and the best. Dr. Holmes mentioned one I still hold in great favour, and began to tear it to pieces — 'It's not a hymn, but a piece of very nice cabinet work — the writer made the pieces one by one, glued them together, and there you are'; but then his voice softened and took a deeper tone as he said, 'There is one hymn I count among the finest ever written,' and Mr. Emerson lifted his face to attention while the good poet chanted the first sentence: —

> 'Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
> Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
> I see from far thy beauteous light,
> Inly I sigh for thy repose.
> My heart is pained, nor can it be
> At rest till it find rest in Thee.'

"'Yes, yes,' Mr. Emerson said fervently, 'I know the hymn — it is one of the finest in our tongue.'"

A few weeks later, Mr. Emerson records in his journal that he visited Agassiz, by invitation, with his wife and elder daughter, and spent the day at his house and on the Nahant rocks. Agassiz told him: —

"In Brazil he saw on a half-mile square one hundred and seventeen different kinds of excellent timber — and not a saw-mill in Brazil. A country thirsting for Yankees to open and use its wealth. In Brazil is no bread; manioca in pellets the substitute, at the side of your plate. No society, no culture; could only name three men — the Emperor, M. Coutinho, and M. Couteo. . . . For the rest, immense vulgarity; and, as Longfellow said, the Emperor wished he could swap places with Agassiz, and be a professor — which Agassiz explained thus, that the Emperor said, 'Now you, when you leave your work, can always return into cultivated society; I have none.'

"Agassiz says, the whole population is wretchedly immoral, the colour and features of the people showing the entire intermixing of all the races. Mrs. Agassiz found the women ignorant, depressed, with no employment but needle-work, with no future, negligent of their persons, shabby and sluttish at home, with their hair about their ears, only gay in the ballroom; the men well dressed."

On one occasion Emerson gave a dinner to Hon. Lyulph Stanley, who came with letters to him, in Concord, and assembled as guests Wendell Phillips, Agassiz, and his neighbours Ellery Channing, the whimsical poet, and Alcott, the calm philosopher — surely a varied company. A meeting of the State Agricultural Society was held in Concord on that day, and Agassiz had undoubtedly been bidden to that in advance. It was in the forenoon, and Emerson went with Agassiz, recording the day in the evening in his journal, thus: —

"Agassiz is really a man of great ability, breadth, and resources, a rare and rich nature, and always maintains himself — in all companies, and on all occasions. I carried him to Mrs. Horace Mann's,[1] and afterwards, to Bull's,[2] and in each house he gave

[1] Horace Mann, Jr., her son, a naturalist, who died in his youth, was then about to study under Agassiz in the Museum.

[2] Ephraim Wales Bull, the producer of the Concord grape.

the fittest counsel in the best way. At the Town Hall, he made an excellent speech to the farmers, extemporaneous, of course, but with method and mastery, on the question of the location of the Agricultural College, urging the claims of Cambridge.

"Agassiz thinks that, if he could get a calf elephant, and young enough, — that is, before birth, — he should find the form of the mastodon; that if he could get a tapir calf before birth, he should find the form of the megatherion. But, at present, these are practical impossibilities, as they require hundreds of dissections; hundreds, that is, of live subjects."

Mrs. Fields reports from her husband on September 29th, 1866: "Brilliant evening at the Club. Mr. Dana had just returned. Mr. Sumner was present and a full table. The guests, beside the usual company, were: Mr. Lefaveur of England; Dr. Storer of New York; Mr. Putnam, publisher, ditto; Mr. Samuel Hooper, and young Wendell Holmes. Afterward Longfellow, Holmes, Dwight, Le Favre, J. T. F., etc., went in company to hear Parepa. O. W. H. said, 'Oh, yes, let us go. I hate to have an odd end of an evening left over,' — 'As if it were an old cigar,' Mr. Fields added.

"Agassiz said, after being questioned whether the dodo was good to eat: 'Yes, indeed,' he replied. 'What a peety we could not have the dodo at our Club. A good dinner is humanity's greatest blessing. What a peety the Dutchman carried a ship with rats to Mauritius which sucked the eggs of the dodo, as large as a loaf, and everybody found the bird himself so good they did eat him, so they have become extinct. We know of but one other bird of recent date, who has become extinct, the Northern Hawk. The Bishop of Newfoundland did send me his bones — a great treasure.'"

A story must here be introduced — I forget its source — of an occasion when an enterprising reporter contrived to get to the dining-room door, probably while the Club was gathering, and asked to speak with Dr. Holmes. On his appearance the reporter began his efforts to pump him as to the customs and methods of procedure. The Doctor promptly interrupted him, saying, "We do nothing but tell our old stories," and rejoined the company.

Another incident must also find a place in this year's story, so characteristic is it of our manly and patriotic merchant, Forbes.

About this time, a Mr. Springer, of Illinois, having observed that Mr. Forbes paid a very large tax, wrote asking him to join him in contesting the validity of the Acts of Congress under which the income tax was imposed. The answer was as follows: —

Sir, — I have not been fighting the Rebels for five years to begin now and coöperate with you in attacking the credit of our Country. I decline your offer. Your ob't servant,

J. M. Forbes.

Mr. Howells, living in Cambridge, published this year his *Venetian Life*. Motley was working at his *History of the United Netherlands* in Vienna. Mr. Fields in this year, as for some years before and after, was conducting the *Atlantic* genially and successfully, always in pleasant relation with the contributors, who often met one another for the first time at his hospitable table, where Mrs. Fields presided so gracefully. Whipple and Fields in this year edited the *Family Library of British Poets from Chaucer to the Present Time*. Whipple, like Emerson, gave a course of lectures every winter, later to be pruned and polished into essays.

An early and strong friendship was that between Lowell and Judge Hoar. Lowell dedicated his new volume, the second series of *Biglow Papers*, to his friend: "A very fit thing it seems to me," he said, "for of all my friends he is the most genuine Yankee." This compliment the Judge thus acknowledged: —

Concord, November 3, 1866.

My dear James, — I desire reverently to express my profound sense of obligation. I am handed down to posterity. Immortality is secure. An *attaché* to some splendid embassy — a poor plodding pedestrian suddenly and unexpectedly receiving a "lift" that takes him to his journey's end — a donation visit to a country minister — comparisons fail me!

During this year a grievous wrong was done to one of our members, and, through this action, to the Country which he was serving with loyalty and distinction — the recall of Motley. Dr. Holmes, in his memoir of his friend, tells the disgraceful story in full. The main facts are these: —

The President, Andrew Johnson, received a letter from an unknown person, dated in October, in Paris, signed "George W. McCrackin, of New York." It was full of accusations of various Ministers, Consuls, and others representing the United States. "Its language was coarse, its assertions improbable, its spirit that of the lowest of party scribblers. It was bitter against New England, especially so against Massachusetts, and it singled out Motley for particular abuse." A paragraph appeared three years later in the *Daily Advertiser* quoting a Western paper to the effect that a *William R. McCracken* had died, and had confessed to having written that letter. Motley, he said, had snubbed him and refused to lend him money. The writer of this paragraph added, "He appears to have been a Bohemian of the lowest sort." This letter of "McCrackin" was passed on into the hands of Seward, Secretary of State, who at once acted on the President's suggestion, wrote a formal note to several of the accused officials, quoting some of the writer's assertions of what they had said, and asking them whether they had, or had not, thus spoken. Dr. Holmes holds that any self-respecting private gentleman might well wonder who could send such queries, whether he had spoken in a "malignant" or "offensive" manner against the President, or "railed shamefully" against him; "but it was a letter of this kind which was sent by the Secretary of State to the Minister Plenipotentiary to the Empire of Austria."

The high-spirited Motley instantly replied. As to his American feelings he appeals to his record (his brave unofficial services in England, to enlighten hostile or ignorant public opinion at the outbreak of the Civil War, should be recalled); he denounces the accusations, and blushes that they should have been uttered, or considered possible; but he does not hesitate to say with regard to what his private opinions are on home questions, and especially on Reconstruction. "These, in the privacy of my own household and to occasional American visitors, I have not concealed. The great question now presenting itself for solution demands the conscientious scrutiny of every American who loves his Country and believes in the human progress of which that Country is one of the foremost representatives. I have never thought, during my

residence at Vienna, that because I have the honour of being a public servant of the American people I am deprived of the right of discussing within my own walls the gravest subjects that can interest freemen. A Minister of the United States does not cease to be a citizen of the United States as deeply interested as others in all that relates to the welfare of his Country."

Thus he denied the charges, claimed his right, and tendered his resignation. Secretary Seward wrote that "his answer was satisfactory"; but the President, on reading over the last paragraph of Motley's letter (in which he begged respectfully to resign his post), without waiting to learn what Seward proposed to do, exclaimed, "Well, let him go!" and Seward did not read to him, or send, the despatch which he had written to Motley.

Motley, however, highly esteemed in Austria and in Holland as statesman and scholar, pursued his literary studies, and did not return to America until June, 1868.

As, early in the year, so in its last month, Longfellow was urging Sumner to be the champion of justice and comity in procuring the passage of a law of international copyright which had long been sorely needed.

Longfellow received from the Italian Chargé d'Affaires in Washington the announcement that King Victor Emmanuel had, with high compliments for his talents, conferred upon him the grade of Cavaliere in his order of Saints Maurezio and Lazzaro. Longfellow, acknowledging the letter with all courtesy wrote: —

"If, as an American citizen, a Protestant, and Republican, I could consistently accept such an Order of Knighthood, there is no one from whom I would more willingly receive it than from the Restorer of the Unity of Italy — a sacred cause which has, and always has had, my most sincere and fervent sympathy.

"I trust, therefore, that you will not regard it as the slightest disrespect either to your Sovereign or to yourself, if, under these circumstances, I feel myself constrained to decline the honour proposed.

"With expressions of great regard and consideration, I remain,

"Your obedient servant."

For thirty years Mr. Emerson had had it in mind "to write the Natural History of Reason." This year he put together some of his notes "dotting a fragmentary curve of isolated observations on the Natural Method of Mental Phenomena," without dogmatism. The course was announced in the autumn. Mr. James was much amused and, writing to Mrs. Fields, asked in a postscript: "Who contrived the comical title for E.'s lectures? — 'Philosophy of the People'! May it not have been a joke of J. T. F.'s? It would be no less absurd for Emerson himself to think of philosophizing than for the rose to think of botanizing. He is the divinely pompous rose of the philosophic garden, gorgeous with colour and fragrance; so what a sad lookout for tulip and violet and lily, and the humbler grasses, if the rose should turn out philosophic gardener as well."

In this year Dr. Jeffries Wyman was chosen a member of the Club.

JEFFRIES WYMAN

In the pleasant village of Chelmsford, Jeffries Wyman was born in August, 1814. His father was a country doctor of such character, skill, and good repute that when, in his later years, the McLean Asylum for the Insane was established in Somerville he was chosen as Resident Physician. The active country boy was eagerly searching for creatures and specimens, and learning facts such as interested him in Chelmsford woods and along the Merrimac. He was sent to Exeter Academy, where he did not shine in the prescribed studies; but the boys were interested in him and his collections. The Harvard curriculum of classics and mathematics with elementary courses in chemistry and natural philosophy did not afford much grist to his mill, though in class or in the field or the library he knew what was for him. It is interesting to know that he graduated number fifty in a class of fifty-three. Of course the Medical School gave him the opportunities that he naturally desired. Dr. John Collins Warren made him his Demonstrator of Anatomy. There can be no doubt that he was a good one. Wyman took his degree as Doctor of Medicine in 1837. During his medical studies, and perhaps in the years immediately following, the youth eked out his slender resources by becoming a member of the Boston Fire Department, was noted for his prompt answer in person to the alarm, and "ran with the old tub." Though poor he was cheerful and independent. He cared for scientific investigation and seemed to have practised his profession for a very short time, or not at all.

Research work is not "paying," in the common use of the word, though a Wyman or an Agassiz believed such a life profitable to the world and delightful to him who pursues it. Material and apparatus make it a source of expense. Fortunately Wyman's fertile mind and delicate and skilful hand devised and made what he needed. Once wishing to demonstrate to his audience in a large hall an exceedingly delicate movement — the ciliary motion, like waving rye, of the microscopic epithelium of a frog's

windpipe — he contrived a cunning instrument that made the motion visible to all. Wyman early established a name in the scientific world by his published contributions of papers, clear and novel. Friends of Dr. Rufus Wyman, after his death, already recognizing his son's calibre, and aware of his very limited means, gladly and unasked gave pecuniary aid, which he, recognizing it as a contribution to Science, not to him, simply accepted.

Two years after taking his medical degree, Wyman was chosen Curator of the Lowell Institute, and the following year lectured there. The gift from his father's friends made it possible for him to go abroad and follow the lectures of the great physiologists in Paris, and in London to hear Owen and study his collections of comparative anatomy. It was not merely dry bones that Wyman cared for; it was rather vital processes and the advances made by living organisms through adaptation.

Soon after his return from Europe Wyman was called to teach Anatomy in Richmond, Virginia. After four years, he returned to Cambridge to fill the position of Hersey Professor of Anatomy in the Medical School. Wherever he went his keen eyes were open for specimens for his growing collection of comparative anatomy, or, better, zoölogy.

Dr. Wyman was tall and slender; his look bespoke him a scholar rather than an athlete, though his eye was quick and his motions alert. His devotion to his experiments whether with scalpel, microscope, or chemical reagents, or coarser bone-boiling, kept him too long indoors under unhealthy conditions. This resulted in lung threatenings, and southward winter excursions, with his eager collecting, became essential to him. Mr. John M. Forbes invited him on more than one occasion to join him in a refreshing hunting trip. Walking along the banks of the great, gleaming St. John's River they came suddenly on a huge alligator dozing. Mr. Forbes fired, and at close range. The monster, though badly wounded, started for his native element, but a few feet away, below the steep bank. In an instant Wyman was astride of him, probably behind the forelegs, and just as he was reaching the edge, drove his hunting-knife between the scales, and with anatomist's security, between the base of the skull and the first

vertebra, instantly severing the *medulla oblongata*, the vital *nexus*. Exact knowledge was safety and power. He knew just how far the furious sweep of the tail could reach. At Wyman's lectures we used to see the great skeleton, suspended aloft, of the dragon, but the Saint George never mentioned the fight. Years afterward Mr. Forbes told me the story. On this occasion Wyman began the investigation of the Florida shell-heaps. Mr. Robert Bennet Forbes, the elder of the brothers, on another occasion took Dr. Wyman, and, I think, Mr. George Peabody, on his yacht to the Antilles and the northern shore of South America where Surinam toads, their infants in pouches on their backs, and "jiggers," and huge constrictors or small venomous serpents could be dissected or bottled. Most careful observation of the life-history and modes of function of all these creatures preceded the minute study of their structure. So Wyman's knowledge and collections grew apace. But where to put them was the question. He bided his time.

In these days, Pouchet, of Rouen, had startled Science, resting assured in the doctrine *Omne vivum ab ovo*, by his *Théorie positive de l'ovulation spontanée*, which stirred to investigation the young peasant-born Pasteur, who had just taken his degree. Between these champions an honourable contest began. For years each capped the other's latest experiment by one with more subtle precautions against error. Wyman himself began experimenting, as always, with open mind and great technical ingenuity. In the end he found that in his sterilized liquids no signs of organic life would appear, however long they were kept, if properly sealed, and afterwards boiled for five consecutive hours, and his independent research confirmed Pasteur's result.

Meantime Darwin's unorthodox theories had startled not only the religious, but the naturalists. Wyman read them with interest the more keen because of his own remarkable knowledge of comparative anatomy, its foreshadowings, tendencies; also its superfluous relics of organs once needed.

At the college, he gave, at this period, a course (elective) on Comparative Anatomy, but he fortunately construed his office so liberally that Comparative Physiology was included, and he gave

to us students of that day, who had no knowledge of the animal structure and function, not only the elements in a most interesting way, but a brief and clear account of the state of the contest on both battle-fields of the day, namely, that of generation and of evolution. The evidence from experiment of each contestant was fairly given. He liked to have us come down and question him after the lecture — an unknown occurrence in any other class-room — and it was natural that we should say, "And what do *you* believe?" (having heard how hotly Agassiz opposed Darwin's teaching); but he always said with quiet modesty, "The evidence is not all in. We must suspend judgment until it is, and hold our minds open."

Our good Dr. Asa Gray, orthodox church member as he was, had great respect for this admirable man of science. In a letter to Darwin he calls him "my crony, Wyman," and says: "You should study Wyman's observations in his own papers. He is always careful to keep his inferences close to his facts, and is as good an experimenter, I judge, as he is an observer. . . . I think he has not at all pronounced in favour of spontaneous generation, but I will bet on his experiments against Pasteur any day." Of course this referred to his ingenuity and skill, not to partizanship.

The good Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, a man of a very different type from Wyman, impulsive to rashness, demonstrative, a born reformer, came upon him in the Saranac wilds. Yet they met on common ground. He wrote: "The woods! They are the elixir of life for me, and I was thankful to meet Dr. Jeffries Wyman here, among the wilds, for the same object as myself, namely, not for 'sport,' but for communion with Nature. He is now at a pretty camp, where he passed, three years since, one of the happiest weeks of his life with his wife, who recently died. . . . He is alone with one guide. . . . I like him. He is learned, and loves truth. He is free, and is no bigot, though a deeply religious man. I never meet him but I think it a Godsend; the moral and intellectual qualities are both so highly trained, and he is such a fund of information. He has counted no less than forty species of birds around his camp. He is quietly studying the sand-waves as they roll upon his little beach, and argues back from them to the ripple-

marks of ancient sandstone. He has measured the largest, or among the largest of boulders in the known world, now resting on the shores of the lake. . . . Finally and naturally, we turned from nature to the God of nature, and we discoursed on the tendency of modern materialistic philosophy to refer all force to the sun. . . . I was glad he agreed with me as to the utter folly of stopping short at any bound, save the Invisible Living God."

A few years later, Mr. Emerson had the opportunity of acquaintance with Wyman in the same region, the camp on Follansbee Pond. He sketched him in his notebook thus: —

JEFFRIES WYMAN

Science and sense
Without pretence,
He did what he essayed.
His level gun will hit the white,
His cautious tongue will speak the right,
Of that be none afraid.

Stillman, of course, knew him at the camp. He says: "Amongst the evolutionists whom I have known there have been several who did not accept without modification the theory of natural selection, and supplemented it by design, amongst whom I may mention the great American botanist, Asa Gray, — one of the most distinguished of Darwinians, — who accepted the method of evolution as the *modus operandi* of the Supreme Intelligence. Professor Jeffries Wyman, the associate of Agassiz in the University, who was one of the doctors of our Adirondack company, accepted in a qualified manner the theory of evolution, but his premature and lamented death set the seal to his conclusions before they were complete, though I have always had the impression that his position was similar to that of Gray. To my question one day as to his conclusions, he replied, — with a caution characteristic of the man, and very unlike the resolute attitude of Agassiz before the question which the Sphinx proposes still, — 'An evolution of some sort there certainly was,' but nothing more would he say. The loss to American Science in his death can never be estimated, for his mind was of that subtle and inductive nature which is needed for such study, fine to poetic delicacy, penetrating

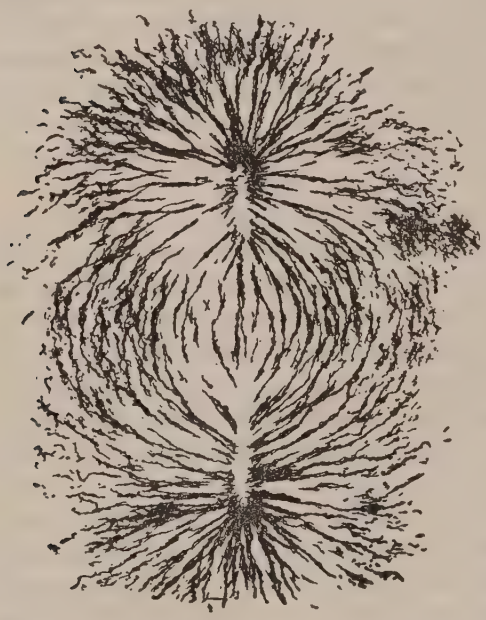
with all the acumen of a true scientific imagination, but modest to excess, and personally so attached to Agassiz that he would with reluctance give expression to a difference from him, though that he did differ was no occasion for abatement of their mutual regard. Wyman's was the poetry of scientific research, Agassiz's its prose, and they offered a remarkable example of mental antithesis, from which, had Wyman lived, much might have been expected through their association in study. Wyman had all the delicacy of a fine feminine organization, wedded unfortunately to a fragile constitution, but the friendship he held for the robust and dominating character of the great Switzer was to the utmost reciprocated. And Agassiz's disposition was as generous as large. He had absolutely no scientific jealousy or sectarian feeling."

At about the time when the Civil War began, the friendly doctors, Wyman and Weir Mitchell, were investigating serpent-poison with no purpose, beyond pure science, than beneficence. No venom was used in denunciation by Wyman at that excited period; he only laments the secession of Virginia, in a letter to Mitchell, "because we have both lost our easiest supply of rattlesnakes." He congratulates himself that he still had the bullfrog,[1] and regrets that the rattlesnakes had not been allowed to vote on the question of secession.

No one of us undergraduates who attended Wyman's course, so impersonally and modestly given, with ingenious yet simplest original experiments, failed to be interested. "Symmetry and Homology in Animal Structure" did not sound exciting. Yet when this master showed us prevailing right-and-left symmetry and also, in some low articulates, a fore-and-aft symmetry as perfect as was possible and yet have the organism not paralyzed through having a captain at each end, — that stirred us. But when he threw some iron-filings on a thin sheet of pasteboard with a straight magnet beneath it, then tapped the pasteboard gently and the filings sprang into a complete symmetry on each side of the long axis, never crossing it; and into two centres of arrange-

[1] The bullfrog, because of its size, was much valued for animal experimentation. No such large frog is found in Europe, and Agassiz obtained a great many valuable contributions from foreign *savants* for his Museum in exchange for large consignments of bullfrogs.

ment, fore and aft of the transverse axis, suggesting the shoulder- and the pelvic-girdles with fore- and hind-leg suggestions, and perhaps a tendency to round into a head at each end — that thrilled us. It was to us what has been called the "I see!" method, making us take the leap to a conclusion. But the master quietly said that this was interesting and suggestive. He then took a Y-shaped magnet and repeated the experiment. Instantly we had the sketch of the "Ritta Christina monstrosity"— twin babies with but one pair of legs and separated into individuals above the pelvis.



Wyman's scientific papers — always reports of original observations stated with beautiful clearness, never contentious, never with hasty generalizations — were abundant and received with respect in Europe as here. His pupil, Dr. Wilder, speaking of his patient caution in judging any theory founded on what seemed new indications, says: "His statements were always received as gospel by both parties to a controversy. He might not tell the whole truth, for he might not see it at the time, but what he did tell was nothing but the truth so far as it went. He did not allow his imagination to outstrip his observation."

In 1866, Mr. George Peabody, whom Dr. Holmes called, "The friend of all his race — God bless him!" endowed the Museum of American Archæology, having particular reference to the antiquities illustrating the history of the aborigines of America. Wyman, who had himself made extensive researches in this field,

was seen to be the one man for its Curator. Dr. Holmes thus tells of his zeal and ingenuity: "How many skulls, broken so as to be past praying for, he has made whole; how many Dagons, or other divinities, shattered past praying to, he has restored entire to their pedestals, let the myope who can find the cracks where his cunning hand has joined the fragments tell us. His manipulation of a fractured bone from a barrow or a shell-heap was as wonderful in its way as the dealing of Angelo Mai with the scraps of a tattered palimpsest."

On one occasion Dr. Wyman, accompanied by Elliot Cabot, came up to Concord to examine a spot on a bluff above the Musketaquid where, just below the thin turf, rather extensive layers of charcoal and calcined mussel-shells show long-repeated Indian feasts. It especially interested the Doctor because, at that time, it was the only "shell-heap" which he had seen where the insipid fresh-water mussel formed the fish course of the banquet — possibly it was on an Indian "day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer." As we dug with hoes or fingers along the edge of the bluff, Dr. Wyman picked up a brown, moulded, triangular object resembling a bit of decayed knot of wood. Instantly, "Ulna of a deer!" exclaimed he; then, blushing like a girl, as if he had been "showing off," he, as it were, apologized to me by saying, "They seem to have been a tit-bit. I often find them in shell-heaps." It was an incident characteristic of his ready knowledge and modesty.

Dr. Holmes paid this high tribute to the memory of Wyman: "His word would be accepted on a miracle." Of the latter years of his friend he said: "So he went on working . . . quietly, happily, not stimulated by loud applause, not striking the public eye with any glitter to be seen afar off, but with a mild halo about him, which was as real to those with whom he had his daily walk and conversation as the nimbus round a saint's head in an altar-piece."

His strength gradually ebbed, and he died at Bethlehem, New Hampshire, September 4, 1874, having just completed his sixtieth year.

E. W. E.

Chapter XIV

1867

We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
Even to the death: else wherefore should the eye
Of man converse with immortality?

WORDSWORTH

IN Longfellow's *Memoir*, by his brother, is recorded: "On New Year's Day Longfellow was greeted by a letter from Tennyson with these pleasant words: 'We English and Americans should all be brothers as none other among nations can be; and some of us, come what may, will always be so, I trust.'"

Mr. Fields's record shows a scant attendance at the first Club dinner of the year. Mr. Lincoln, then Mayor of Boston, was his guest, whom he speaks of as "a capital mayor and a gentleman."

On the 27th of February, Longfellow's sixtieth birthday, Lowell brought and read this tribute: —

"I need not praise the sweetness of his song,
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

"With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

"As I muse backward up the checkered years
Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,
Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears, —
But hush! this is not for profaner ears;
Let them drink molten pearls nor dream the cost.

"Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,
As naught but nightshade grew upon Earth's ground;

Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more
Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door
Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

"Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade
Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with sun,
So through his trial faith translucent rayed
Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed
A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

"Surely if skill in song the shears may stay,
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.

"Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be;
May Age steal on with softly-cadenced feet
Falling in music, as for him were meet
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!"

In May occurred, as Colonel Charles Francis Adams tells us in his memoir of R. H. Dana, "what promised for a time to be one of the great state trials of history — the arraignment of Jefferson Davis on the charge of high treason" before the United States Circuit Court at Richmond. Dana was appointed as counsel for the United States. He was associated with William M. Evarts. "Mr. Davis had, since his capture, been held in close confinement at Fortress Monroe, and it was felt the time had come when he should either be tried or released on bail. The course finally pursued towards him is matter of history. . . . That, under all the circumstances, it was the proper, and, indeed, the only course to be pursued, no one longer questions. At the moment Dana, as counsel, strongly recommended it; for, though necessarily in any trial which might have taken place, he must have occupied a large position in the public eye, he was too genuine a man and too good a lawyer, as well as patriot, to weigh in the balance a little cheap personal notoriety or professional reputation against the almost national ignominy involved in having the last scene of the great civil struggle fought out over a criminal charge against an indi-

vidual, to be tried before a petit jury of Virginians in the United States District Court-Room at Richmond."[1]

Mr. Forbes — who, early in the spring, had travelled in the South, taking great pains to find out how much real loyal sentiment was there among the local planters, and how the young men, soldiers, and others, who had bought land and were trying the experiment of themselves becoming planters,[2] were getting on — became very anxious about the Reconstruction problem, as were also Dana and Governor Andrew. They wished that some of our best citizens, patriotic and also tactful, like Charles G. Loring, Martin Brimmer, and J. Ingersoll Bowditch, should meet in sane and civil conference on the *status quo* some of the leading Southern citizens.

In the end of May, Forbes wrote to C. G. Loring of the "great need of vigorous organization for the coming four months. The Rebel States will send thirty to fifty more Representatives than before. If we let them send all Democrats, we increase immeasurably the danger of the closely contested States of the North going wrong at the next election. With moderate exertion we can divide the South now and neutralize the power for evil." This correspondence, and active exertion which followed, succeeded in forming a Reconstruction Association within a week, and immediately a meeting was held at Governor Bullock's to complete arrangements, raise funds, and appoint a committee to go to Richmond and meet the Virginia committee. It appears that the committee returned from Richmond quite cheered up; also with their reception in Philadelphia; "and all agree that the convention was brought into harmony by the outside influences thus applied."

On the 1st of May, Emerson writes in his journal the names of fifty friends and relatives to whom he is appropriately sending copies of his *May Day* — the second volume of his poems — on that happy festival.

[1] The charge of complicity in the assassination of Lincoln was, happily, dropped. There was no evidence.

[2] Among these were Colonel Daniel Chamberlain (later Governor of South Carolina), Major Henry L. Higginson, Mr. Edward M. Cary, Captain Channing Clapp, Lieutenants Garth Wilkinson James and Robertson James, the sons of Mr. Henry James.

He also wrote in the journal: —
"Nature sings, —

> He lives not who can refuse me,
> All my force saith, Come and use me!
> A May-day sun, a May-day rain
> And all the zone is green again."

Fifty years before, Mr. Emerson had startled many of his hearers assembled at Cambridge to hear the annual Phi Beta Kappa Oration, and, the next year, shocked or pained many by the message which, after earnest thought, he felt bound to give, in response to their call, to the young men graduating from the Harvard Divinity School. Now, after a half-century, the doors of the University were once more opened to him and again he gave the Phi Beta Kappa Oration.

The kindly and wise Professor Gurney, who in this year was chosen into the Club, makes this comment on the occasion in a letter written to Miss Jane Norton: "You have seen the report of Mr. Emerson in the *Daily* [*Advertiser*]. Unhappily, as is the way with Mr. E.'s reporters, he missed some of the most striking sentences. They were not as many as when he is at his best, and I was not sorry that your brother remained among the Ashfield hills and views. They are more unfailing spirits than Mr. Emerson, even, whose face gave me more pleasure to see than his words to hear.[1] I had hoped that, as his mind went back to the day when he before addressed the Phi Beta Kappa, ran over the spiritual growth of the generation since — so much more striking than all its material progress of which we hear so much — in which he had been so potent, that he would be inspired to tell us how the change impressed him. Very likely the story can be told better from without, and one would like, perhaps, to hear Mont Blanc or Tournay Cathedral revealing, even unconsciously, how they have ennobled men. Mr. Emerson's influence seems to me to have resembled that of some such masterpiece of nature or

[1] Unhappily for this occasion, when Mr. Emerson rose to read his address, he found that he had lost his glasses on which he was becoming dependent. He had so much difficulty that it marred his delivery, and during the first half-hour he struggled on discouraged. Fortunately some kind soul then lent him glasses and the last part of the address went well.

art. The burden of his tale, too, is ever the same, but how much fresher it remains than the variety of any of his contemporaries. Think, then, of the work of a great architect who speaks to men with the same distinctness, the same purity, the same elevation for thirty times thirty years. As I think of it, it makes me sad to believe that your brother's vision of what might be done here or at Yale will not meet a sympathetic response. Let us believe that men will not answer his call to provide for the welfare of future generations because they are more concerned with the needs of the present.[1]

"I wish you could have seen Mr. Lowell preside at the dinner. He is a braw man, indeed, when he is arrayed for such State occasions, and alike unapproachable in wit and courtesy."

As from 1866 through 1867 the friction-heat between President Johnson and Congress grew greater, the generous mind of the ex-Governor grew more aloof from the controversial proceedings. Mr. Henry G. Pearson in his biography quotes him as having said that all the combatants "will have to yield something of what they have said in favour of what, in the calm depth of their own souls, they will all find themselves to believe: and in this remark I include President Johnson himself." He frankly said what he considered the necessary conditions of peace: "The black man must be treated as a citizen, or he must be exterminated. The ex-Rebels must be treated as citizens, or they must be exterminated. Amnesty to the Rebels and political rights to the black man constitute the obverse and reverse of the shield. Any scheme which omits either is empiricism and not philosophy." The friction of a one-sided course of legislation and action being thus removed, he believed the race question would solve itself naturally.

The good ex-Governor interested himself in, in fact set on foot, the Land Agency, confident that the economic would be a better road to follow than the political. Thus, as has been said, he tried to help the Governor of Alabama to get loans from Northern

[1] Probably Mr. Norton had urged that, in building the Hall to keep before the minds of coming generations the spirit and sacrifice of the young scholars in the war for Freedom and Country, the Alumni should remember the lavish munificence of Florence in creating a building that should cheer and elevate her citizens for ages.

merchants and others, but the bitterness of the strife still rankled on both sides, and the experiments of Northern ex-soldiers, now colonists and planters, resulted "in loss of the entire investment; in many cases of their entire fortunes."

As Sumner's senatorial term neared its close, many good Massachusetts men wished that Andrew should succeed him. But Andrew would not think of having his name used in opposition to his honoured friend. Some mischief-makers tried to make trouble between them by false quotations of Sumner. In answer came a prompt denial from the Senator, expressing his long affection and respect, adding: "I have often said that whenever Andrew desires my place, I shall not be in his way. . . . Yet there are two objects which I should like to see accomplished before I quit; one is the establishment of our Government on the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and the other is the revision of international maritime law. But I would give up readily opportunities which I value, if I could in this way gratify an old friend and a valuable public character like Andrew."

The Presidential election was to occur in the next year, and the people at large were already feeling that Grant should now lead them, and, in October, hopes were excited in Massachusetts that for once a first-class man should hold the office of Vice-President — their own Andrew. *Diis aliter visum.*

Although the Governor — as it was natural still to call one whose rectitude, courage, and strong sense had nobly upheld the honour of Massachusetts through the years of the great war — had been refreshed by a month's driving journey with his friend Cyrus Woodman in New Brunswick, his strength was intermittent and gave warning of danger. But he worked bravely on until, on the 30th of October, his release came from a brain-stroke almost as mercifully sudden as those of his young soldiers shot dead in battle.

Mr. Pearson, his biographer, tells us how, when the news spread to the homes of his humble neighbours on the reverse slope of Beacon Hill, they, sharing the universal feeling of "sorrow less for the power than the goodness that was gone from the world, . . . crowded the street before the house; during the funeral services

they stood humbly in the rear of the church and outside it, and walked by the hearse all the way to Mount Auburn."

Governor Andrew was not of old Boston lineage. He had come from the pleasant Hingham shore and made his way in the city, and while none questioned his loyalty and integrity, many leading citizens had been anxious as to his cool judgment and whether he was a man to measure with the great emergency that immediately faced him. But these very men — Colonel Henry Lee, for instance, who gave most valuable service on his staff — came to speak of him thus: —

"Governor Andrew, our great 'War-Governor,' — the Governor who was the first to prepare for war, the first to prepare for peace, the first to urge the policy of emancipation as a war measure, the first to insist upon the right and duty of the coloured men to bear arms, feeling that not only the liberties of the coloured men, but the destinies of the Country itself were involved in this question. When, after two years' delay, the official sanction was granted, he hastened to organize regiments, to watch over them and contend for their rights, — promised and withheld.

"While we were often moody and vexed and dejected, he always seemed cheery and confident. . . . The Lord helped his unbelief; he maintained his own hope and faith and encouraged his weaker brethren.

"President Lincoln is reported to have exclaimed, upon Governor Andrew's leaving his room after one of his many visits: 'There goes the Governor who gives me the most help and the most trouble.'"

He was in the habit of visiting New York and conferring with Southerners at the New York Hotel; had he lived, his mediation would have been important. "As to his political sagacity, it seemed to me marvellous. He had a passionate love of his Country and of its people; he had but to look into his own heart to read theirs; his eye was single, his whole body full of light; he scouted all schemes of party, all passing popular impulses, and boldly advocated measures which would receive the ultimate and permanent approval of the people; hence his death was a great relief

to scheming and petty politicians and a great grief to unpartisan, patriotic citizens.

"His farewell address to the Legislature surprised even his friends by its breadth of view and its boldness; he laid down the conditions, the only conditions, upon which peace and goodwill could be established, the conditions which, after ten years' floundering and theorizing, were finally adopted. He had that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin; his cordial frankness disarmed prejudice and inspired confidence and friendship, so that when he died, among the men who first came forward to the relief of his family were some who had regarded his accession to office with dismay and contempt. The most pathetic and heartfelt obituary of him was in the columns of the *Post* on the day of his funeral."

In his charming memoir of Colonel Lee, Mr. John T. Morse says: —

"Governor Andrew now dwells in the serene atmosphere of apotheosis; the children of the men of that generation have put him into Valhalla. But he seemed no candidate for such blissful quarters when he was elected Governor. Boston's high society distrusted him as a fanatic, an enthusiast, a sentimentalist, a dreamer of dreams very objectionable in the peculiar circumstances of the times. They doubted his practical good sense and deemed his election unfortunate for the Country.

"Work began at once. But it is needless to repeat the hundred-times-told tale of Governor Andrew's military preparations, the glory whereof has since been comfortably adopted by Massachusetts as her own, — by right of eminent domain, perhaps, — whereas in fact nearly all Massachusetts derided and abused him at the time, and the glory was really as much his individual property as were his coat and hat."

The mourning for the Governor was in no wise official or perfunctory. Men as widely apart in temperament and in point of view as Francis W. Bird and Robert C. Winthrop learned to trust and honour him. Mr. Bird, speaking of the friends, Dr. Howe and Governor Andrew, and their modesty, said: "Of all the great and good men whom I have known John A. Andrew was the only one

who seemed so unconscious that his own agency was of the slightest importance to the work in which he was engaged, and yet both devoted themselves to their work with as much earnestness and zeal as if they felt that the result depended upon their own personal efforts. Duty was theirs; results were with God."

This is the poem that Whittier sent when the statue of the loved and honoured War-Governor was unveiled in Hingham in 1875:—

"Behold the shape our eyes have known!
It lives once more in changeless stone;
So looked in mortal face and form
Our guide through peril's deadly storm.

"But hushed the beating heart we knew,
That heart so tender, brave, and true,
Firm as the rooted mountain rock,
Pure as the quarry's whitest block!

"Not his beneath the blood-red star
To win the soldier's envied scar;
Unarmed he battled for the right,
In Duty's never-ending fight.

"Unconquered will, unslumbering eye,
Faith such as bids the martyr die;
The prophet's glance, the master's hand
To mould the work his foresight planned.

"These were his gifts; what Heaven had lent
For justice, mercy, truth, he spent,
First to avenge the traitorous blow,
And first to lift the vanquished foe.

"Lo, thus he stood; in danger's strait
The pilot of the Pilgrim State!"

To go back a little, Longfellow in his journal in the autumn of this year had given a glimpse of the Club and its guests, as well as the honours paid to the poet for his faithful interpretation of Dante; also other notes of interesting doings in Boston in which the members appear:—

"October 26th. At the Club dinner, many strangers. Among

them, Lord Amberley, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Vogeli. Lord A. is son of Earl Russell. Mr. H. is in the Colonial Office; . . . Mr. V. is a Frenchman, living in Brazil, who has come to Cambridge to translate Agassiz's new book on Brazil. . . . During dinner, a wreath of choice flowers was brought to Longfellow from Mrs. Fields, Mrs. Stowe, and Lady Amberley. . . .

"November 20th. Dined with Dr. Holmes. On my way, stopped at the Parker House to see Dickens (just arrived from England) whom I found very well and most cordial. It was right pleasant to see him again, after so many years — twenty-five! He looks somewhat older, but is as elastic and quick in his movement as ever. At Holmes's we had the Earl of Camperdown, Lord Morley, and Mr. Cowper; all very agreeable gentlemen.

"21st. Young Holmes called with Lord C., who brings me a letter from Motley, and whom I like very much. Dined with Fields — a dinner of welcome to Dickens.

"22nd. In town. Passed through the Public Garden, and saw Story's statue of Everett, which is good.

"28th. Thanksgiving-day. Dickens came out to a quiet family dinner.

"29th. In the afternoon Agassiz came to read us the sheets of his closing chapters on Brazil."

I forget which one of the Club it was who gave this reminiscence: "Charles Dickens dined with us during his second visit in 1867. He compounded a 'jug' (*anglice*), or pitcher as we call it, of the gin punch for which his father was famous. No witch at her incantation could be more rapt in her task than Dickens was in his as he stooped over the drink he was mixing."

Fields delighted in sporting with Dickens, with whom he was on most intimate terms, as well appears in his *Yesterdays with Authors*.

At the Dickens dinner mentioned above, Mr. Grattan, the English Consul, gracefully said that "the Chairman's four *Vices* were as good as the four virtues of any other man." Holmes, Hillard, Ellis Gray Loring, and Thomas J. Stevenson were the vice-presidents.

Hard as it was to draw Whittier from his country home, Dickens

nearly accomplished this feat, unintentionally. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fields while giving his readings in Boston. Mrs. Fields tells the story: "To our surprise, he wrote to ask if he could possibly get a seat to hear him. 'I see there is a crazy rush for tickets.' A favourable answer was despatched to him as soon as practicable, but he had already repented of the indiscretion. 'My dear Fields,' he wrote, 'up to the last moment I have hoped to occupy the seat so kindly promised me for this evening. But I find I must give it up. Gladden with it the heart of some poor wretch who dangled and shivered in vain in your long *queue* the other morning. I must read my *Pickwick* alone, as the Marchioness played cribbage.'"

Mrs. Fields gives a delightful note on the subject of the popularity of Whittier's "Tent on the Beach." "'Think,' he says, 'of bagging in this tent of ours an unsuspecting public at the rate of a thousand a day? This will never do. The swindle is awful. Barnum is a saint to us. I am bowed with a sense of guilt, ashamed to look an honest man in the face. But Nemesis is on our track; somebody will puncture our tent yet, and it will collapse like a torn balloon.'"

In November, Ticknor and Fields, who had published Longfellow's translation of the *Divina Commedia*, gave a dinner to the poet in honour of the completion of this long task. For him it had been a resource for alleviation of overwhelming grief. To his friend the German poet Freiligrath he wrote: "Of what I have been through, during the last six years, I dare not venture to write even to you; it is almost too much for any man to bear and live. I have taken refuge in this translation of the *Divine Comedy*, and this may give it perhaps an added interest in your sight."

When one remembers how Longfellow and Lowell cared for the great Florentine's triple vision, a strange and moving contrast is found in Dr. Holmes's feeling. His correspondence with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe — who had spiritually survived, unscathed, immersion of her family for generations in cruel Calvinism — shows how his tender and impressionable nature was haunted from childhood with sermons he had heard, or books read then.

Writing to this lady in the end of this year and speaking of the

Dante readings at which he had been present, he says: "I believe I did not go to one of the *Inferno* seances; [to but] one or two of the *Purgatorio*, the others all *Paradiso*. How often have I said, talking with Lowell, almost the same things you say about the hideousness, the savagery, of that mediæval nightmare! Theodore of Abyssinia ought to sleep with it under his pillow, as Alexander slept with the Iliad."[1]

Again Longfellow records: —

"December, 1867. Saturday Club. William Everett there, who said that while his father was member of Congress and was at one time returning to Boston, he was stopped in the street as he passed through Philadelphia by a haggard man wrapped in a cloak. 'I am Aaron Burr,' said the figure, 'and I pray you to petition Congress to aid me in my misery.' Mr. Everett replied that the Member from his own District was the person to whom to apply. 'I know that,' was the sad rejoinder, 'but the others are all strangers to me. I pray you to help me.' After some reflection, Mr. Everett promised to try to do something in his behalf. Fortunately, however, he was released by death, before Congress was again in session.

"Mr. Quincy[2] was much interested in obtaining greater freedom for the city for merchandise over the Western railroads."

The Lyceum system at this period was a principal interest for a winter's evening alike in city and village throughout the land. From New England and New York it had spread far westward and somewhat southward, though into no "slave State" except in the city of St. Louis. Agassiz, Dana, Holmes, Whipple, Emerson, Sumner too on occasion, were glad thus to increase their incomes, and also try on their audiences their recent writings which, pruned, or enlarged, and polished, later appeared as essays. Dana, and particularly Holmes, disliked the process, especially the billeting in country taverns or in the chill best bedroom of the house of the

[1] I remember hearing the good Doctor once, in a medical lecture, speak in an almost impassioned way of parents putting into the hands of imaginative children the *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan, with its City of Destruction, and black, horned Apollyon barring Christian's way, and Giant Despair. Yet most children of our generation, I think, found it interesting.

[2] Presumably our associate Edmund Quincy.

"curator." Holmes's asthma, when away from his beloved city, often proved distressing. Emerson, though undergoing great exposure in long drives on wintry prairies, enjoyed seeing the growing country and meeting the prospering sons of Concord farmers, and always returned refreshed.

Holmes, this year, in an amusing letter to Fields from Montreal, on his way home from a varied experience, utters the following among many groans about his adventures on this tour: [1] —

"I am as comfortable here as I can be, but I have earned my money, for I have had my full share of my old trouble. . . . Don't talk to me about taverns! There is just one genuine, decent thing occasionally to be had in them — namely, a boiled egg. The soups *taste* pretty good sometimes, but their sources are involved in a darker mystery than that of the Nile. Omelettes taste as if they had been carried in the waiter's hat, or fried in an old boot. I ordered scrambled eggs one day. It must be they had been scrambled for by *somebody*, but who — who in possession of a sound reason could have scrambled for what I had set before me under that name? . . . Then the waiters with their napkins — what don't they do with those napkins! Mention any one thing of which you think you can say with truth, '*That* they do not do.'

"I have really a fine parlour, but every time I enter it I perceive that

Still, sad 'odour' of humanity

which clings to it from my predecessor. . . . Every six months a tavern should burn to the ground with all its traps, 'its properties,' its beds, its pots and kettles, and start afresh. . . ."

Mr. Emerson, brought up to hardihood, fulfilled his engagements regardless of comfort and often at serious risk. Safely arrived in St. Louis in mid-December, he writes in his journal: "Yesterday morning in bitter cold weather I had the pleasure of crossing the Mississippi in a skiff with Mr. ——, we the sole passengers, and a man and a boy for oarsmen. I have no doubt they did their work better than the Harvard six could have done it, as much of the rowing was on the surface of fixed ice, in fault of

[1] *Life and Letters*, by John Torrey Morse.

running water. But we arrived without other accident than becoming almost fixed ice ourselves; but the long run to the Tepfer House, the volunteered rubbing of our hands by the landlord and clerks, and good fire restored us."

During this year the only member chosen into the Club was Ephraim Whitman Gurney, charming man and interesting scholar, Professor of Latin in Harvard University.

EPHRAIM WHITMAN GURNEY

In preparing to write a sketch of a scholar, and a professor eminent in his day in the University for his varied attainments and his success in teaching, also in administrative duties — more than all this, a man who won the respect and, one may almost say, the affectionate regard of the body of the students for a quarter of a century — it comes with a shock to find that hardly a word of written record remains. In the College library one finds only the baldest notice of his death, and two papers contributed by him to a magazine.[1] One of the best appointments that the University has ever made, his remembrance will pass away within twenty years when a few men, now elderly, die.

Nathan Gurney and his wife, of Abington, moved to Boston, where, in February, 1829, their son Ephraim was born. It is said that while it had been the plan that he should enter some business, a wish to go to college sprang up from the seed sown by his reading and religious inquiry. He was then eighteen, but set to the work of preparation, and in sixteen months entered Harvard. He won good rank, and graduated in 1852. Then sickness interrupted his work for some few years. He made a broad plan of study, and, meanwhile, taught in private schools in Boston. In 1859, he was appointed Latin tutor at Cambridge and, it is said, doubted his fitness; but the fourth year from that time found him Assistant Professor. In the following year the writer, a sophomore, having passed from the teaching of the kindly George Noble, came into the even pleasanter atmosphere of Gurney's recitation-room. He understood boys, treated them in a friendly, companionable way, assuming that they were gentlemen, and could be interested in the matter they were reading, and did his part with good success towards accomplishing this result. He was never petty, but could with a look and a word check incipient disorder. While we were translating Cicero's Letters, Mr. Gurney would throw in here and there some little bit of domestic or social mention about the Ro-

[1] There are, however, very pleasing notices of him in the President's *Annual Report.*

man to whom the letter was addressed, or who was alluded to, which made us feel that, with the freedom of an intimate bachelor-friend, he dropped in to supper informally at any Palatine or Æsquiline home he pleased, and knew the way to them now.

Meet him in the Faculty room (where he sat as chairman of the Parietal Committee) when summoned for discipline, or call on him in his room on an errand — he was always genial.[1] His face beamed through his glasses. *He actually liked college boys.* When talked to about some student, he always seemed to have some personal notion about each. He knew human nature and believed in it. This was the secret of his success with happy-go-lucky boys whom he kindly and understandingly admonished. They at once respected and liked him. He recognized that they were "in the green-apple stage," and allowed for that.

In President Eliot's expansion of the College to a University, Gurney was a counsellor and a helper, and in the first breaking-up of the old ice he was made Dean. He had been appointed Assistant Professor of Philosophy during the Presidency of Dr. Hill, and when Mr. Eliot came to the presidency he had recently been made University Professor of History.

Of Gurney as Dean President Eliot says: "To the discharge of his new and delicate functions Professor Gurney brought ready tact and insight, unfailing courtesy and common firmness, much experience and a quick and sound judgment." There was "unanimous appreciation by the Governing Boards of his success. . . . His writing was clear, thoughtful, and cogent; more valuable as the work of one, not merely a theorist, but who wrote under responsibility, and who was taking daily active part in the matters which he discussed. He moulded the office and headed it for six years, then resigned to go to Europe with his wife for a stay of some duration."

A writer in the *Nation* wrote at the time of Gurney's death: "When Eliot became President in 1870 he knew his man as the one who could not only be a friendly adviser of boys in their studies, but also in their sports: he also dealt with the penal side of college discipline." This was, of course, the strongest test of his

[1] No photograph that I have seen does any justice to Mr. Gurney's pleasant face.

popularity, but the writer says that "the parents of many a youth who . . . found the strait and narrow way of industry and economy hard to follow in college life can bear testimony to the consideration and tenderness and the wisdom with which the stern duties of the Dean were discharged. No man whose own career had been, as Mr. Gurney's had, one of rigid self-denial and untiring labour ever had more sympathy for and generosity in dealing with the errors and shortcomings of wayward youngsters, or knew better how to make words of warning words of hope and encouragement."

Mr. Gurney married, rather late in life, Miss Ellen Hooper, who, some years earlier, I was told, had been in a Latin class which he conducted in the Agassiz School. She was the sister of our member Edward W. Hooper. After their simple marriage ceremony, at the bride's home at Beverly Farms, Mr. Gurney and his wife returned to Boston, and, it is said, thence walked out to pleasant Shady Hill, where the Nortons during their absence allowed them to make their first home. Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, who, as Ida Agassiz, had been a close friend of Miss Hooper, spoke thus of the Gurneys: "He was wisdom incarnate. He could look all round things. His charity enclosed mankind. He was so quiet that he was not a marked person in society. With his wife, an equally beautiful character, he was always wise and sweet." They were childless. She outlived him. Like her husband, she was a devoted and remarkable scholar and reader, which gave them much pleasure together; but they were unselfish, always friendly and helpful, and living simply. They joyfully pursued studies together, and together they led a perfectly happy life, though both died untimely.

Henry Higginson said of this household, "The Gurneys' house became, more than before, a place that young students could go to," and quoted a wise teacher, on causes favourable to education, to this effect: "If a young man has a friendship with a cultivated woman, then his education is on a good road." "To go to that home was a liberal culture, not only in 'the humanities,' but in human relations at their best."

In 1860, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences chose Mr. Gurney a member and we are told in his memoir that he

found his place in the section of Philology and Archæology, but these studies and his classics were for him but steps to History. The breadth of Gurney's studies bore fruit in spacious ideas. He went on from the classic authors to the study of Roman Law, to understand better the history and influence of Rome. He got this branch introduced into Harvard. His studies in Philosophy show the results of his admirable preparation.[1]

The quality of the Gurneys and the security with which it could be counted on, as well as the degree of friendship, appears in this anecdote told by President Eliot. A student fell ill; the disease proved to be smallpox; he must at once be removed from the dormitory. The President at once went to this pair and said, "May I send the boy up here, and you come and live with us? Or shall I put him in my house and come up here to you?" One of these alternatives was immediately arranged between the friends.

Henry James, Jr., regretfully passing by the names of persons remarkable for power, nobility, or charm, whom he knew in Cambridge, speaks of "Exquisite Mrs. Gurney, of the infallible taste, the beautiful hands and the tragic fate; Gurney himself, for so long Dean of the Faculty at Harvard and trusted judge of all judgments, . . . they would delightfully adorn a page, and appease a piety that is still athirst, if I had n't to let them pass. Harshly condemned to let them pass, and looking wistfully after them as they go, how can I yet not have inconsequently asked them to turn a moment more before disappearing?"[2]

I find in Mr. Emerson's journal of 1868, probably written on returning from the Club dinner, this comment on members and guests: "Gurney seemed to me, in an hour I once spent with him, a fit companion. Holmes has some rare qualities. Horatio Greenough shone, but one only listened to him. Henry Hedge, George Ward [3] especially, and, if one could ever get over the fences, and actually on even terms, Elliot Cabot. There is an advantage of

[1] See his letter given by Professor James B. Thayer at the close of the latter's book, *The Letters of Chauncey Wright*, with whom Gurney used to discuss questions. With this man, by the testimony of all his friends, of extraordinary attainment, great intellect, and lovable qualities, Mr. Gurney was in close friendship during their comparatively short lives.

[2] *Memories of a Son and Brother.*

[3] George Cabot Ward, of New York, brother of Samuel Gray Ward.

being somewhat *in the chair* of the company — a little older and better-read — if one is aiming at searching thought. And yet, how heartily I could sit silent, purely listening, and receptive, beside a rich mind!"

Gurney kept " an open mind daily instructed by men and affairs." It was remarkable that he was at once a Fellow and a Professor, a high and very rare distinction.

Professor Torrey resigned the chair of McLean Professor of History, which he had filled with such fidelity, in 1886, and Mr. Gurney was appointed his successor; but it was too late. A wasting and painful disease had fixed itself upon him and he died before the end of the year.

Speaking of Mr. Gurney's work in the last few years of his life Professor Bartlett said, — "It had never been done so well before, and it could not be better done."

In the memories of most of the students for twenty-nine years he remained not only as admirable teacher, but as friendly man. But he left neither notes nor books. He had filled and delighted himself by study, and he had talked to his students and met their questions from the fulness of his knowledge, seeming to live in the subject of his discourse. A student, whom he had tutored, well said of Gurney's warming influence in the chilly atmosphere of Faculty relations, "One might feel affection going out of him and coming in from him." Some one said of Mr. Gurney that "he was never so happy as in the still air of delightful studies."

This very human philosopher and professor said, "I care much more about men than about man."

E. W. E.

Chapter XV

1868

Res nolunt diu male administrari

This want of adapted society is mutual. The man of thought, the man of letters, the man of science, the administrator skilful in affairs, the man of manners and culture, whom you so much wish to find — each of these is wishing to be found. Each wishes to open his thought, his knowledge, his social skill to the daylight in your company and affection, and to exchange his gifts for yours; and the first hint of a select and intelligent company is welcome.

EMERSON

IN Emerson's journal, the following words, written early in the year, show that the Reconstruction strife with the President reached even Concord: "What a divine beneficence attaches to Andrew Johnson! In six troubles, and in seven, he has been an angel to the Republican Party, delivering them out of their distresses." This recalls Mr. Pearson's sentence in his *Life* of Andrew: "Congress has set its trap for the President right in the path where his obstinacy and rashness were sure to lead him." The patriots of the Club, all anxious to have the Union restored on lines that should ensure justice, permanence, and good feeling, were still of varying shades of opinion before this most difficult problem. The long thunderstorm of war had not yet cleared the sky.

Mr. Forbes wrote in January to Goldwin Smith in England: "Last week our Republican Governor here, the successor of Andrew, has dared to nominate to the Chief Justiceship a pro-slavery Democrat who voted against emancipation, and this over Judge Hoar, the best judge and the best man in Massachusetts, now that we have lost our dear Governor Andrew. We are fighting this wretched backsliding. It is done on the miserable trimming pretence of giving the sham Democracy one judge; it is really a sop to the reactionists. . . . I fully expect to see Grant elected and thus gain four years of honest, firm administration in which to tide over the difficulties of reconstructing labour and society at the

South. I pity him his task and his danger of losing his splendid present position; but we need the four years for our safety and that of the blacks."

Two months later, having made a tour through several Southern States in the interval, and talked temperately and civilly with men of different politics and classes, white and black, Mr. Forbes wrote to Hon. W. P. Fessenden: "From this intercourse, making allowance for the prejudices of each class, I draw one unhesitating conclusion, that upon the unity and cohesion of the Republican Party, for the coming six months depends the fate of the Union men, black and white, and to a great extent the successful restoration of industry and order for years to come."

After a real peace should be restored, Mr. Forbes said, how long the party lived was very immaterial, "but for many years after such restoration the four million blacks will need something in the direction of a Freedmen's Bureau, not for charity, but for advice, and a sort of guardianship in their new rights and in securing some little education." He was anxious that this should *not* be too much of a charity, but should help these people to help themselves.

At this time, another entry in the journal by Mr. Emerson, now an Overseer of Harvard College, shows a symptom of the beneficent awakening at Cambridge, soon to come: "In the Board of Overseers . . . the Committee on Honorary Degrees reported unfavourably on all but the commanding names, and instantly the President and an ex-President pressed the action of the Corporation, acknowledging that these men proposed for honours were not very able or distinguished persons, but it was the custom to give these degrees without insisting on eminent merit. I remember that Dr. Follen, in his disgust at the Reverend and Honourable Doctors he saw in America, wished to drop the title and be called Mister."

In June, Mr. Adams, who had insisted on resigning his position, returned to private life in Quincy after his seven years' stay in England. Of the debt his Country owed her retired Minister, Lowell, after he had himself been Minister to England, said: "None of our generals in the field, not Grant himself, did better or

more trying service than he in his forlorn outpost of London. Cavour did hardly more for Italy." The change must have seemed great on other accounts than the leaving public life. As Mr. Morse, his biographer, says, a great gulf intervened between the United States of 1861 and of 1868. Mr. Adams wished to retire to quiet studies in the ancestral house at Quincy, and kept out of the political wrangle then going on, which disgusted him. Perhaps this attitude was the occasion of his not being immediately chosen into the Club, as, had he returned after his victory in the Confederate ironclad struggle, he surely must have been. Within a few months he was offered the presidency of Harvard University. He said he saw in himself "no especial fitness" for the office and declined.

Motley also returned in June from England, where he had lived for some months after leaving Vienna, and, with his family, established himself at No. 2, Park Street.

The historian of another brave and sturdy Republic lent his voice and influence to history-in-the-making at a critical period in his own country. The Presidential campaign began, and Motley, invited to speak in Boston, strongly urged the Republican issues, especially the meeting the public debts in honest money. His earnest and brilliant addresses in Boston, "Four Questions for the People," and in New York, under the auspices of the Historical Society, on "Historic Progress and American Democracy," were said to have been delightful and effective. To him Grant seemed the man for the hour, and Dr. Holmes said, "There was not a listener whose heart did not warm as he heard the glowing words in which the speaker recorded the noble achievements of the soldier who must in so many ways have reminded him of his favourite character, William the Silent."

As summer came in, Mr. Longfellow with his daughters, his son with his bride, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Tom Appleton, left home for a year of Europe. From the record in Mrs. Fields's journal, it almost seems as if the Club met for once at a private house, for she wrote: —

"Saturday, May 23rd, 1868. To-night, probably in place of the regular Saturday dinner, there was a farewell dinner to Longfellow

at our house, eleven at table. There should have been twelve if Alexander Longfellow had not missed a train. Emerson, Agassiz, Holmes, Lowell, Greene,[1] Norton, Whipple, Dana, and Longfellow came. There was much pleasant talk, a poem by O. W. H., and the farewells. Longfellow inquired after all his old and humble friends in England whom he intends seeing, rather than any celebrities. Mr. Emerson was full of sweetness and talk. He tries to persuade Longfellow to go to Greece to look after the Klephts, (supposed) authors of Romaic poetry, which they both believe is as original as beautiful.[2]

"Agassiz contested with Emerson about Darwin. Dana talked of the sea and of the folly of precaution. It has always been a habit of his since the *Two Years* to carry a compass, a coil of rope, a jack-knife, and a flask of tea about with him on his voyages; but the only real strait he was ever in at sea found him without them. From that time he gave up carrying anything of the kind and trusted to the higher powers."

Holmes's tribute of affection follows: —

"Our Poet, who has taught the Western breeze
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings reach
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech,
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the farthest beach.

"Where shall the singing bird a stranger be
That finds a nest for him in every tree?
How shall he travel who can never go
Where his own voice the echoes do not know,
Where his own garden flowers no longer learn to grow?

"Ah! gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign
Breathes through our troubled life that voice of thine,
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers,
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitterest tears!

"Forgive the simple words that sound like praise;
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase;

[1] Longfellow's friend and constant correspondent, George W. Greene, of Newport.

[2] Several very striking specimens of the Romaic, or Modern Greek, poetry of the Klephts were published in the *Dial* in an article by Margaret Fuller.

Our speech at best is half alive and cold,
And, save that tenderer moments make us bold,
Our whitening lips would close, their truest truth untold.

"We who behold our autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,
Know well what parting means of friend from friend;
After the snows no freshening dews descend,
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine will not mend.

"So we all count the months, the weeks, the days,
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,
Grudging to alien hearths our widowed time;
And one has shaped a breath in artless rhyme
That sighs, 'We track thee still through each remotest clime.'

"What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers shall be
The more than golden freight that floats with thee!
And know whatever welcome thou shalt find, —
Thou, who hast won the hearts of half mankind, —
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still behind!"

It is probably true that no American ever landed in England who had won his welcome from so many hearts, from palace to thatched cottage or slated tenement. From Windsor Castle he received an intimation that the Queen would be sorry to have Mr. Longfellow pass through England without her meeting him, naming a day for his visit; dinners were given in his honour and invitations came from many interesting and distinguished people. He wrote to Mr. Fields: "I have so many, many things to tell you that there would be no end. . . . Among them is Tennyson's reading 'Boadicea' to me at midnight. A memorable night." [1] Soon the poet fled to the Lakes and mountains for respite, but was summoned thence for academic laurels. From the Scottish Border, "I swooped down to Cambridge and there had a scarlet gown put on me, and the students shouted, 'Three cheers for the red man of the West!'"

A month after Longfellow's sailing, Norton took ship for England with his venerable mother, his two sisters, his wife and little

[1] It may amuse the older Harvard graduates in the Saturday Club to hear Longfellow's description of Tennyson in a letter to Lowell: "If two men should try to look alike, they could not do it better than Tennyson and Professor Lovering do without trying."

children, thus being foot-free for a long residence abroad, in serious yet delightful study of things that most interested, and the forming or continuing many friendships. These years were fitting him for the work that lay before him on his return (though he as yet did not know of it) as a helper and illuminator of many lives. The Nortons lived for some months in a pleasant rectory in Kent.

The following account of the August meeting of the Club we owe to Mrs. Fields's notes of what her husband told her: —

"August 30th. Saturday Club; a small company of ten, but brilliant and social. Emerson, Sumner, Holmes, Hoar, Dana, S. G. Howe, Estes Howe, Mr. Fields, etc. Sumner talked more than the rest. 'More of the Capitolian Jove than ever,' said Mr. Fields, 'but the talk was interesting.' It was amusing to see Holmes fly up with his light weapons to attack the conversation, only to find himself repulsed by Sumner in his citadel. . . .

"There was some talk of Motley, who said he could get no one in London to print his first history. Therefore, though he could ill afford it, he printed a thousand copies at his own expense and had them circulated. The book became an enormous success at once, and as he had no copyright, it was pirated by five houses in London and two in Edinburgh. He was pursued by letters from every publisher in London for his second book, and his works have been translated into Russian and Chinese, as well as many other languages. It has been said into as many as *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

"His novels, his first ventures, were printed in Boston by Munroe. They had some merit, but the publisher, either through idleness or carelessness, did little or nothing about them. A gentleman — I think Mr. Phillips of Phillips and Sampson — told Mr. Fields that after the failure of his first novels, he went to see Mr. Motley one day and found him with large books strewn about on the floor. 'What are you going to do now, Mr. Motley?' 'I am hunting up matter for the history of the Dutch Republic.' The visit over, Mr. Phillips went away, saying to himself, 'Another of Motley's failures. This young man-about-town will not do much with those books.' Six months later, he called

again. 'How does your work come on, Motley?' 'Well,' he replied, 'and I have just taken passage for Europe to continue it there.' He could hardly have been more than thirty years old then, and now he is just fifty-four, and was over forty when the book which made his fame at last appeared. Now all the honours which the world has to give are heaped upon him. In speaking of Longfellow's luncheon lately with the Queen, Motley said he had gone down, when he was a young author, to pass a few days at Balmoral with Lord John Russell. They were in the garden one morning, when a message came from Her Majesty, who was then at her castle there, saying she wished to see Sir John. Asking to be excused, he went immediately to the Queen, who begged him to return to fetch Mr. Motley to see them. The carriage drove back, Motley was told to jump in as he was, in his shooting-jacket, and they returned together, to pass a most social and agreeable morning with the Queen and Prince Albert. . . .

"At a large dinner, Mr. Fields watched the meeting between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who had formerly been great friends, but who differed and separated, after Mr. Adams was chosen to go to England, on some question connected with our political relations with that country. He saw the blood flush over Mr. Adams's face as Sumner addressed him. The interview was evidently becoming very painful when Mr. Fields went forward and broke it up by addressing Mr. Adams. The latter showed his gratitude by turning to him and extending both hands in a cordial manner most rare with him at any time. . . .

"Mr. Fields advanced the subject of copyright, at table, telling Mr. Sumner he hoped that question would still be foremost in his mind, as he advanced to take his place in the new government. 'But do you know,' asked Sumner in his most serious way, 'what a pecuniary loss it would be to your house to have this measure carried?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Fields, 'but *fiat justitia, ruat* Fields, Osgood & Co.' Of course a hearty laugh was the immediate response."

During the summer, Lowell was preparing for publication his second volume of poems (if we count out the two series of "Biglow Papers") wisely excluding from it humorous poems. "They can

come by and by, if they are wanted. They would jar here," he said. He called the book *Under the Willows*. The burden of the *North American Review* now fell back upon his shoulders, as Norton had gone for an indefinite period, and Professor Gurney, his deputy, was taken ill.

Mr. Scudder, in his biography of Lowell, to which I am greatly indebted, tells a story showing his generosity, when we consider how recent was the war, and the death in battle of so many sons of the Lowell race. The letters and journals of a Virginian gentleman who had visited New England in 1834 were shown to him with a view to the possibility of their publication. Lowell, having read them, said, in a letter to Godkin, editor of the *Nation:* "I confess to a strong sympathy with men who sacrificed everything, even to a bad cause, which they could see only the good side of; and now the war is over, I see no way to heal the old wounds but by frankly admitting this and acting upon it. We can never reconstruct the South except through its own leading men, nor ever hope to have them on our side till we make it for their interest and compatible with their honour to be so." These journals, with an introduction by Lowell, ran through several numbers of the *Atlantic* in 1870.

We find in a letter written by Norton this pleasant description of a friendly gathering during this autumn: "When I was with Ruskin in Paris we had a delightful little *partie carrée* — he and Longfellow, and Tom Appleton and I; they had never met before. Ruskin had written me two or three weeks ago of their meeting." Longfellow's few words express with exquisite felicity the impression that Ruskin would make on one of keen and delicately sympathetic insight, and express at the same time the prevailing temper of his mind. "At Verona," he says, "we passed a delightful day with Ruskin. I shall never forget a glimpse I had of him mounted on a ladder, copying some details of the tomb of Can Grande. He was very pleasant in every way, but, I thought, very sad: suffering too keenly from what is inevitable and beyond remedy, and making himself

> 'A second nature, to exist in pain
> As in his own allotted element.'"

In November, General Grant was elected President of the United States.

It should have been mentioned that, in this and the previous year, Mr. Dana served in the Massachusetts Legislature, and made there several noted speeches, among others his argument on the repeal of the usury laws, a bill for which was unexpectedly carried in that body as the result of this speech, which has been reprinted for use before the Legislatures of other States.

No new member was chosen into the Club during this year.

Chapter XVI

1869

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of State, but rules of good.[1]

Sir Henry Wotton

THE New Year came in cheerfully because of the confidence of the country at large in the strength, common sense, and humanity of their great General. The Club had reason to be gratified in his appointments of Motley as Minister to the Court of St. James, and Judge Hoar in the Cabinet as Attorney-General.

As a result, April would find two empty chairs at "Parker's," besides those of Longfellow and Norton. The former, after a happy residence during the winter on the Lung' Arno in Florence, and on the site of Sallust's villa in Rome, moved his family southward in spring to a villa in beautiful Sorrento. Norton, though he had made an excursion with Ruskin into northern France, had been mainly in England rejoicing in the meeting of interesting persons, Carlyle, the Leweses, John Stuart Mill, Burne-Jones, and William Morris. Fields and his wife sailed for Europe in the spring, having won the favour from Lowell of taking his only daughter with them on their excursion. Lowell thanks Fields "for leaving a most delicate loophole for my pride in conferring on me a kind of militia generalship of the *Atlantic Monthly* while you were away" and offers to make it something real by reading proofs, preventing —— from writing such awful English, and acting at need as consulting physician.

[1] The direct and honourable conduct of Motley suggests the motto.

The following letters that passed between two members of the Club, and bring in two others, should find place in our annals as witnessing to the friendships and the patriotism of those concerned.

Judge Hoar, writing from Washington to Lowell, in March, after his call to the Cabinet, as Attorney-General, thanking him for his "hurrah" of congratulation, fears that his appointment may do more harm than good by blocking the way for good men of Massachusetts. "I have already expressed," he says, "the opinion that you ought to go as Minister to Spain or Austria (the latter, of course, only in case Motley goes to London), and that either Boutwell or I, or both of us, if necessary, ought to quit the Cabinet, if it stood in the way of such a public benefaction. But I feel very much like an intruder, and can only say that, while I am about, the President shall have as much honest counsel, given with such directness and earnestness as the opportunity may allow, as I am able to furnish, and that, whenever my duty in that behalf ceases, no one can be more glad of it than myself."

Lowell wrote in his reply: —

"I did not look for any answer to my letter, knowing how overwhelmed you must be with business. But I can't help answering *your* letter, knowing that a whiff of Massachusetts must be a cordial to you where you are.

"If you could have heard the talk at Club on Saturday, you would have been pleased. Did n't you notice any burning of the ears between three and four o'clock on that day? Everybody was warm about you, and not merely that, but (what I liked better) everybody was glad of the gain the Country had made in you. It was all very sweet to me, you may be sure, but it would have pleased you most (as it did me) to hear Emerson, whose good word about a man's character is like being knighted on the field of battle. It is so, at least, to you and me who know him. Generally, you know, we are apt to congratulate a man on getting an office, but in this case we all wished the office joy of getting the man. In short, it was just what you deserved and what an honest man may fairly like to hear of.

"Never dream of quitting your place. A man with the head and heart that you have, who knows the good and evil of politics, is

just what the President wants. He has an eye for men and will not part with you. You, who might have had any place that Massachusetts had to give, either State or National, and who chose rather the line of duty than that of ambition, are in your right place, whoever else is. We are apt to say that Honour seeks out such men, and so she does, but promotion is not so quick-eyed and finds them less seldom.

"I am not speaking out of gratitude, though the tears came into my eyes when I read your generous words. I know that some of my friends had talked of me for some place abroad, but I thought it had blown over long ago. I need not say I should like some small place, like Switzerland, which I could afford. Spain, of course, would be delicious — but I have no 'claims' and would not stand in anybody's way, least of all in Motley's. Your letter startled me. I had no notion I had been spoken of anywhere but here, and a mission could hardly please me more than your speaking of me so warmly, nor indeed would be worth so much."

Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who had succeeded Mr. Adams in the English Mission, had negotiated with Lord Clarendon, British Foreign Secretary, in the latter part of the previous year, a treaty with regard to the American claims for damages wrought by the cruiser *Alabama*. This treaty, discussed in Congress, had been carried over into 1869, when it was rejected by the all but unanimous vote of the Senate. This was because Mr. Sumner, then chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, had in a notable speech advocated the adding of a new feature, claims for "indirect damages." Mr. Morse in his *Life* of Adams says that the latter, on hearing of Sumner's speech, at once said its effect would be "to raise the scale of our demands of reparation so very high, that there is no chance of negotiation left, unless the English have lost all their spirit and character"; and added that Motley, before setting forth on his mission, had called on him: "He seems anxious to do his best, but his embarrassment is considerable in one particular which never affected me, and that is, having two masters. Mr. Seward never permitted any interference of the Senate or Mr. Sumner with his direction of the policy."

Motley was cordially welcomed in England, but this letter, written to Dr. Holmes in April, shows that he foresaw difficulties, as he looked around on his new horizon, and they appeared all too soon. He wrote: —

"I feel anything but exultation at present — rather the opposite sensation. I feel that I am placed higher than I deserve, and at the same time that I am taking greater responsibilities than ever were assumed by me before. *You* will be indulgent to my mistakes and shortcomings — and who can expect to avoid them? But the world will be cruel, and the times are threatening. I shall do my best — but the best will be poor enough — and keep 'a heart for any fate.'"

By midsummer Mr. Motley received from Hamilton Fish, the Secretary of State, some criticisms on his official dealings with Earl Clarendon, together with approval of his general course. Mr. Motley rectified the mistake complained of, and all seemed to go well.

Through the summer came letters from Longfellow in Italy telling of her perfume and sweetness, but "a little weary of this *vita beata* by the seaside with nothing to do, — or am I hurried by what still remains to be done?"

And again he wrote to a friend: "As a child of my century, I infinitely prefer our American prose to this kind of European poetry. And as the Roman *ritornello* sings, —

> Se il Papa mi donasse Campidoglio
> E mi dicesse 'Lascia andar' 'sta figlia,' —
> Quella che amava prima, quella voglio."[1]

An English friend forwarded to him this tribute from E. J. Reed, C. B., "the Chief Constructor of our Navy, and one of the greatest ship-builders the world ever produced, in which he speaks most highly of your poem 'The Building of the Ship,' as follows: —

"'ADMIRALTY, July 20.

"'I should have been so pleased to meet, and pay my profound respects to, the author of the finest poem on ship-building that

[1] If the Pope should give me Campidoglio,
And should say, "Let this damsel depart," — [America,]
Her whom I first loved, her I desire.

ever was or probably ever will be written — a poem which I often read with truest pleasure.'"

On his way through England to take ship for America Longfellow received from Oxford University the degree of D.C.L.

In August, the Longfellows sailed for home. On the first day of September this letter records: "We reached home to-day at sunset. . . . How strange and how familiar it all seems, and how thankful I am to have brought my little flock back to the fold. The young voices and little feet are musical overhead; and the Year of Travels floats away and dissolves like a *Fata Morgana*. . . . The quiet and rest are welcome after the surly sea"; and he forthwith pays his taxes, "which gives one a home feeling."

Appleton returned with the family. Holmes, in a letter to Motley, furnishes us with this picture: "Walking on the bridge . . . I met a barouche with Miss G. and a portly mediæval gentleman at her side. I thought it was a ghost almost, when the barouche stopped and out jumped Tom Appleton in the flesh, and plenty of it, as aforetime. We embraced — or rather he embraced me and I partially spanned his goodly circumference. He has been twice here — the last time, he took tea and stayed till near eleven, pouring out all the time such a torrent of talk, witty, entertaining, audacious, ingenious, sometimes extravagant, but fringed always with pleasing fancies as deep as the border of a Queen's cashmere, that my mind came out of it as my body would out of a Turkish bath, every joint snapped and its hard epidermis taken clean off in that four hours' immersion. Tom was really wonderful, I think. I never heard such a fusillade in my life."

Emerson sent this greeting to his friend: —

"My dear Longfellow: First, I rejoice that you are safe at home; and, as all mankind know, full of happy experiences, of which I wished to gather some scraps at the Club on Saturday. To my dismay, at midnight I discovered that I had utterly forgotten the existence of the Club. Yesterday, I met Appleton, who ludicrously consoled me by affirming that yourself and himself had made the same slip. I entreat you not to fail on the thirtieth of October. . . ."

September 14 was the Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Alexander von Humboldt, and the Boston Society of Natural History celebrated the day. Agassiz was the orator. Emerson records that his discourse was "strong, nothing to spare, not a weak point, no rhetoric, and no falsetto: his personal recollections and anecdotes of their intercourse, simple, frank, and tender in the tone of voice too, no error of egotism or of self-assertion. . . . He is quite as good a man, too, as his hero, and not to be duplicated I fear." Dr. Holmes, in a letter, said: "Of course I wrote a poem . . . which I read at the *soirée* afterwards. I thought well of it, as I am apt to, and others liked it."

In this difficult period of Reconstruction, many Senators whom the President was anxious not to disaffect were seeking places for friends of doubtful politics or character, both from him and Judge Hoar. The Judge looked only to loyalty and fitness, and this attitude was not always pleasing to those who urged him to oblige them, and his answers never sacrificed clearness for the sake of seeming agreeable. The pressure on the President to get rid of this obstructive and formidable conscience in his Cabinet was very great. Grant saw one way open of conciliating the Senate and yet showing appreciation of Judge Hoar, for whose wisdom and integrity he had great respect and whom he personally liked well. He nominated him for the Supreme Court, an eminently fitting honour, and this might open a place in his Cabinet for another. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., wrote to the Judge, saying, "A great mission has been forced upon you, nothing less than to return the Senate of the United States to its proper function."

Mr. Adams in his tribute to the Judge's memory in 1905 said: —

"One winter afternoon, years ago, I remember we got jesting with him over the table of the Saturday Club upon his supposed roughness of manner and sharpness of tongue, while he himself entered into the spirit of our badinage most keenly of all; and then, without the slightest indication of feeling or irritation, but with strong humour, he repeated the remark of Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania, . . . explanatory of that Senate rejection, 'What could you expect for a man who had snubbed seventy Senators!'

— seventy then being the full Chamber. That way of putting it undoubtedly had a basis, and no little basis, of truth. Judge Hoar at the time — and, be it also remembered, it was the time of the so-called Reconstruction of the subdued South — Judge Hoar was then, I say, head of the Department of Justice. As such, he had a large patronage to distribute, and was brought in close contact with many eager applicants and their senatorial patrons. His sense of humour on such occasions did not always have time to come to his rescue, and it was commonly alleged of him that in political parlance, 'he could not see things'; the real fact being that with his rugged honesty and keen eye for pretence and jobbery he saw things only too clearly. And so, first and last, he 'snubbed seventy Senators,' . . . and they, after their kind, in due time, 'got even with him,' as some among them doubtless expressed it.

"Then it was, under this undeserved stigma, twice repeated — first in the State House at Boston,[1] next in the Capitol at Washington — then it was that the metal of the man's nature returned its true ring. He wore defeat as 't were a laurel crown."

The Senate by a very large vote refused to confirm the nomination. So Judge Hoar remained in the Cabinet on good terms with the President whose dilemma remained unsolved for some months.

In writing to Mr. Norton, Lowell speaks of the time in spring "when I thought it possible I might be sent abroad [on a mission]. . . . It fell through, and I am glad it did, for I should not have written my new poem." This was "The Cathedral," at first called "A Day in Chartres." It was dedicated to Fields. Lowell was happy in it, and its reception. He said, "There seems to be a bit of clean carving here and there, a solid buttress or two, and perhaps a gleam through painted glass."

Christmas, that year, came on the last Saturday of the month. Writing to Dana from Washington the Judge said: "The Saturday Club, which should meet to-day, I am informed is disposed

[1] He had, some time before, been nominated for a Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, but failed of the appointment because of the opposition of persons who bore a grudge because of the sharpness of his speech on occasion.

gracefully to give way to Christmas as the older institution, and will dine at Parker's on Monday."

A matter in which three members of our Club were directly active, and which was important to scholars, especially Harvard men, came to a head this year, namely, Carlyle's munificent gift to the University. His hostility, coarsely expressed, towards the Northern States during the war had led Emerson, after strong protest, to cease writing to him.

Carlyle had taken kindly to Mr. Norton, then in London, and had by him and others been enlightened on the great issue. In a letter, Norton told how Carlyle one day said to him: "In writing about Cromwell and Friedrich I have chanced to get together some things not wholly worthless, nor yet easy to find, and, I've thought I should like, when I die, to leave these books to some institution in New England where they might be preserved, and where they would serve as a testimony of my appreciation o' the goodness o' your people towards me, and o' the many acts o' kindness they have done me; and perhaps you can help me to have this rightly done."

Hearing this good decision Mr. Emerson wrote to Norton: "I see no bar to the design, which is lovely and redeeming in Carlyle, and will make us all affectionate again. Your own letter to him I found perfect in its instructions, in its feeling and tone. I am looking for a final letter from him . . . and shall then carry my report to President Eliot."

In the running history of the activities of the members of the Club in their various helpful or illuminating courses, hardly any mention has been made of Dr. Hedge, metaphysician, scholar, and highly valued preacher in the Unitarian Church in Brookline. In December of this year he sent to Dr. Holmes his newly published *Reason in Religion*.

Dr. Hedge, regarding lovingly the Old Testament, wrote to this student of advancing science that he need not read the book. His friend replies: "I have read it, every word of it. . . . I have had too much pleasure in reading it to be denied the privilege of telling you how I have enjoyed it. I am struck with the union of free thought with reverential feeling. It is strange how we read these

stories like children until some wiser teacher shows us the full-grown meaning they hide under their beautiful simple forms."

Dr. Holmes then speaks of the poetical style of this book, and calls attention to the unconscious rhythm that crops out everywhere through prose discourses: —

"Here are some of the *verses:* —

'As slow as that which shaped the solid earth by long accretion from the fiery deep.'

'A veritable piece of history, embracing centuries in its term and scope, that wondrous tower of Babel is a fact.'

"Pray tell me if you knew you were writing verse, or were you in the case of M. Jourdain?" [1]

Longfellow, sending wishes for a Merry Christmas to the house of Fields, exclaims: "What dusky splendours of song are in King Alfred's new volume! . . . His 'Holy Grail' and Lowell's 'Cathedral' . . . with such good works you can go forward to meet the New Year with conscience void of reproach."

Fields was just withdrawing from the publishing house, to give himself to literature and lectures.

In this year a second artist was added to the membership of the Club, eager and charming in his painting and his conversation, William Morris Hunt.

[1] Was it he that only learned in adult life that he had been talking prose unconsciously through all the years?

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

After Allston's death the interest in art which his noble personality and work had begun to awaken in Puritan and commercial Boston languished, although the more frequent visits to Europe of such men as Ward and Appleton, Brimmer and Norton kept the spark alive. Rowse had been brought into the Club rather as a friend than artist. William Hunt came back from France the year of its founding, and, though he lived at first in Newport, the heat of his enthusiasm began to be felt in Boston. Yet not until 1869 was his brilliant presence added to the membership. He was then forty-nine years old and at the height of his powers.

Born in Brattleboro, and his father dying when his children were all very young, their mother, a superior woman, whose yearnings for art as a girl had been frowned on, determined to give her five children every opportunity. She moved to New Haven, found an Italian artist, and she and all of them took lessons of him. Richard, the second son, became a distinguished architect. William at sixteen entered Harvard, was a bright scholar, but the artistic temperament compelled him to music, drawing, and to the woods and meadows. So, as "too fond of amusement," he was rusticated to Stockbridge — no hardship for him. Some one there, perhaps the clergyman who had him in charge, saw in him "a soul let loose, an inspiration to all who met him."

Troubled by William's persistent cough, Mrs. Hunt determined that he should not return to college then, and with all her children valiantly sailed for Italy. This changed the course of William's life. It had been planned that, after a year, he should go back, finish his course at Harvard, and then study to be a surgeon. Rome decreed that he should be an artist; his passion for art led his mother to stay abroad with her family. He wished to be a sculptor, and began modelling in the studio of H. K. Brown.

Copying the work of the past in Rome did not appeal to William, but he found delight in Paris where he worked under Barye, meaning to become a sculptor. Then, following the custom of the

times, he went to Düsseldorf and began the usual drill there. He hated it and went away. On his return to Paris he saw in a window the "Falconer," by Couture. Stirred by this, he entered Couture's studio. The master looked over his work from the life model before him and said, "But you do not know how to draw," and introduced him to values, the foundation of good work.[1] This, and the confirming his instinct that the artist must paint for joy, were what he learned from Couture. He soon found that he had all that this master could give him.

He then began studying the work of the great Venetians and Flemings, but one day saw Millet's "Sower," great, but unappreciated, in exhibition, and recognized a prophet and more than a prophet. The eager youth went to Barbizon. There he found this noble peasant painting in a cellar the life of the toiling human beings about him. On the easel was the "Sheep Shearers." Hunt reverenced him from that moment. More than that, this joyous youth made Millet his friend. He soon moved to Barbizon and was in close relation with him for two years, a disciple, not an imitator. Hunt did great service to Millet who more than repaid it by the lift he gave to him by his high tone, his breadth, his seriousness; more than all, under his influence Hunt's boyish generosity became human sympathy. Hunt sold the "Sheep Shearers" for Millet to Mr. Brimmer, and when he gave him the money, the great painter said he had never before had a hundred dollars in his hand. Thus, and by all the purchases he could afford, the young American lifted the master out of debt and, more than that, gave vogue to his pictures.

In the Fontainebleau region Hunt met the group of painters then making fame for "the Barbizon School" against the tide. It is said that Diaz told an American that Hunt was the most brilliant man he had ever known. Hunt kept and rejoiced in a beautiful pair of horses and drawn swiftly by them saw the region around Paris. Full of youthful vitality, and enjoyment of nature and of people, it was well that he found in Millet a chastening influence. Millet

[1] In his admirable *Méthode et Entretien d'Atelier*, Couture tells the story of his opening the eyes of a confident student of Düsseldorf academic training to values, in an interesting way. It was probably Hunt.

took interest in his pictures, and, struck with his facility, said, "Hunt, you ought to work!" Yet he was by no means idle and many admirable works were done in France, like the "Prodigal Son," the queenly portrait of his mother, the "Fortune-Teller," the first "Marguerite." Napoleon III twice tried to buy the last-mentioned work in vain, as it was promised to an American. Long retaining his interest in sculpture, Hunt kept up relations with Barye, believing him and Millet the greatest artists of their time.

In 1855, Mr. Hunt, returning to this country, was married, and made his pleasant year-round house in Newport among agreeable neighbours, especially Henry James, Sr., and his young family. As a school-boy visiting in that wonderful home, I had the privilege of going to Hunt's studio where William and La Farge were the *élèves*. While I was there Hunt came in and cordially asked me, boy as I was, to his studio upstairs. There he showed me, to my great delight, the first studies for his wonderful "Anahita," or "Flight of Night," which years later adorned the Capitol at Albany. He also showed me the charming lithographs from his paintings, such as the "Hurdy-Gurdy Boy" and the "Girl at the Fountain." He gave me copies of these and more. Hunt, in his charming way, seemed to know no age in persons who were interested in beautiful things. This was in 1861. Two years earlier, at the request of the Essex Bar, he painted the remarkable portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, now in the Salem Court-House.

He soon established himself in Roxbury. Later, he had a studio in Summer Street where he introduced Bostonians to the canvases of Millet, Diaz, Rousseau, Géricault, and Corot, new to most of them; yet the artist's masculine enthusiasm and hospitable charm were the principal attraction.

His characteristic generosity appeared in his calling on the young men returning from study abroad, and he almost always bought a picture to help bring them into notice. Seeing some of the work of Vedder, a stranger to him, he wrote to urge him to exhibit in Boston, and many of the pictures were at once sold.

Stirred by an attack in the *Advertiser* from some authority at Harvard, on the modern French painters, Hunt replied in a with-

ering article: "The standard of art education is indeed carried to a dizzy height in Harvard University when such men as Millet are ranked as triflers. . . . Which one of the painters named above was not more familiar with Veronese's best work than are our children with the Catechism? They were not only familiar with all that is *evident*, but devoted students of the qualities in Veronese, of which few besides themselves know. It is not worth while to be alarmed about the influence of French art. It would hardly be mortifying if a Millet or a Delacroix should be developed in Boston. It is not our fault that we inherit ignorance in art; but we are not obliged to advertise it."

The first year of the war brought out Hunt's inspiring "Drummer Boy" beating "To Arms!" and the magnificent "Bugle Call." The power and beauty of his portraits began to be appreciated in Boston. Sometimes he was not successful because he required that the sitter should lend himself freely to the work. Thus, a portrait of Dr. Holmes was prosperously begun, but the Doctor unhappily took out his watch, having an engagement in Cambridge, and asked, "How long must I sit?" Hunt, somewhat disturbed, yet set to work, and all was going well when the watch and the uneasy expression reappeared. These conditions soon wrecked the adventure. Emerson disliked even to sit for a photograph; said he "was not a subject for art"; but Mrs. John M. Forbes wished much that Hunt should paint him. He was eager to do it, and began in good hope. But, though Emerson liked him, the sittings dismayed him, and when, on leaving, he asked, "Must I come again?" Hunt told him No, it was of no use. Hunt used to say, "No persuaded sitters for me: I never could paint a cat if the cat had any scruples, religious, superstitious, or otherwise about sitting." Emerson's unfinished portrait perished in the Boston Fire.

At the desire of a committee appointed to have a portrait of Sumner painted, as a gift to Carl Schurz, Hunt somewhat unwillingly consented to undertake it, for he found himself repelled by the Senator's personality. Probably he had only met him at the Club, where Sumner's magisterial bearing, lack of flexibility and of humour were sometimes annoying. The committee did not like the portrait. Hunt painted what he found in Sumner's face

and bearing, his confident and almost scornfully militant side. The picture won much praise in England.

Hunt's brilliant yet human presence, his original force and great generosity leavened the inert lump of art opinion in Boston. He awakened the interest and desire of the young people, and consented to take charge of a class of forty young women. His instruction to his pupils was original, exciting; if necessary, wisely contradictory, to suit the individual temperament. More than all, he inspired them with love of art and made it seem possible to them. He was not one of those instructors who simply pass by the pupil and, when asked for a criticism, coldly say, "I see nothing *there* to criticise," utterly discouraging. Hunt could not but inspire by his wit and his faith. Fortunately one of his pupils, as he passed from easel to easel, jotted down his quick criticisms and remarks on the corner of her drawing-paper. Later, when Hunt became more busy, he deputed the business management of the class to this young lady. Mr. Lowes Dickinson, the English portrait painter, impressed by Hunt's Chief Justice Shaw, visited the class. After Hunt had taken leave, this lady, Miss Helen Knowlton, showed him her notes of the master's varied instruction. Mr. Dickinson was so struck with their value that he urged the printing of these *Talks on Art*, to which Hunt at last consented after pruning them severely.[1]

Hunt's disappointing lack of interest in the School of Drawing and Painting in the new Museum of Fine Arts was due to disbelief in the South Kensington ideas that at first prevailed. His own Düsseldorf experience, also the influence of Couture — who, like himself, had been paralyzed by academic work — made him dread the usual routine of school instruction, endless crayon stump work from cast and model. He wished rather for the Museum School a great working *atelier* where many live painters should give each one day a week. Thus he hoped for freshness and individuality and the personal magnetism of one or another to stir the individual pupil. When asked what should be the limit

[1] We owe also to Miss Helen Knowlton her admirable *Art Life of William Morris Hunt*, from which the writer has gratefully quoted much, with the consent of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company.

of age for study in the Art Museum, he replied: "From the age when Beethoven began to play the piano — four years — to the age when Titian painted one of his greatest pictures — ninety years."

One of Hunt's sayings was, "Queer old thing painting is; but we would rather die doing it than live doing anything else." He defined painting as, "Having something to say, and not saying it in words."

Catholic in his receptivity, he recognized the quality in Japanese art. Mr. Norton, sitting beside Hunt at a Club dinner, told him of a beautiful little Japanese vase or cup which he had just come by, and said, "Would you like to see it?" taking it from his pocket and handing it to him. Hunt exclaimed, "Like to see it? By God, it's one of those damned ultimate things!"

The Great Fire in Boston in 1872 swept Summer Street and with it Hunt's studio and all its contents, many notable portraits in all stages of work, and also his own valuable collection of the paintings of the French masters whom he held in honour.

After this time Hunt turned more to landscape painting than he had hitherto. As he advanced in it, his pleasure seems to speak from his canvas. Mr. Forbes valued Hunt highly and he took him with him as his guest, in 1874, to Florida, where he went for rest when overworked — rest, however, of an active, out-of-door kind; first for shooting and fishing along the coast, then to his family cottage at Magnolia Springs. Here Hunt delighted in the wide gleaming St. John's River, seen through the steely glitter of the great magnolias, and to sketch, on the strange lonely creeks, their live-oaks and cypresses hung by the half-mourning moss swaying slowly in the breeze. In the years immediately following he painted the upper Charles, then the Artichoke River at Curzon's Mills, with constantly increasing light and colour. In some of these pictures one sees the effect of the teacupful of opals which he bought in Mexico as a lift.

In the spring of 1878, Hunt went to Niagara for rest, but, stirred by the wild rush of the rapids, the wonderful colour and the majesty of the Falls, sent for paint and canvas and worked with great results. I cannot, while telling of the Niagara vacations, omit a

story of Miss Knowlton's which shows Hunt's tenderness. Returning to their hotel, his sister told him that, while buying some bead-work in a small shop, she had been distressed by hearing a sick child cry in the back room. She was sure that it must be suffering greatly. Its screams still pierced her ears.

"I believe," said her brother, "that I can cure that child; and what is more, I am going to do it." He arose from his chair, called for his overshoes; it was half-past nine o'clock in the evening, dark and raining; but he would go. He learned where the shop was, and set forth hastily. At one o'clock in the morning he returned, wet, but very happy.

"How's your child?" his sister asked.

"She's all right. I left her sleeping. I tell you, that kind of work pays."

But midsummer of that year brought to Hunt a call, unexpected, unhoped-for, to do a great public work, in the toil and the joy of which his life culminated. The work was noble and worthy; it stirred and inspired him — happily not foreseeing the sad end. He was commissioned to adorn with great mural paintings the Assembly Hall of the New Capitol at Albany.

On a scaffold forty feet above the floor, Hunt painted, directly on stone, the many colossal figures of his two symbolic designs, "The Discoverer" and "The Flight of Night." With but one assistant he did this great work in two months.

Hunt felt freedom and advance in this new work. "Think of it, you never hear of Boston a hundred miles away! I am out of the world, and I want to stay out." But with this enthusiasm in a great work went pleasure in, and reverence for, the workmen; he painting, they building, six hundred men together, each respecting and enjoying the other's work. They said that while they were proud to be working on such a building, they were prouder still to see his work going on. "I tell you," said Hunt, "that I never felt so big in my life as I did when they asked me if they could come again and see my picture." He planned, in other paintings there (vetoed later by the Governor), to introduce their figures.

Before beginning the work, Hunt had faithfully tried, as far as the time allowed, in the summer, the effects of moisture and of

cold on paint on stone, and believed it would last. But unhappily politics had crept into the contracting, a leaking roof resulted, and within ten years the paintings were utterly ruined. But the artist was spared this blow. Inevitable reaction had followed the supreme mental and physical expenditure; personal sorrows were added. In the summer of 1879, weak and depressed, he sought refreshment with friends at Appledore Island. There, whether by accident or sudden impulse, he was drowned in an inland pool in the early autumn.

Mr. Hunt was a most striking personality, tall and spare, with brilliant eyes and an aquiline nose; nearly bald, but with a forelock like Time in the Primer, a moustache and long gray beard. He was quick and alert, most cheery and responsive; a wonderful *raconteur* and even mimic, everything became dramatic in his handling.

A lady, a guest with him at the enchanting Isle of Naushon, riding in a party with Mr. Forbes on the "Desert," describes Hunt's sudden appearance on a fine Kentucky horse, riding up gallantly, his beard blown backward on both shoulders, the sunset gleaming like garnet in his eyes, and the Mephistophelean effect heightened by a turkey feather springing from each side of his soft hat. Yet in his studio in serious mood, with his round cap and velvet coat, he was singularly suggestive of Titian's portrait of himself. In Hunt's early days an elderly stranger in France came up and said, "Sir, you so much resemble a great Frenchman whom I knew that it seems as if he must have returned to earth." "That is indeed strange," was the reply; "to whom do you refer?" "To Géricault."

In sympathy and respect Hunt knew no social class. He honoured the labourer; helped, in the city street, on the instant, the poor woman with her ash-barrel, or, in a humble house, a stranger mother to relieve the pain of her sick child.

From Hunt's work beauty in its full sense speaks, contrasted with that of many men eminent for technique or "strength." In his is nothing coarse, sensational, ignoble, ugly. He heeded the words of his old master, Couture, "*Avant tout, fuyez le laid!*" In his work is always feeling and humanity. Mrs. Whitman, per-

haps his best pupil, said, "Even what is called the moral passion has a place in his art."

After his death these maxims of Hunt were found in his pocket-book: "To be strong, get self-control; to be strong, live for others; no one ever injures us, we injure ourselves."

Once, when asked to write in a painter's album, this was his contribution: —

"Go East, young man! Meeting, greet the sun, our master-painter . . . tell him that the light which he gives the full-grown past is far too strong for us. Like young cats, we are blinded by the light, and still we pray for light. . . .

"Tell him his light is strong, and warm, and healthful; still we are weak, and cold, and sorry. Would he just deal out such pap as that with which he fed the Venetians and Greeks. Or even the darkness in which the Egyptians and the Children of the Sun wrought such wonders. Then we might do better. Our souls, not our eyes, require the light. Strengthen the perceptions, not the sight."

E. W. E.

Chapter XVII

1870

Say, what is honour? — 'T is the finest sense
Of justice that the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done.

WORDSWORTH

In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain.
. . . . Say not so!
'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way.
. . . . . .
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track,
. . . . . .
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of Expectation!

LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*

THREE books had been launched on such voyage of life as each might make just as the New Year was coming in; three volumes of Sumner's addresses, or speeches in Congress, Lowell's *Among my Books* (first series), and Emerson's *Society and Solitude*. Longfellow acknowledging Sumner's gift wrote: "Each title a round in the ladder by which you mounted and reaching from 1845 to 1855. What a noble decade, and what a noble record! I say 'the rounds of a ladder'; let me rather say steps hewn in the rock, one after the other, as you toiled upward."

In February, Lowell went to Washington with his wife to visit Judge and Mrs. Hoar. After his return the Judge wrote: "Your coming did me a great deal of good, and our friend Ulysses (or

'Ulyss,' as Mrs. G. calls him sometimes) had a revelation, the day after you left. He went to an evening party where, among the entertainments provided, was reading by an adept in that act. The reader had, as one of his selections, one of the later 'Biglow Papers'; and, as I understand, read it very well. The President spoke to me about it the next day — said that he had never read or heard one of them before, but that it was the most perfect statement of the whole doctrine of reconstruction that he had ever met with. He seemed much impressed, and the next night . . . procured the reader to attend at the State dinner at the White House and read it there."

Fechter had come to America during this winter with his novel and very Teutonic rendering of *Hamlet*, well matched by his large and rather heavy appearance and blond complexion and hair. The actor and the man were well received in Boston, also in Cambridge. Longfellow dined with him at Lowell's and on that evening sent the following invitation across the way to Lowell: —

"N'oubliez vous demain
À une heure et demie,
Je vous en prie;
Huîtres et vin du Rhin,
Salade de homard,
Volnay et venaison,
Don, Don,
N'arrivez vous trop tard!"

So the next day Fechter lunched at Longfellow's with Lowell and Henry James, Sr.

Of the February meeting, Mr. Emerson noted: "At the Club yesterday, Lowell, Longfellow, Cabot, Brimmer, Appleton, Hunt, James, Forbes, Fields. Erastus Bigelow[1] was a guest." He goes on to say: "How dangerous is criticism. My brilliant friend cannot see any healthy power in Thoreau's thoughts. At first I suspect, of course, that he oversees me, who admire Thoreau's power. But when I meet again the fine perceptions in Thoreau's papers, I see that there is a defect in his critic that he should undervalue them."

There can be little question that Lowell was the brilliant friend.

[1] The inventor and improver of various looms, and writer on the Tariff.

He and Thoreau were hopelessly antipodal, though both earnest and manly. It was a case of contrast of gentleman and man (both words used in the more common, yet favourable sense), society and solitude, usage and independence, suburbs and full country. The criticisms of Thoreau found often in Emerson's journal, and even in his address at his funeral, were written before he had read anything of Thoreau but the earlier books, in which his attitude was often critical of the private and public life of the day, and contentious. When, after his friend's death, his journals were put into Mr. Emerson's hands with their rare observations and spiritual illuminations from them, he no longer lamented the brave and true life as wasted.

Dr. Holmes, writing to Motley, in April, of the "æsthetic endemic" then raging in Boston of which Fechter was the macrobe, says: "Another sensation . . . is our new Harvard College President. King Log has made room for King Stork. Mr. Eliot makes the Corporation meet *twice* a month. . . . He shows an extraordinary knowledge of all that relates to every department of the University, and presides with an *aplomb*, a quiet, imperturbable, serious good-humour that it is impossible not to admire. . . ." The Doctor then expresses some sympathy with the quoting by some of the Fellows of "that valuable precept, *festina lente*," but speaks of his being "amused, because I do not really care much about most of the changes which he proposes.

"'How is it? I should like to ask,' said one of our number, the other evening, 'that this Faculty [of Medicine] has gone on for eighty years managing its own affairs, and doing it well . . . and now within *three or four months* it is proposed to change all our modes of carrying on the school — it seems very extraordinary, and I should like to know how it happens.'

"'I can answer Dr. ——'s question very easily,' said the bland, grave young man, 'there is a new President.' The tranquil assurance of this answer had an effect such as I hardly ever knew produced by the most eloquent sentences I ever heard. . . . I have great hopes from his energy and devotion to his business, which he studies as I suppose no President ever did before. . . ." [1]

[1] Up to this time, the requirements for taking the Harvard Medical degree were that

The Doctor continues: —

"I went to the Club last Saturday, and met some of the friends you always like to hear of. I sat by Emerson, who always charms me with his delicious voice, his fine sense and wit and the delicate way he steps about among the words of his vocabulary — if you have ever seen a cat picking her footsteps in wet weather, you have seen the picture of Emerson's exquisite intelligence, feeling for his phrase or epithet . . . and at last seizing his noun or adjective — the best, the only one which would serve the need of his thought.

"Longfellow was there. . . . He feels the tameness and want of interest in the life he is leading after the excitement of his European experience, and makes no secret of it. . . . He is restless now for want of a task. I hope he will find some pleasant literary labour for his later years — for his graceful and lovely nature can hardly find expression in any form without giving pleasure to others, and for him to be idle is, I fear, to be the prey of sad memories.

"Agassiz, you know, has been in a condition to cause very grave fears. I am happy to say that he is much improved of late."

Ever since the late autumn the vigorous, hearty, wholesome Agassiz had been suffering from some obscure ailment which, though at times improving, recurred all through the year, sometimes in a threatening manner interfering with his work and alarming friends. He was able to go to the White Mountains in later summer and seemed better there.

Among the new departures at Harvard was a scheme, soon abandoned, of having lectures to advanced students given there by persons not members of the Faculties. Mr. Emerson was surprised and pleased by an invitation to give a course on Philosophy. As Mr. Cabot says in his *Memoir:* "No one would expect from Emerson a system. . . . But he had long cherished the thought of a more fruitful method for the study of the mind, founded on the

the student should have attended two full courses of lectures in the Medical School, and should have studied three years (one of these was often under the guidance and teaching of some approved doctor), and should have dissected each portion of the human body twice, and finally passed oral examinations on the majority of the nine subjects required reasonably well. Microscopy (hence histology) was in its infancy. Among the eager abettors of the reform may be mentioned Drs. Ellis, White, Cheever, Fitz, Wood, and H. P. Bowditch.

parallelism of the mental laws with the laws of external nature, and proceeding by simple observation of the metaphysical facts and their analogy with the physical, in place of the method of introspection and analysis." For thirty years Mr. Emerson had been making such observations and had introduced them in his lectures. Now he hoped to gather these and complete his statement of the Natural History of Intellect. He modestly stated his purpose thus: "I might suggest that he who contents himself with dotting only a fragmentary curve, recording only what facts he has observed, without attempting to arrange them within one outline, follows a system also, a system as grand as any other, though he does not interfere with its vast curves by prematurely forcing them into a circle or ellipse, but only draws that arc which he clearly sees, and waits for new opportunity, well assured that these observed arcs consist with each other. . . . My belief in a course on Philosophy is that the student shall learn to appreciate the miracle of mind; shall see in it the source of all traditions, and shall see each of them as better or worse statement of its revelations." Mr. Emerson worked with great diligence at the preparation of these lectures, but arrangement of his Sibylline leaves was, through life, his difficulty. It must be remembered that it was now five years at least since he had written "Terminus." There was an audience of thirty or more students and some outsiders; and the lectures were well received, but he was not quite happy about it. He was asked to give another course the following year.

During the session of Congress the pressure of dissatisfied politicians increased until the President could withstand it no longer. One day in June, Judge Hoar who had, months before, told President Grant that he was ready to withdraw from the Cabinet at any time that it was deemed desirable for the public service that he should do so, but had received no hint that such a course was desired, received a curt letter from the President asking him to resign his office of Attorney-General. The Judge instantly complied, but the manner of the President's action, sudden and without explanation, surprised and pained him. They had seemed to be in most friendly relation. Of course this removal of a man so just, wise, and brave from the counsellors of the President, and

the manner of it, caused surprise and indignation in Massachusetts.[1]

But the Presidential axe was soon to fall on the neck of another of our brilliant and honoured members. Motley, in England, respected and valued, and, after the matters criticised by Secretary Fish in the previous year had been explained and that slight flurry had apparently blown over, supposing that he was in satisfactory relations with his Country, received from that official, in July, a letter requesting him to resign. Dr. Holmes, in his memoir of this perhaps his nearest friend, devotes a long chapter to his defence. Grant had given Motley this mission at Sumner's request. Later, when the President was pressing the San Domingo Treaty which he had much at heart, Sumner vigorously opposed the treaty, which was defeated in the Senate on the last day of June. The next day Motley's resignation was requested. Grant was known to have been very angry with Sumner, and apparently considered that Motley was guiding his course in England under Sumner's advice, in a way that would irritate England when the Alabama claims, still pending, were considered.

Rightly or wrongly, the belief of Motley's friends was, as Dr. Holmes puts it, "that the shaft which struck to the heart of the sensitive envoy glanced from the *æs triplex* of the obdurate Senator."

The Club addressed President Grant on Motley's behalf, as here related by Governor Cox, in the article already referred to: —

"Another incident of my visit must be mentioned. General Sherman also was in Boston at the time, and I was invited with him to dinner by the Saturday Club, of which Judge Hoar was a member. Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes were all there, and I need not say it was an occasion to remember. It only concerns my present story, however, to tell what occurred just before we parted. Mr. Longfellow was presiding, and unexpectedly I found that he was speaking to me in the name of the Club. He said that they had been much disturbed by rumours then cur-

[1] The story of this occurrence is told by Governor Jacob Dolson Cox in a very interesting paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1895, entitled, "How Judge Hoar ceased to be Attorney-General."

rent that Mr. Motley was to be recalled from England on account of Senator Sumner's opposition to the San Domingo Treaty. They would be very far from seeking to influence any action of the President which was based on Mr. Motley's conduct in his diplomatic duties, of which they knew little, and could not judge; but they thought the President ought to know that if the rumour referred to was well founded, he would, in their opinion, offend all the educated men of New England. It could not be right to make a disagreement with Mr. Sumner prejudice Mr. Motley by reason of the friendship between the two. I could only answer that no body of men had better right to speak for American men of letters, and that I would faithfully convey their message."

Motley, however, would not resign, and was recalled. This action on the part of our Government was received in England with surprise and regret. A leading London journal declared that "the vacancy he leaves cannot possibly be filled by a Minister more sensitive to the interests of his Country and more capable of uniting the most vigorous performance of his public duties with the high-bred courtesy and conciliatory tact and temper that make these duties easy and successful."

On the Fourth of July culminated a plan of Longfellow's which for some time had been in his mind, beneficent to the University and continuously to the dwellers in Cambridge and to the multitudes who visit it. On this day Longfellow writes, "Execute the deed of the Brighton Meadows for the College." Soon after, he wrote to Norton, "A few of us have just presented seventy acres of the . . . meadows with your namesake flowing through it and making its favourite flourish of the letter S." From Longfellow's door this beautiful expanse may be seen to-day.

Longfellow, urging Sumner to visit him, cries out in his joy in his refuge from July heats and curious visitors: "I never knew Nahant in finer flavour than this year. It is a delight to look at the sea; and, as for the air, none is so good for me. Thalatta! Thalatta! And then to think of the daily chowder! Why, no *bouillabaisse* of Arles or Marseilles can compare with it."

Their amusing and affectionate Uncle Tom (Appleton) who

had named his boat, for the eldest of his nieces, the "Alice," rejoiced in the company of the young people on his short cruises.

Lowell, who, in the spring, had been reading lectures at Baltimore and also at Cornell University, found much pleasure in the summer in the company of Thomas Hughes, who had made a welcome for himself, some years before his coming, by his *Tom Brown at Rugby*, and, later, *At Oxford*, and, by showing himself a good and understanding friend of the North in the war. He had even had the temerity to quote in Parliament Hosea Biglow's question: —

> "Who made the law that hurts, John,
> Heads I win, ditto tails?
> J. B. was on his shirts, John,
> Onless my mem'ry fails."

Now in Boston Hughes was explaining John to Jonathan.

The following quotation from a letter of Lowell to his friend Robert Carter, who wished to get him to contribute to his magazine, gives us a glimpse into the mind of this writer, scholar, and future statesman. Lowell has to decline, saying: "I have not time. I have not that happy gift of inspired knowledge so common in this country, and work more and more slowly toward conclusions as I get older. I give, on an average, twelve hours a day to study (after my own fashion), but I find real knowledge slow of accumulation. Moreover, I am too busy in the college for a year or two yet. It is not the career I should have chosen and I half think I was made for better things — but I must make the best of it."

It is interesting to note here that thus early in the reign of President Eliot, questioner of time-honoured usage, the Government of the University decided that it should no longer discredit itself by bestowing the honorary degree of Master of Arts on any alumnus who should, five years after graduation, bring proof, by his survival to that period, of his vitality, and, by a gift of five dollars to the Treasury, of his reasonable prosperity. These two achievements passed as demonstration of his fitness.

On the 6th of October, the corner-stone was laid of the hall built in honouring memory of Harvard's sons who had given their lives to save their Country.

The following notes of that occasion are taken from Mr. Emerson's journal:—

"All was well and wisely done. The storm ceased for us; the company was large — the best men and women there — or all but a few; the arrangements simple and excellent and every speaker successful. Henry Lee, with his uniform sense and courage, the Manager; the Chaplain, Rev. Phillips Brooks, offered a prayer in which not a word was superfluous and every right thing was said. Henry Rogers, William Gray, Dr. Palfrey, made each his proper report. Luther's Hymn in Dr. Hedge's translation was sung by a great choir, the corner-stone was laid, and then Rockwood Hoar read a discourse of perfect sense, taste, and feeling — full of virtue and of tenderness. After this, an original song by Wendell Holmes was given by the choir. Every part in all these performances was in such true feeling that people praised them with broken voices, and we all proudly wept. Our Harvard soldiers of the war were in their uniforms and heard their own praises, and the tender allusions to their dead comrades. General Meade was present, and 'adopted by the College,' as Judge Hoar said, and Governor Claflin sat by President Eliot. Our English guests, Hughes, Rawlins, Dicey, and Bryce, sat and listened."

Meantime, Norton, with no foreknowledge of the invaluable service he was to be called on to give to the University for years after his return, was diligently fitting himself for it. Having enlarged his knowledge of Dante in his loved city, he went in spring to Rome, and in both places used every opportunity to gain knowledge of the church building and the art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance by obtaining access to the old records and histories. He secured for a summer residence for the family the stately Villa Apannocchi a little way outside the walls of Siena whence he made excursions with Ruskin. There, as everywhere, the Nortons were in happy relations even with the humble people around them.[1]

[1] For the charms of this villa life, see *Letters of Charles Eliot Norton*, edited by his daughter Sara and M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Longfellow notes December 31: "The year ends with a Club dinner. Agassiz is not well enough to be there. But Emerson and Holmes of the older set were, and so I was not quite alone."

Two new members were chosen during this year, Charles Francis Adams, upright, strong, clear-headed statesman, who through years of anxiety and peril served his country bravely and well, and Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard University.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

Charles Francis Adams, who in the third generation of a remarkable family upheld its high reputation for ability and public service, possessed, to use his son's words, "a shyness of temper" and a "manner chill and repellent" which made a deep impression upon his contemporaries and have become associated with his name in the minds of his countrymen to such an extent as appreciably to affect their recognition of his claim to their gratitude. It is a singular confirmation of the proverbial saying, "Manners make the man." They certainly make what his contemporaries believe to be the man.

Yet though his career did not touch the popular imagination as did theirs, it may be doubted whether either his grandfather or his father rendered more valuable service to our Country than did he. He had a very exceptional education. Before he was two years old his father, appointed Minister to Russia, carried him to St. Petersburg, where he remained for nearly six years, when his mother left that city and in her travelling carriage made a journey in midwinter through Europe to Paris where she rejoined his father. Her way lay through a country filled with the troops of the Allies, and she reached her journey's end three days after Napoleon, returned from Elba, had been welcomed in Paris. During the next two years he was in England at a boarding-school, while his father was our Minister at the Court of St. James, and was taught by his schoolmates to understand Englishmen. When at ten years old he returned to the United States he had learned to speak French as his native tongue, and had seen Europe during what was until now the most exciting period in her history, the years of Napoleon's greatest power and his final downfall — a rare educational experience. While his father became Secretary of State, he returned to Quincy where he remained with his grandmother, Mrs. John Adams, until her death. He went to the Boston Latin School and thence to Harvard College, where he graduated in 1825 at the

age of eighteen, a few months after his father had become the President of the United States.

Naturally he joined his parents in Washington and for the next three years lived in the White House, where as the President's son he had the best possible opportunities for seeing at close range the leading men of the Country, and learning perhaps the important lesson taught by Chancellor Oxenstiern, "*quam parva sapientia regitur mundus.*" Surely never was a young man better fitted by inheritance, early association, and training to play a great part in public life.

Yet his position had its counterbalancing disadvantages. "To whom much is given, of him much shall be required." The son and the grandson of Presidents, he grew up under the shadow of their names, and his immaturity was tested by comparison with their maturity. A young man with that modesty which should belong to youth must shrink from the comparison and hesitate to run the risk of discrediting the family by failure. In his case, moreover, the affairs of his father were so involved that, to save him from great embarrassment and mortification, the son was obliged to take charge of his matters, and by provident and skilful management reëstablished the situation. During the period from 1828 to 1843 Charles Francis Adams, who had adopted the law as his profession, was occupied with practice and the care of his father's affairs, while he also contributed various articles on historical subjects to the *North American Review*, and began the work of arranging the papers of John Adams. He also achieved a literary success with the *Letters of Mrs. Adams.*

Till 1840 he had resisted any temptation to take part in politics, but in that year he became a Whig candidate for the Massachusetts Legislature and was elected. He served for three years in the House of Representatives and two years in the Senate with increasing influence, and the experience was of great value to him if only because it disabused his mind of the impression that the public was prejudiced against him either on account of his family or because of some personal trait. The Anti-Slavery agitation in its early stages did not touch him, and he had little sympathy with the Abolition leaders, but, on the other hand, it was impossible

that he should do anything to uphold slavery. Thus, in August, 1835, he speaks in his diary of a meeting then proposed to counteract Abolition projects, and saying, "the application is signed by most of our respectable citizens," adds, "I am glad I had nothing to do with it." He watched with disapproval his father's Anti-Slavery activity in the National House of Representatives, but finally saw that he was right.

It is interesting in his case, as in that of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Sumner, to see how slow they were to realize the importance of the slavery question, and to trace the steps by which they were gradually converted from indifferent spectators to active opponents of slavery. With Mr. Adams the conversion was more rapid than with others. Thus we find him recording in his diary the effect produced on him by Dr. Channing's pamphlet upon slavery, which he says is "certainly a very powerful production and worthy of deeper consideration than it has yet been in the way of receiving." A few months later he says, "While I entirely dissented from the abolition views respecting the District of Columbia . . . I would by no means give to the principle of slavery anything more than the toleration which the Constitution has granted." When Lovejoy had been murdered, and the city government of Boston tried to refuse the use of Faneuil Hall for a meeting to protest against mob rule, he wrote: "The craven spirit has got about as far in Boston as it can well go. I had a warm argument in Mr. Brooks's room with two or three of my [wife's] connections there. They are always of the conservative order and I cannot often be." He was present at the meeting where James T. Austin made the speech in defence of the mob which brought Wendell Phillips to his feet in flaming indignation and gave to the cause of Abolition its most eloquent advocate, and in his diary he describes what happened, and concludes, "I confess nothing could exceed the mixed disgust and indignation which moved me at the doctrines of the learned expounder of mob law."

A fortnight later he writes, "I wish I could be an entire Abolitionist, but it is impossible. My mind will not come down to the point"; and the next year after listening to a debate in the House of Representatives we find him writing, "Nothing can save this

Country from entire perversion, morally and politically, but the predominance of the Abolition principle."

The Lovejoy murder was in November, 1837, and the words which have just been quoted were written in that and the following year. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the Massachusetts Legislature he became a leader on all questions connected with slavery. Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., in his biography of his father enumerates five subjects involving national issues on which the action of the legislature was finally shaped by him. Of these, four are connected with slavery; "the law authorizing the marriage of persons of different colour; the Latimer fugitive slave case; the controversy arising out of the expulsion of Mr. Hoar from South Carolina by the mob of Charleston; and the resistance to the annexation of Texas"; and on the last day of his service, March 26, 1845, he records, "My resolutions placing the Whig Party and the State on the basis of resistance to slavery in the general Government passed the House by a vote of five to one and constitute, as it seems to me, a fair termination of my labours." It is amusing to find this man, believed by the public to be cold and unsympathetic, reviewing in a few words his legislative experience and saying, "My defects of temper and excessive impetuosity have now and then brought me into error which I have repented."

His refusal to serve longer terminated his career in the Legislature of Massachusetts, but he was now prepared to act in a wider sphere. It is impossible, if it were desirable, in a sketch like this to do more than give a bare outline of Mr. Adams's career from this time on. On May 23, 1846, at his call five men met at the State House in Boston to consider the propriety of establishing a newspaper to oppose the aggression of slavery. These men were John G. Palfrey, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, and Stephen C. Phillips. It is not too much to say that then and there began the political campaign against slavery which was to be conducted within the lines of the Constitution; that then and there was planted the seed of the Republican Party, though the sowers did not realize what that seed would bring forth.

The newspaper was founded and entitled *The Whig*, and it became the organ of the "Conscience" Whigs of Massachusetts,

and it stood for the doctrine that the only way to save the Union was "the total abolition of slavery — the complete eradication of the fatal influence it is exercising over the policy of the general Government." Its first number appeared on June 1, 1846, and for some two years Mr. Adams was its unpaid editor and the voice of the Conscience Whigs. He had become an Abolitionist, but the newspaper weapon with which he undertook the contest against the gigantic wrong then entrenched in every department of the Government and supported by both great political parties and by every strong force in the Country, political, financial, religious, and scholastic, was like the sling and stone of David. It was twenty-two inches by sixteen in size, and had four pages of six columns each, of which one only was given to news and editorials, and it had two hundred and twelve paying subscribers. It was none the less a distinct power during the sharp conflicts over the Mexican War and the annexation of Texas, and Mr. Adams conducted it with courage, vigour, and absolute plainness of speech. He was steadily active in all the political contests of the day between Mr. Webster and his followers and Mr. Sumner, taking sides with the latter until the contest between cotton and conscience resulted in the revolt of 1848, and the convention at Buffalo which nominated as the candidates of the Free-Soil Party Martin Van Buren for President and Mr. Adams for Vice-President. When the leader of the Western delegates in the convention nominated Mr. Adams and moved that the nomination be made unanimous, R. H. Dana says, "Never since my ears first admitted sound have I heard such an acclamation. Men sprang upon the tops of the seats, threw their hats into the air, and even to the ceiling." Of this convention Mr. Adams said many years later, "For plain, downright honesty of purpose to effect high ends without a whisper of bargain and sale, I doubt whether any similar one has been its superior, either before or since."

The nominations did not defeat General Taylor and polled about 300,000 votes, but the movement was another step towards the formation of the Republican Party and the destruction of slavery. It gave Mr. Adams national prominence and showed that there was another Adams who was willing to lead a forlorn hope

and to stand for principle without regard to personal consequence. There followed years of private life devoted largely to the preparation of the John Adams papers for publication, which was completed in 1856. Meanwhile the Know-Nothing Party, with whose proscription of foreign-born citizens Mr. Adams had no sympathy, for some years controlled the politics of Massachusetts, and with the birth and growth of the Republican Party had gone the way of many another ephemeral organization. The campaign of 1856 had been fought and lost by the Republicans, and in 1858 the door again opened for Mr. Adams. He was elected as a Representative in Congress and took his seat on December 3, 1859, in the Congress which preceded the Civil War. While his party had a majority in Congress, the executive departments and the whole official society of Washington was Democratic, and the social influences of the capital were in sympathy with the Administration. Mr. Adams, never disposed to press for his own advancement, did not seek appointments on leading committees, and as a result was made chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, a committee without a room and without business, so that he was without any official standing which secured him the ear of the House. During the first session, in response to a pressure from his constituents, he spoke once, stating calmly but firmly the position of the Republican Party and his belief in the certain failure of any attempt to dissolve the Union, and the position which he established in the House may be gathered from Howell Cobb's reference to him as "the only member never out of order" and the statement in his diary, "There is something singular in the civility formally paid me on the other side of the house. I have never courted one of them, but I have insulted no one"; following in this at least one of the rules laid down by a most distinguished English admiral, "Never quarrel. Never explain. Never drudge."

In the campaign which followed he supported Mr. Seward for the Republican nomination, and though not a speaker, went with him on an extended election tour and was himself reëlected to Congress.

The last session of the Thirty-sixth Congress brought him into a position of leadership. The country was face to face with the

question whether the election of Lincoln was to be followed by disunion, and the pressing duty of the hour was to prevent this calamity if possible, or at least to postpone secession until the newly elected President, Mr. Lincoln, had been inaugurated. The councils of the Republican Party were divided. Some of its leaders believed that the threats of secession were merely made for political effect and intended to frighten the Republicans into concessions which would nullify their victory. Others took them more seriously and were satisfied that secession would come, but wished to limit its area and to delay decisive action until the powers of the Government were in Republican hands. The first opposed any talk of compromise as weakening and demoralizing. The second desired if possible to put the secession leaders in the wrong before the Country and thus strengthen the Union sentiment which was strong in the Border States and in some at least of the Southern States like Virginia, and thus perhaps retain them in the Union. Mr. Sumner, just resuming the position for which he had been incapacitated by the blows of Preston Brooks, was prominent among those who opposed any suggestion of composition, while Mr. Adams took the lead on the other side and the discussions between them became so embittered that their relations, hitherto close, were never again the same. In his son's biography of him occurs the following: "Mr. Adams did not at the time fully appreciate the gravity of the situation or the irresistible force of the influences at work. . . . He never did appreciate them. Referring to the secession movement of 1861, he twelve years later expressed the astonishing belief that 'One single hour of the will displayed by General Jackson' in 1833 'would have stifled the fire in its cradle.' A similar opinion was expressed by Charles Sumner in 1863 and by the biographers of Lincoln seventeen years later." It is not entirely clear that Mr. Adams and the others were wrong in their opinion. At least it is shared by others in a position to know. A distinguished citizen of South Carolina, the scion of a leading family, an officer in the Confederate service, the Speaker of the South Carolina House, and eminent in every way, said to the writer a few years ago: "There were two ways in which secession could have been prevented. Two regiments of regu-

lars in Charleston could have stopped it, and, on the other hand, if Mr. Lincoln had let South Carolina go without any effort to hold her, the other States would not have followed her example and in a few months she would have been begging to come back." Such an opinion from such a source is not to be lightly disregarded. In this connection we should remember that Mr. Seward was declaring that the President accepted the dogma that "the Federal Government could not reduce them [the seceding States] to obedience by conquest." Whatever might have been, it was clearly the duty of a statesman to find out if possible what the Southern leaders really meant, whether any reasonable concession would affect their purpose, and, if not, to delay secession as long as practicable. This was the policy adopted by Mr. Adams.

As the representative of Massachusetts on the Committee of Thirty-three, one from each State, which was appointed by the House of Representatives at the opening of Congress in December, 1860, Mr. Adams occupied a position of great influence, and during the whole of the critical session laboured in every way to advance this purpose. He favoured discussion, consultation, and some measure of concession which should concede nothing vital, but yield non-essential points. He sought to make the real purpose of the secessionists plain by putting them in a position where they must either accept reasonable proposals, or by rejecting them confess that they were determined upon dissolution in any event. In the Committee of Thirty-three he offered proposals, afterwards in substance adopted by the Committee, which made distinct concessions, and in the judgment of contemporary Republicans went too far, but in his judgment this was necessary to accomplish the result at which he aimed, and there was in the then state of opinion little danger that they would be accepted by the secessionists. It is probable that the latter did not feel sure that they could carry all the States which they wished out of the Union before the Republicans were actually in power, and they perhaps therefore did not press for action. Whatever the reasons, the judgment of Mr. Adams was vindicated and the session was consumed in discussion without reaching any conclusion. His purpose was accomplished when Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated

and the control of the Government passed to the friends of the Union. His course was approved by many in the North who might otherwise have failed to support the Government and it produced some division in the Southern ranks. It undoubtedly added very much to Mr. Adams's influence and paved the way for his appointment to the English Mission, which was made early in the new Administration, though Mr. Adams's instructions did not reach him till April 27.

On May 1, Mr. Adams sailed for England to meet the most difficult and dangerous situation that ever confronted an American diplomat. The United States was involved in a civil war and, as in the words of Mr. Lowell, "both our hands were full," the Government was in no position to meet any new foe, or to inspire any foreign nation with the fear of consequences in case it favoured the Confederacy. The situation was confused and even our friends found it difficult to understand it. That a nation founded on the principle that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" should endeavour by force to retain under its sway a large body of its people who did not consent to be governed by it, seemed an abandonment of our entire political faith. Those who, hating slavery, would naturally have taken sides against the men who founded their Confederacy upon slavery as a corner-stone, were chilled by the official announcement from Washington that the war was prosecuted only to restore the Union and that it was not proposed to interfere with slavery. Where both sides proclaimed their purpose to maintain this abomination, what was the war save an attempt by the North to govern the South against its will. It must be admitted that this view could be presented plausibly to men as unable to apprehend the true situation as the people of one nation always are to understand the politics of any other, and till the war had gone on for some time the English people did not recognize the real nature of the struggle. Though the Liberal Party was in power, the leaders, with some important exceptions, sympathized with the feelings of English society, which was friendly to the Confederacy, for various reasons which it is idle to recall. There were two great dangers to be met. One was intervention by England and France,

the other the use of those countries as bases for hostile operations. Either meant war between the United States and one or more foreign nations, and in all human probability such an addition to the forces of the seceding States as insured their triumph and incalculable disaster to the North. It was Mr. Adams's task to avert these dangers, and from the 13th day of May, 1861, when he reached London, till the 8th of September, 1863, when he was notified that the Laird rams were stopped, his labours and anxieties were unceasing.

Mr. Adams was admirably fitted for his work. He represented and was known to represent the best that America could produce. He was a gentleman, a man of the world, the inheritor of a great name, and coming with all the prestige that these things could give him. He was with all his heart and soul enlisted in the cause of his Country, he appealed to the moral sense of the English people, for he was a bitter opponent of slavery, and personally he was cool, firm, self-controlled, very intelligent, and with many of the qualities which characterized Lord John Russell, the English Foreign Secretary, so that they understood each other. Mr. Adams was clearly a man who would not threaten and who knew and would maintain his own rights.

The story of Mr. Adams's mission has been told so often that it is needless to repeat it. Only the briefest outline is possible within the limits of this sketch. The very morning after his arrival in London the newspapers published the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, which at the time we regarded as a hostile act, but which has since been recognized as the only step possible in the circumstances and as really of value to the Government of the United States, since belligerency gives the combatant rights over neutral shipping which were of great importance to us in the enforcement of the blockade. Mr. Seward's extraordinary idea that the way to restore the Union was to provoke a war with the leading powers of Europe, an idea communicated to Mr. Adams by Mr. Seward in a dispatch received on June 10, made him feel that the situation was very precarious. We find in his diary: "The Government seems ready to declare war with all the powers of Europe, and almost instructs me to withdraw from communica-

tion with the Minister here in a certain contingency. I scarcely know how to understand Mr. Seward." Happily Mr. Lincoln at home refused to sanction the policy, and Mr. Adams in London was absolutely out of sympathy with it. His feeling is shown by the words in his diary: "My duty here is, so far as I can do it honestly, to prevent the neutrals from coming to a downright quarrel. It seems to me like throwing the game into the hands of the enemy. . . . If a conflict with a handful of slaveholding States is to bring us to (our present pass), what are we to do when we throw down the glove to Europe?" One cannot help wondering where the world would be to-day if the Chicago Convention had nominated Seward instead of Lincoln, as Mr. Adams and a host of other wise men desired. Fortunately there was then no Atlantic cable, and in its absence an Ambassador was not followed by daily messages, so that the Minister could exercise a much larger discretion than is now possible, and by the exercise of sound discretion he preserved pleasant relations till all danger that Mr. Seward's counsels would prevail had passed.

In common with the other foreign representatives of the United States Mr. Adams early in his mission was instructed to make some agreement with England for the adhesion of the United States to the Declaration of Paris, which among other things abolished privateering. Until this time the United States had refused to become a party to this treaty unless it was agreed that private property on the sea should be exempt from capture, and the proposal now to abandon this position when the Confederate States with no property at sea were proposing to employ privateers embarrassed the English Government professedly neutral and by no means hostile to the Confederacy. If the proposal of the United States was accepted, England might be called upon to treat Confederate privateers as pirates, and the *Alabama* and *Florida* would have been outlaws. Hence, after long and unsatisfactory negotiations, Lord Russell replied to Mr. Adams's proposal to accept the Declaration of Paris absolutely by imposing the condition that the new convention should have no effect "direct or indirect on the internal difficulties now prevailing in the United States." This ended the negotiation, but it left the English

Government in an embarrassing position, since the Declaration of Paris offered every nation the opportunity to become a party by notifying its election to do so, and this offer was now withdrawn when for the first time it became a practical question whether the Declaration of Paris should govern the action of England and the United States. Lord Russell's course was natural, but it cannot have been agreeable to him.

Then out of a clear sky came the taking of the Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell, by Captain Wilkes from the British mail steamer Trent on the high seas. This unwarranted act, exciting in the United States the wildest enthusiasm and in England the deepest indignation, brought the two countries to the verge of war. Had the Atlantic cable been then in operation it would probably have been impossible to avoid it. Happily the slower methods of the day gave both countries time to cool and their statesmen time to think, and the incident was closed happily by the surrender of the envoys. The negotiations which resulted in the surrender were carried on at Washington so that Mr. Adams was not directly concerned in them. His duty was to keep cool, to preserve pleasant relations with Lord Russell, and to keep his Government fully advised of the situation in England and its dangers. His dispatch, written shortly after his first interview with Lord Russell on the subject, reached Washington in time for the conference at which the final decision was reached, and undoubtedly contributed to the result.

The situation in England after this became very acute. The blockade cut off the supply of cotton upon which the English manufacturers depended, and the condition in the manufacturing districts became most distressing. During the six months ending in May, 1862, less than one per cent as much cotton was received in England from America as in the same six months during the previous year. "By the end of September, 1862, out of 80,000 operatives in five localities in Lancashire only 14,000 were working full time." In October 176,000 people in twenty-four unions were receiving poor relief, in January, 1863, the number of persons dependent on relief was estimated at 457,000, and in France conditions were not better. It was an appalling situation and there was

no apparent escape from it while the United States maintained its blockade of the Southern ports. The French Emperor was anxious to intervene and was trying to persuade the English Government to join him in so doing. The pressure from commercial circles was extreme as may well be imagined. On our side of the water the year 1862 had opened well for the Government, but during the summer the Confederates had won conspicuous victories, and their partisans in England were much elated. It was a period of acute anxiety for Mr. Adams as for every friend of the North.

Happily the operatives who were the greatest sufferers felt that the North was fighting for their cause, and they bore their sufferings patiently. Richard Cobden, John Bright, and W. E. Forster who represented the manufacturing districts and were the recognized leaders of the labouring classes stood firm against intervention. Members of the Cabinet too numerous and influential to be disregarded indicated clearly their opposition, and the Cabinet meeting called to decide on intervention was not held. Mr. Adams was under positive instructions to meet firmly any suggestion by the English Government of any purpose "to dictate or to mediate, or to advise, or even to solicit or persuade." "You will answer that you are forbidden to debate, to hear, or in any way receive, entertain, or transmit any communication of the kind."

He received further instructions in the event of recognition or hostile action to suspend the exercises of his functions, and in case of any act or declaration of war to ask for his passports and return at once. Mr. Adams could only suspect what was going on in the Cabinet, and what negotiations were pending with France, and feeling the great danger of making matters worse by some unfortunate word if he sought an interview with Lord Russell, he contented himself with telling his friend Mr. Forster in confidence what his instructions were, leaving him to act as he thought best. About this time Gladstone made his foolish speech in which he said that the Southern leaders "have made a nation" and stated his opinion that their success was "as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be." It was only when the crisis had passed on the day when the Cabinet meeting was to have been held that

Mr. Adams, in an interview with Lord Russell, said, "If I had entirely trusted to the construction given by the public to a late speech, I should have begun to think of packing my carpet-bag and trunks," a remark which led Lord Russell to express the regret of Lord Palmerston and other Ministers for Mr. Gladstone's indiscretion. In this crisis Mr. Adams served his Country not by what he did, but by his wise silence. Had he hinted at his instructions, or used any threatening words, or even forced a discussion with Lord Russell, he would in all probability have precipitated the action which he was anxious to prevent. Few American ambassadors would have shown the self-control which in this case was the height of wisdom.

The preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation of September 22, 1862, and the final edict of January 1, 1863, secured us against English intervention. As we look back, how short was the time between the firing on Sumter and the end of slavery, yet how long it seemed as it passed. It strikes us as extraordinary that the Proclamation was received with generally hostile comment by the English press. It was regarded as futile at best, and at worst as intended to provoke a servile insurrection with all its horrors. The misrepresentations of fact, and the bitterly hostile criticism with which the newspapers were filled pass belief, but these were the expressions of a hostile minority. The heart of the English people was sound and soon found convincing expression. John Bright spoke first applauding the Proclamation, and meeting after meeting swelled the chorus of approbation, until the governors of England realized the feeling of the people and recognized that any intervention in behalf of the Confederacy was impossible. This is a chapter in English history that every one who loves freedom should forget. The folly of a few should not be permitted to colour our feeling towards the great British nation whose support in our great crisis assured our victory, and who, whatever misunderstanding may have occurred, are essentially one with us in all that assures the freedom and civilization of mankind.

In the matters which have been chronicled Mr. Adams served his Country by wise silence and inaction, but in another class of cases he showed that he could act. The facts in regard to the

privateer *Alabama* and the Laird ironclads have been many times repeated. Mr. Adams was indefatigable in his attempts to prevent the escape of the *Alabama.* With the assistance of our consul at Liverpool, Mr. Dudley, who kept him fully advised as to the facts, he pressed the truth vigorously and constantly upon the British Government only to encounter doubt and incredulity and invincible repugnance to act until the *Alabama* did escape, and by her subsequent course proved that he had been right and that the English Government had either been foolishly blind or wilfully negligent.

The *Alabama* did enormous damage, but the Laird rams, ironclad vessels which to-day would be laughed at, but which in the then state of naval architecture were more formidable than any war vessel in the American Navy, if let loose were able to sink our blockading fleet and perhaps change the whole aspect of the struggle. The plot to send them forth was skilfully conceived and legally perfect, and the British Cabinet faltered and hesitated till the last moment. It was when his cause seemed lost that Mr. Adams sent Lord Russell the dispatch which contained the words, better remembered than any in our diplomatic history, "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that this is war." This dispatch was sent on September 5, 1863, and the *Morning Post* of September 8 announced that the rams were stopped.[1]

From that day Mr. Adams had a different position, and until he resigned his mission in 1868 he was implicitly trusted at home and universally respected abroad. In a very difficult position he had so conducted himself as to deserve the praise of James Russell Lowell, his future successor, who said, "None of our generals in the field, not Grant himself, did us better or more trying service than he in his forlorn outpost of London. Cavour did hardly more for Italy."

One legacy of his diplomatic service remained, the so-called *Alabama* Claims. The war left the relations between the United States and Great Britain in a precarious condition. The course of the English Ministry during the war, the hostile and sneering criticisms of English statesmen and newspapers, and, above all,

[1] See note on page 502.

the lack of sympathy with the North, which, as we knew, was fighting to abolish slavery, on the part of men who had always condemned us because we did not abolish it, had left in this country a great feeling of irritation, well expressed by Mr. Lowell in the second series of *Biglow Papers*. When men like him felt as he did it was perfectly clear that there must be a latent indignation among the masses that boded ill for the future. Great Britain realized her mistake, knew that, as Lowell said, "her bonds were held by Fate, like all the world's besides," and her statesmen began to bestir themselves. As a result we have the Geneva Arbitration which resulted in a payment by Great Britain and, as far as was humanly possible, mended the relations between the two countries.

The Geneva Tribunal consisted of three neutral arbitrators, Mr. Alexander Cockburn, Chief Justice of England, and Mr. Adams. It nearly encountered shipwreck at the outset, for when the American case was presented it contained such an enormous claim for indirect damages caused by the recognition of belligerency among other things, that no English Government could live which put England in a position to pay so vast a sum. After the claims were presented the tribunal adjourned for six months, and during the interval the English people became very much excited and there was very grave danger that the arbitration would be abandoned. Mr. Adams saved the situation, and, after negotiation with the representatives of England and conference with his colleagues, moved that the claims for indirect damages be ruled out of consideration as unjustified by international law. This was done and the arbitration proceeded to its satisfactory end. Mr. Adams alone was in a position to take this step, and though it involved a grave responsibility he did not hesitate, and two great nations should be grateful to him for what he did. Even if he believed that he was assured of his own Government's support before he proceeded, his act was none the less wise and brave. In this connection a single personal reminiscence may be ventured. Mr. Adams told the writer that when the arbitrators entered the room in which the sittings of the Geneva Tribunal were to be held, it was found that on a raised dais were seats for the three neutral arbitrators, while on a lower level in front was a long table with a seat

at each end, one for Chief Justice Cockburn, the other for Mr. Adams. Upon seeing it the Chief Justice turned to Mr. Adams and said, "You see that they understand perfectly what our relation is to this tribunal."

In the spring of 1872 it was clear that many leaders of public opinion in this country were disgusted with the first administration of President Grant and anxious to defeat him. The Democratic Party, thoroughly discredited by its course during the war, could not hope to find among its leaders any man who could hope to defeat so popular a hero as the President, and some one who would make a strong appeal to the Country must be found among the dissatisfied Republicans. There was no one who could be named in the same day with Mr. Adams for the nomination. His family name, his tried loyalty to Republican principles, his great and freshly remembered services in England, and many other considerations made him the obvious nominee, and he was supported by many of the best men in the country. The movement seemed likely to succeed, but by one of those strange accidents which happen in politics, Horace Greeley, of all Americans the one least likely to inspire the Democratic Party with enthusiasm and possessing few qualifications for the chief magistracy, was nominated in his stead. Why this happened has never been explained satisfactorily, but in the opinion of many a letter which Mr. Adams wrote showed such indifference to the opportunity that it alienated his supporters. He was of all men the least inclined to push himself, and an exaggeration of his reluctance to so doing probably led him to express a greater indifference than he felt. Whatever the cause, the choice of Mr. Greeley was fatal to the movement, and General Grant was reëlected triumphantly and gave the country an administration of which no friend of his can be proud. It was another example of the rule that a successful soldier is not likely to make a good constitutional ruler.

Mr. Adams's comment on the result was characteristic. "This," he wrote, "was odd enough. This completely oversets all the calculations of the original authors of the conventions, for success with such a candidate is out of the question. My first sense is one of great relief at being out of the *mêlée*."

When the Geneva Tribunal dissolved on September 14, 1872, Mr. Adams wrote: "I walked home musing. It is now eleven years since this mission was given to me. Through good report and evil report my action has been associated with its progress. . . . I may hope to consider it as an honourable termination to my public career." So indeed it proved. He was then only sixty-five years old, but his work was done, and his record made, a record of which he, his family, and all Americans had a right to be proud. From that time on he devoted himself to the completion of the literary labour in connection with the papers of his father and grandfather, which he had undertaken many years before, and which he completed when the last volume was published in August, 1877. There remained only quiet and uneventful years until his death on November 21, 1886. He and Mrs. Adams celebrated their golden wedding in the home where his parents and grandparents had welcomed the like anniversary, a record which can hardly be paralleled, so that his public and his private life were both well rounded, and the final sleep came in the fulness of time and found nothing for tears.

He was a man whose character was marked by great simplicity, directness, and earnestness. He was absolutely straightforward and sincere. The ends he aimed at were "his Country's, his God's and Truth's." He had no desire to shine, little personal ambition, no taste for political contests, no gifts as an orator, no faculty for attracting the crowd. He was by nature dignified and self-controlled, but under his apparently cool exterior was concealed intensity of conviction and undaunted courage. Whether he was facing the social magnates of Boston in the fight against slavery, or the corresponding forces in England, when the same battle was fighting there, he never flinched. Nor was he without a sense of humour, for the writer well remembers a stupid mistake which he made in a game of whist one evening, kept Mr. Adams laughing at intervals for what seemed the rest of the evening.

The following extract from his diary reveals much of his character which some of his contemporaries did not suspect. It was written after attending the funeral of Richard Cobden, and after describing the scene at the grave he goes on: "There was emotion

shown by none so much as by Mr. Bright. No pageant could have touched me so much. I felt my eyes filling from mere human sympathy. The deceased statesman had fought his way to fame and honour by the single force of his character. He had nothing to give, no wealth, no honours, no preferment; a lifelong contempt of the ruling class of his countrymen had earned for him their secret ill-will, marked on this day by the almost total absence of representatives here. And of all foreign nations, I alone, the type of a great democracy, stood to bear witness to the scene. The real power that was present in the multitude crowding around this lifeless form was not the less gigantic for all this absence. In this country it may be said to owe its existence to Mr. Cobden. He first taught them by precept and example that the right of government was not really to the few but to the many. He shook the pillars of aristocracy by proving that he could wield influence without selling himself to them, or without recourse to the acts of a demagogue. Thus he becomes the founder of a new school, the influence of which is only just beginning to be felt. In the next century the effects will be visible."

In this passage the writer reveals himself and here we may leave him, believing that in him there lived and died "a loyal, just, and upright gentleman."

M. S.

NOTE. — When Lord Russell's biography was published in 1889, it appeared that the order stopping the rams was given on September 3 and not in consequence of Mr. Adams's letter.

Dr. Eliot, our President and senior member, happily for us still here, must therefore miss reading a sketch of his virtues and large accomplishment.

THE END

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